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Saturday Review

November 9, 1968 35¢

1918-1968

IS THE WORLD SAFER FOR ANYTHING?

By Henry Steele Commager

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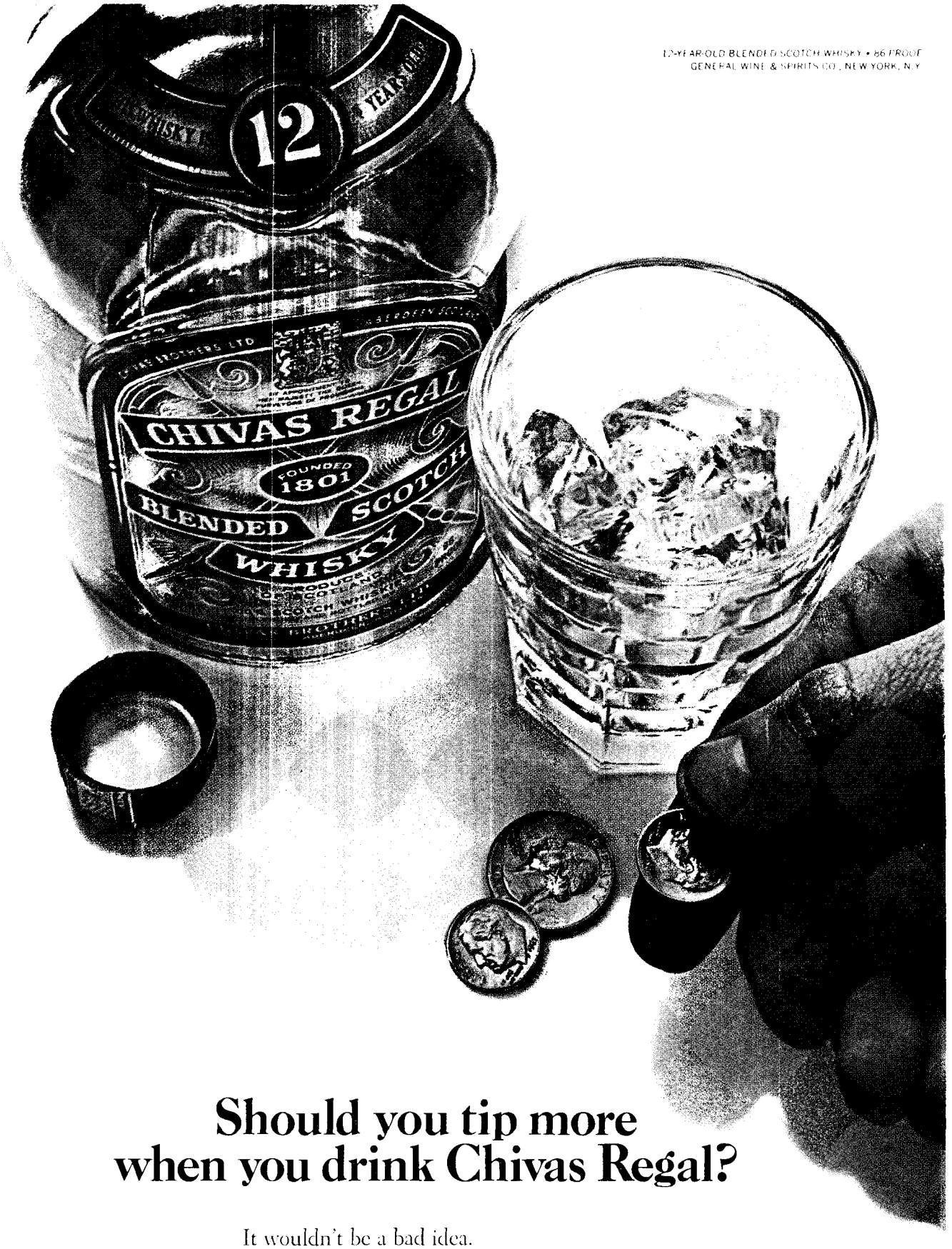

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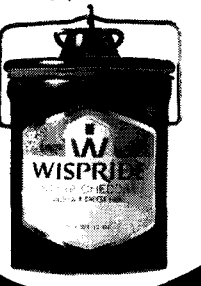

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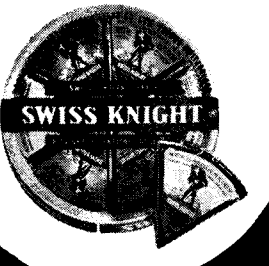

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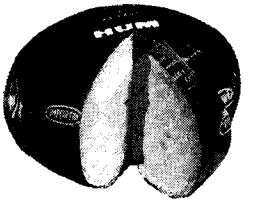

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Letter from Italy

ANYONE WHO WANTS to be a fully participating member of Italian society must be willing to throw open to public scrutiny the secrets of that innermost of his functions—his digestion. All peoples have their fetishes—Americans, for example, are in pursuit of their psyches—but in this country it's the national digestion that supplies a certain cohesion: Italians are eternally searching for The Perfect Digestion.

The realization creeps up on you from various directions. Solicitous people whom you've scarcely met diagnose you as having an inefficient liver and want to know about your daily enzyme production, and the local fruit vendor plies you with grapefruit. "Good for you," he urges; "cleans and purifies the intestines."

In the café, certain key words pop out of the ads or resound in your ears: "digestive," "purifies," "disinfects." The *sine qua non* of any given beverage, you learn, is its digestive properties; and if there's a little something laxative thrown in too, so much the better. A friend offers you an aperitive and then, joyously, lets you know about its marvelous broom-like action that "sweeps out the system." Even the bottle of mineral water placed on your table hides vast powers beneath its innocuous green exterior; being particularly indicated, its label assures you, for sluggish livers, irritable colons, poisoned kidneys, gout, and just about any untoward condition existing between the esophagus and the knees.

Everyone has his own variation on the theme. At dinner, the hostess may lace your consommé with lemon "to prepare the digestion"; afterward, the host hands you a tiny glass of brown liqueur. You sip it, gasp, and smoke at the eyes. "Excellent for the digestion," he tells you; "purifies and disinfects the whole system." There's no doubt about that—it works like Drano!

Naturally, after years of attuning his sensitivities in this manner, the Italian becomes uncannily intimate with all the subtleties of his digestion. He knows when it begins and ends, and whether it has been interrupted at some point. Two people who have shared the noon meal meet later and begin to match results: "Did you digest well?" asks one. "Everything but the eggplant," sighs the other, tapping his stomach with the tips of his fingers. "Here. It's still here." "It was rather heavy," allows the first; "I myself digested two hours later than usual today."

Today's digestion, tomorrow's digestion, and all digestions to come. In the end you become completely conditioned; you lie there wide-eyed in the night, listening suspiciously to the creakings of your pancreas and the sulfurous burblings of your intestine. Tomorrow, you decide, grapefruit all day.

—ANITA OLACHEA BUCCI.

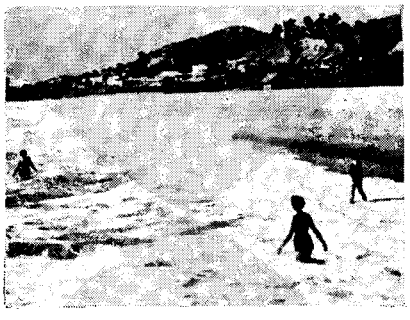
The Milkman Doesn't Whistle Anymore

IT IS SCARCELY possible today to enumerate all the old virtues and customs we have dropped in recent years, but I should like to point out one I miss: street whistling. A good deal of whistling is still done indoors but it is generally of an inferior kind, the whistlers being ill-trained or lacking in spirit. I can't remember how long it has been since I heard a delivery boy whistle.

Whistling used to be a part of every boy's equipment. Boys, and even girls, learned to whistle while they were still tads. Parents were happy to teach their offspring whistling. (The role of the mother was usually advisory since few women whistle well.) Whistling was said to be good for the lungs. It was a cheerful sound. Some composers wrote parts that had to be whistled.

The United States, I believe, once led the world in whistling. I am not speaking of the whistling done by audiences at sporting events and political rallies, but of tuneful whistling. Professional whistlers of the time were numerous, and the best regarded themselves as artists. (I once heard a burlesque stripper whistle Von Suppé's *Poet and Peasant* Overture and pause, halfway through her act, to polish off the "Street Song" from Victor Herbert's *Naughty Marietta*.) Such whistlers are still to be found, I suppose, but their opportunities for employment are rare.

What I have in mind when I think of whistlers are the young men and advanced teen-agers who could knock off a chorus of a popular song or do a solo number like "Down by the Old Mill Stream" ("You were sixteen; my village queen," etc.). These singers enjoyed whistling for itself. They worked hard to perfect their techniques, and their whistling gave many people pleasure. The dog, by nature man's best friend,



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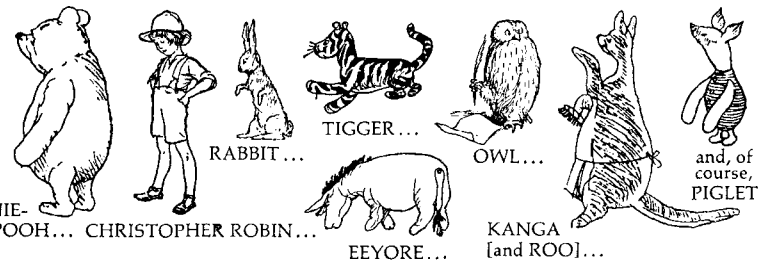

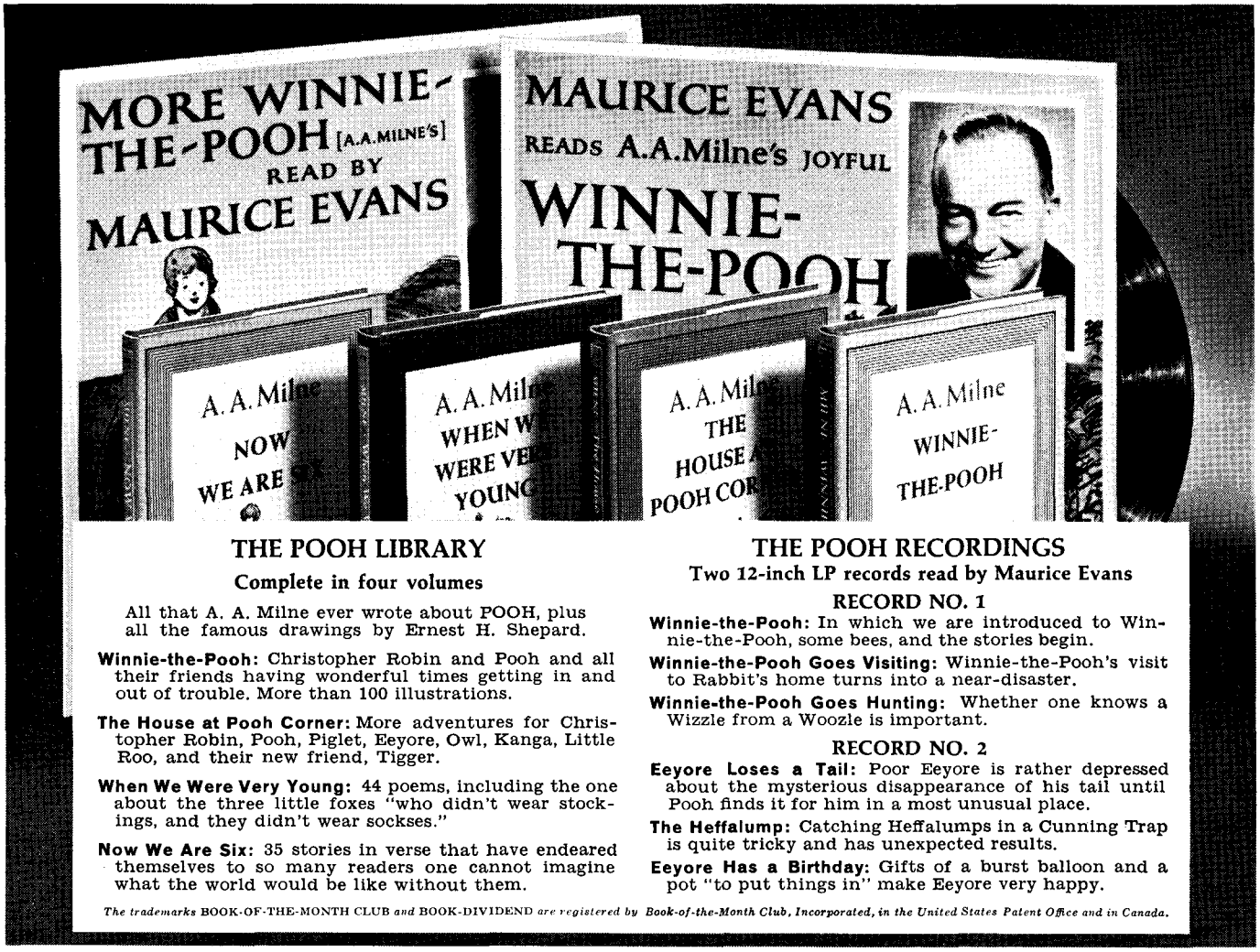
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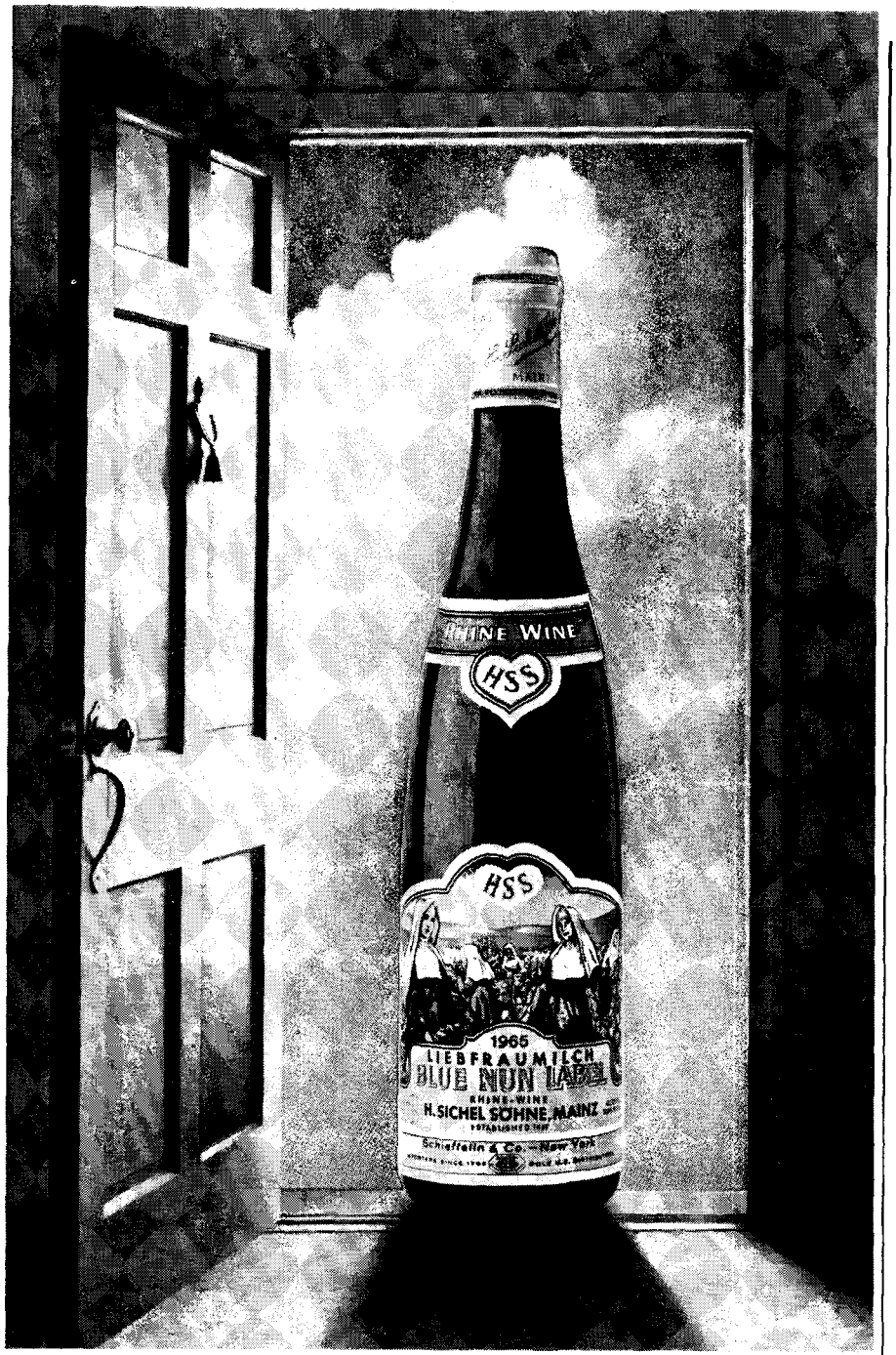

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loved good whistlers, and I dare say no dog was ever happier than one that romped with a master who could whistle songs like "A Perfect Day" or "Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight."

I was reminded not long ago of how far we have fallen behind as a nation of whistlers when I heard an Italian whistler. My wife and I were living in Via Ajaccio in Rome, a street in an attractive neighborhood of old villas and towering pines and palm trees near the Corso Trieste. The street had some peculiar properties as we discovered one night when we rounded the corner of Via Gorizia and came upon four men in animated conversation. All four were talking at the same time, yet none of them seemed in any way discommoded.

The whistler was extraordinary. How that man could whistle! What melodies poured from his pursed lips – brilliant cadenzas, lovely cavatinas, tender love

songs, sprightly canzonettas, delicate dance airs, lusty choruses with never a slurring or a false note. He seemed to have an unlimited repertory of operatic music. Strangely, we never saw him though we went to the window whenever we heard him. We concluded at last that he must work in an underground garage in the street, and his whistling came through an air shaft.

I think transistor radios have helped kill street whistling. A number of years back when I lived in Upper Bleecker Street in Greenwich Village, I used to meet a whistler as I turned the corner of Christopher Street and headed for the IRT subway. This man whistled good songs and he whistled well and he had a pleasing repertory of old patriotic tunes and stirring marches. His punctuality impressed me. Wherever he was going, he was always on time.

One day he did not appear; and he failed to show up the next day or the one after that. Nearly a week passed, and then one morning as I crossed 10th Street and walked briskly—I like to walk briskly—toward Christopher, I heard the blaring of rock music. Several radios appeared to be tuned to the same station.

The volume of sound filled Bleecker Street. It came, as I quickly saw—and heard—from my old acquaintance, the whistler. He had taken a few days off, I assumed, to have himself wired for sound. He would whistle no more. With several small amplifiers secreted about his body and all his transistors operating at once, he could not possibly have heard himself. —JOHN FERRIS.

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

These Are the Jokes, Folks

WHEN I MADE the transition from writing for radio to writing for TV, I was employed by Milton Berle, who at that time favored cavorting about the home screens dressed in women's gowns. This won him the title of Mrs. Television. It was a drag.

Not that our association was unpleasant. It was quite exhilarating and, for me at least, educational. There were all the new TV terms to learn—"logo," "lobo," and Mr. Berle's pet phrase, "lappy."

"This joke should be more lappy," he kept telling me.

Being new in the medium, I didn't want to admit that I didn't know what "lappy" meant, so I always nodded. One day, however, after swearing one of my co-writers to secrecy about my abysmal ignorance, I asked him what Mr. Berle meant.

"That means," he replied, "he wants the joke made more obvious—put it in the audience's lap."

So for the next three years I piled thousands of jokes into laps.

The joke which broke this camel's lap was used when Bob Crosby was a guest on Berle's program. The script called for Bob to phone Berle and say, "Hello, Milton, this is Bob." And Berle was to say, "Hello, Bob, how's everything in Hollywood?" To which Mr. Crosby was to reply, "Oh, he's fine." Berle insisted it wasn't lappy. Crosby was to say, "Oh, Bing's fine."

Anyway, I ran into this lappy business again the other day—not in TV, but in the staid and respected *New York Times.* It was in the front-page story reporting on the humor in the speeches of the famous men attending the Alfred E. Smith Memorial Foundation dinner sponsored by the Catholic Church, with Archbishop Terrence J. Cooke as host. Among the celebrities were Hubert Humphrey, Richard Nixon, and President Lyndon B. Johnson.

Vice President Humphrey was one of the speakers. In his speech he said: "What the television networks, the United States Congress, and my telegrams could not accomplish, Archbishop Cooke has accomplished, and I congratulate him."

The *Times,* taking a page from Berle's primer, happily and lappily explained in the next paragraph: "Mr. Humphrey was referring to his inability to bring Mr. Nixon into public debate on the Presidential campaign issues."

President Johnson, in his humorous speech, said to the newspaper men present: "Pretty soon you won't have Lyndon Johnson to kick around any more."

For the edification of the hapless lapless, the *Times* came to the rescue in the next paragraph with this lappy interpretation: "It was a good-natured, though somewhat acid, recollection of a celebrated remark made by Mr. Nixon when he lost the California gubernatorial election in 1962."

Again Humphrey, in an oblique reference to the polls which showed him trailing Nixon, said: "In my present position I take heart from Harry Truman's campaign in 1948. I have to."

The *Times* in the next paragraph laid it gently in the audience's lap: "President Truman upset the predictions of many pollsters by winning the 1948 election over Governor Thomas E. Dewey, who was a guest at the dinner last night."

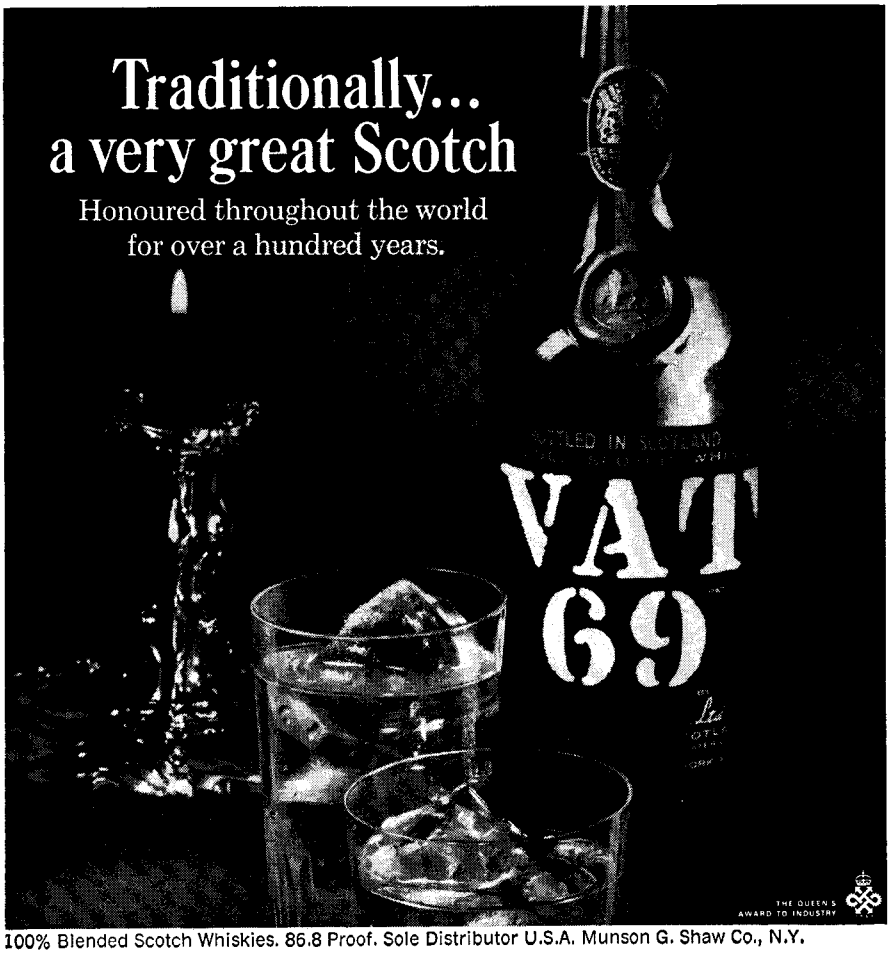
Nixon, when he commented on Humphrey, said: "Regardless of what others may call us, he's a son of a druggist, and I'm a son of a grocer."

To the credit of the *Times* there was no following paragraph to explain what other "son of a" either Nixon or Humphrey may have been called during the campaign.

During the President's speech, Mr. Johnson took time out to kid the press, which had assailed him from time to time.

The President said: "These are *The New York Times* that try men's souls."

THIS EDITOR'S NOTE: This is a reference to *The New York Times,* a newspaper. It is published in New York City, 10036. The chairman of the board is Arthur Hayes Sulzberger, and the president is Arthur Ochs Sulzberger. (The *Times* is known as a family newspaper.) The *Times* is doubtless the greatest newspaper in the world. Since 1851, it has published "all the news that's fit to print." *The Times* is sold on newsstands for 10 cents daily and for 50 cents on Sundays. Home subscription is $7 monthly in the metropolitan area. Its daily circulation is 959,608; Sundays, 1,587,563. Distinguished columnists in the *Times* include Russell Baker, James Reston, C. L. Sulzberger, Walter Kerr, Jack Gould, and Clive Barnes. *The New York Times* has never published a comic section, but it is world renowned for making all jokes lappy.



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16 things I learned from my wife...

since she started reading The National Observer

"Barbara is a model housewife. But she's the last person I would expect to brief me about what is going on in the world. So you can imagine my surprise when Barbara began talking about such news as:

1. How polar bear hunting seems to be threatening U.S.-Soviet relations.
2. How astronauts learn to find their way in outer space.
3. Why doctors are warning women against wearing a certain type of earring.
4. How a group of physicians is making use of $1,000,000 worth of beer-brewing equipment to fight Leukemia.
5. Why regular eye examinations may help many people avoid heart attacks.
6. Why analysts feel oceanography stocks are the next big glamour investment.
7. Why the hobo ranks have declined in America.
8. Why a leading psychologist says the name you give your child may be the key to his behavior.
9. How families can save on air fares by knowing the airline 'rate language.'
10. Why we may soon have a 'memory pill' — and what it will do.
11. Why the Federal Reserve Board may deliberately create a recession to fight inflation.
12. Why large cities may soon be 'off limits' to private aircraft.
13. Why one countyful of families can scoff at statistics which designate them poverty stricken.
14. Why the old science-fiction idea of freezing people for cold storage may come true a lot sooner than you think.
15. Why one city's police department is now using video-tape to record criminal confessions.
16. Why female airplane pilots have a better safety record than male pilots.

"Where did Barbara get all of this information? Certainly not from day time television or the local paper. No — a short while ago, on a friend's advice, she took out a subscription to The National Observer, the national weekly newspaper. I could see the change in her almost immediately, and when I began reading The Observer, too, I knew why. It really *explains* the news. Each story is not just a collection of facts, but a fascinating, thorough report that puts all the pieces together.

"Since The National Observer presents national and world news without bias, scare headlines or sensationalism, we are glad to see the children pick it up. Now we're *all* discussing the news in our house."

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The National Observer is *not* a magazine . . . *not* a daily newspaper. It is an entirely new kind of national news weekly for you and your family that fills the gaps in your picture of the world panorama. The Observer not only tells you *what's* happening, but also *why*.

All the Major News in Depth

The National Observer is published by Dow Jones & Company, the same worldwide news-gathering organization that publishes The Wall Street Journal. For five successive years, The Observer has won top awards for distinguished reporting.

Because The National Observer is printed on high-speed newspaper presses in its four modern printing plants across the country —and because newspapers can be "made up" faster than magazines—last minute stories can be included only hours before The Observer comes off the press.

You get more news — and you get more out of it. In its full-size newspaper format (printed on our own special crisp, white newsprint) you often get more reading material than in other news weeklies — not just one major "cover story," but five or six. Inside pages are important news pages, too — there's no "letdown." More than 50 excellent pictures and illustrations open windows not only on the people, places and events in the headlines, but also on such colorful sidelights as the amusing spectacle of an elephant giving his autograph.

Many Enjoyable Special Features

Each week, too, The Observer brings you more than a dozen special features that add to your enjoyment or broaden your knowledge in important areas. "This Week in Washington," for example, can be read in a matter of minutes, yet it brings you up to date on significant happenings. "How's Business?" fills you in quickly on important trends in business and industry.

For Bridge enthusiasts, there's "Better Bridge"; for crossword fans, a really challenging weekly brain-tickler; for recipe collectors, a gem or two almost every week in "Food for Thought." And for both you and your youngsters, there's a weekly news quiz, plus "Current Events Classroom," a column which brings you news background on topics such as the mystery of certain Unidentified Flying Objects for which the United States Air Force has no explanation. On the lighter side, "Reflections" explores the random aspects of life such as the "good old days" when a pocket watch was a major status symbol. And, "The Compleat Consumer" offers you tips on how to live better and get the best buy for your dollar, whether you're planning to buy a car . . . a camera . . . or take a vacation cruise.

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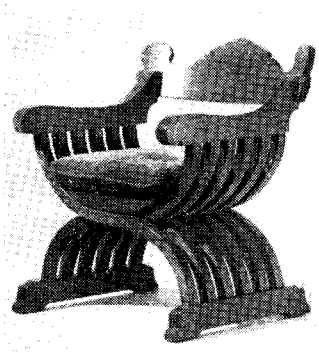

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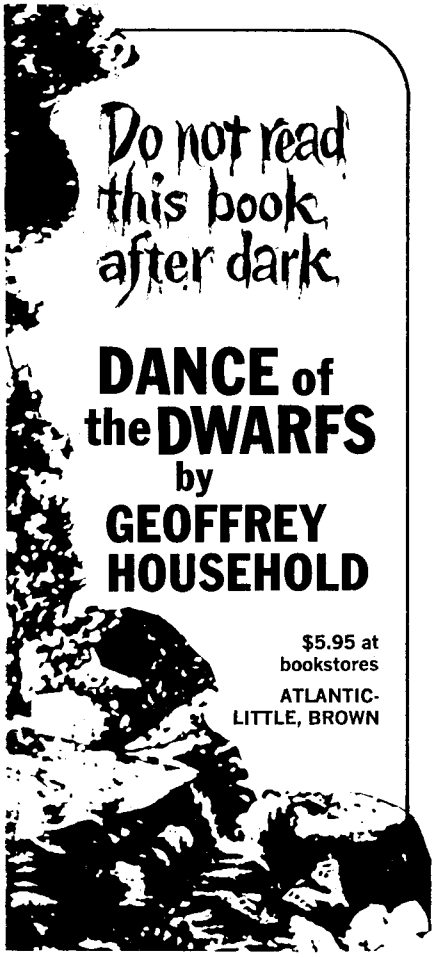


Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Two things have made me think of that kindly old cynic, Ecclesiastes, who wrote a few thousand years ago that there is nothing new under the sun. People who wonder whether civil disobedience of the law is an effective way of changing it, ought to bear in mind that once almost an entire nation engaged in civil disobedience. We had something called Prohibition. So many Americans broke the law that eventually an amendment was added to the Constitution to change it!

Much longer ago, during the war between Athens and Sparta, Aristophanes wrote plays that preached the folly of continuing the conflict. During the last quarter of the fifth century B.C. there was only one political issue in Athens—the question of stopping or going on with the Peloponnesian War. A pacifist, Aristophanes wrote in *The Acharnians* about Dicaeopolis, the farmer-hero who secures a private treaty of his own with the Spartans, despite the opposition of the establishment. At one point (as E. Wager reminds me), Dicaepolis heckles a meeting with these timely words:

"I have come here to shout, interrupt, and hurl abuse every time a speaker talks about anything but peace!"

In the October 12 TRADE WINDS, I raised the question of what one looked at in the old days when listening to the radio. Edward Weingartner recalls:

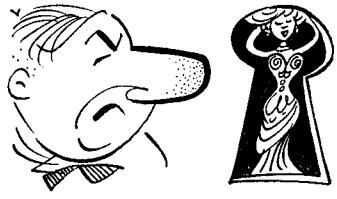
> You looked at a place in the rug, or at the carving on the legs of the radio table, or at the filigree over the loudspeaker cone. You didn't see these things; you saw Andrew H. Brown with his feet on the desk of the office of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company. Or the star-spangled stage of the Kraft Music Hall, or the dark road where footsteps could be heard desperately running away.

Christy Bulkeley says, "You relaxed and looked, with your mind's eye, at the Lone Ranger, Tonto, the Green Hornet, Mr. Chameleon, Big John and Sparky, and all the others who were so vividly portrayed—until television came along and ruined all the images of your heroes."

While we're strolling down Memory Lane, let me mention that if you join the Nostalgia Book Club, you'll get a dose of old-time blues, all right. You not only can take the book selection (such as a Buster Keaton biography, *The Chicago Crime Book*, *A Pictorial History of Radio*, or the Anita Loos autobiography), but they dispense such items as a 1969 calendar which reminds you how important certain dates were. For instance:

> January 1. Happy New Year—and call the cops. Benny Goodman opens at the Paramount! (1938)
> February 23. Copenhagen censors Mickey Mouse. (1931)
> July 22. Public Enemy Number 1 finally mowed down outside Chicago movie. (1934)
> November 4. What will they think of next? Now Packard has an air-conditioned *car*. (1939)

The Nostalgia monthly letter, "Reminiscing Time," takes you back. It will tell you the names of the Our Gang gang, or about Babe Ruth's enormous appetite, or ask, "Remember when you had to stand watch over the toaster?" The aptly-named book club wrings the nostalgia out of you. This month, the selection is *The Art of W. C. Fields*, replete with photographs and those wonderful



quotes of his. In one movie, hopelessly entangled in the telephone lines of a switchboard, he roars: "It's a Chinese noodle swamp!" In *My Little Chickadee*, he peers through the keyhole at Mae West, his brand-new bride, and bellows: "I have certain very definite pear-shaped ideas to discuss with you."

Back to the present. Ken McCormick, editor-in-chief of Doubleday, told me he was unhappy about my saying in TRADE WINDS (also October 12) that Gerald Green wrote Drew Pearson's novel, *The Senator*. "Anyone who reads the book," the editor says, "can see that the plot, the setting, and the characters are Pearson's. He deserves 90 per cent of the credit for a very exciting book."

Let's leave it this way: Whoever originally put the paper in the typewriter and hit the keys is the author of the book. The whole matter is much more complex than these few words imply.

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Bonaparte au Mont St.-Bernard. Peinture par Jacques-Louis David. (Musée de Versailles.)

Newly elected First Consul, Napoleon, like Hannibal and Charlemagne before him, boldly crosses the Alps into Italy by the Great Saint Bernard Pass. Thus he led his army to the victory of Marengo on June 14, 1800.

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The 170-year-old waterwheel still stands at the Tryall Golf and Beach Club. Sandy Bay, Jamaica, W.I.

Tia Maria.

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Three Wise Men

They went on winter tours to Israel.

They came by separate routes, our 3 wise avelers to the East.

They met, judging by the picture, in eersheba.

Details of our travelers' routes (let's call iem tours) will be found in the column to the ght.

They make happy detailing for anyone anx- ous and ready to get away from it all.

And wise enough to do it by tour.

A tour, for those who don't already know it, the sanest way yet invented for seeing the ost (and getting the most out of what you see) ith the least amount of travel irritation, ag- ravation and discomfort.

A tour of Israel this winter is something ex- a special. The weather is balmy, resort-type eather.

Perfect walking weather in the old city of erusalem.

Perfect driving weather along the historic oastal road in the Northern Negev.

Perfect excursion weather down at the lowest oint of earth, in the Dead Sea.

Or on the heights of Mt. Tabor, or at nearby Megiddo, where Solomon once held summer ourt.

Another important thing to remember about ours is that they are economical.

Example: our first wise man spent 9 deluxe lays and nights in Israel, with top hotel accom- nodations (meals not included), transfers, plus ightseeing, for $499* including airfare. Could you do better in Miami?

Example: our second wise man came by the "Israel Freewheeler" Tour. This one includes roundtrip flight, accommodations at a guest house for 9 nights, Ford Escort U-drive sedan for 9 days with 250 kilometers free (extra mileage at 8c per km.) All for a fast $444.*

Our third wise man had more time. And money. He chose a three week tour to Israel, Rome, Madrid, Lisbon and London for $833.* This covers air fare, transfers, hotel accommo- dation and breakfasts. Also sightseeing in Tel Aviv, Jerusalem, Haifa, Rome, Madrid, Lisbon and London. Also (are you exhausted?) excur- sions to the Dead Sea, Bethlehem, Hebron and the Galilee.

Doing it on your own, you simply could not see it all in the same amount of time.

You would waste precious hours on trans- fers at airports. Arranging sightseeing trips. Wrestling with the baggage as well as the lan- guage.

And you certainly could not do it for the same amount of money.

Yet, EL AL tours offer so many variations, with so many departures, you can practically write your own where and when ticket. That's the picture. Except for a closing thought about the picture above.

The wives of our wise travelers stayed in the hotel, playing canasta while it was being shot.

Being infinitely wiser, they wouldn't be caught dead on a camel.

Six more wise ways to go:

1. 14 day Israel Pilgrimage: includes round- trip flights, transfers, 13 nights at the new Ami Hotel in Tel Aviv, breakfasts and ½ day sightseeing. $525.*

2. 14 day De Luxe Tour: includes round- trip flight, transfers, 7 days sightseeing, 13 nights at de luxe hotels, full Israeli break- fasts. A fat $629.*

3. 21 day A-la-Carte Economy Tour: in- cludes roundtrip flight, transfers, accom- modations at Kfar Macabia (near Tel Aviv) and 7 days of sightseeing by motor- coach. $499.*

4. 3 week Fly and Drive Tour: includes roundtrip flight, Simca 1000 U-drive car with 1000 free kilometers, accommoda- tions for 20 nights at guest house. $560.*

5. 9 day Israel Vacation: includes round- trip flight, de luxe and first class hotels, breakfasts, transfers, 7 days of sightseeing. $519.*

6. 15 day Israel Tour: includes roundtrip flight, 13 nights at de luxe and first class hotels, Israeli breakfasts throughout, plus dinner in Haifa. Also sightseeing in Tel Aviv, Haifa and Jersualem. Also excur- sions to Upper and Lower Galilee, the Negev, the Dead Sea, Hebron and Beth- lehem. $635.*

*All transatlantic air transportation in Economy Class from New York, based on winter group fares (groups of 15, 25, or 50).

For complete information about all EL AL tours, call your travel agent. EL AL Israel Airlines: New York 610 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y., (212) PL 1-3400,

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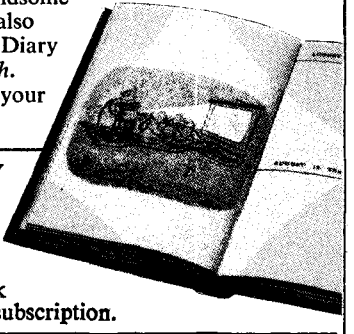

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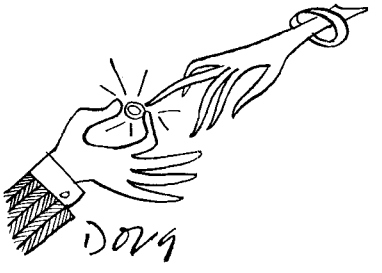
Yet, it is hardly worth the space. A book is produced; people buy it; they like it or not; it makes money or not. What's the difference exactly who did the actual composition? If a certain author's name sells better than another's, so what? Most people can't remember who wrote this or that book, anyway. I heard a rumor that Tom Dodd has a terrific idea for a book called *The Columnist*. I wonder who'll write it for him.

The versatile author William Lederer has a new book out, *The Mirages of Marriage* (Norton), co-authored with



Don D. Jackson, M. D. They examined hundreds of marriages for this revealing, absolutely fascinating study of our sometimes peculiar custom of marriage. I thought that Bill Lederer was the logical one to analyze and comment on the wedding of Mrs. Kennedy to Aristotle Onassis, and he told me as follows:

> Many people marry in middle age to fulfill an intellectual need, while very few marry for (quote) love (unquote) —young *or* old. I don't know Jackie or Aristotle, but they both have an enormous degree of *philotomo*—a very Greek word which means desiring a combination of self-respect and public recognition at the same time. In other words, they both want to be in the public eye and also want privacy. I don't think for a minute this was a love match. It's a workable, advantageous union for both of them. They are beautifully paired, and it will be very successful.

No mirage in *that* marriage, huh, Bill?

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1804)

(JAMES R.) KEARNEY:
ANNA ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

One cannot help but smile . . . at her sober reports of a 1920's expedition through which she and several fellow members of the Woman's City Club ventured, "as participants rather than investigators," to inform themselves on the prevailing climate of New York dance hall emporiums.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Business, Economics

A Primer on Statistics for Business and Economics. By Irwin Miller. Random House. $4.95.

Panic on Wall Street: A History of America's Financial Disasters. By Robert Sobel. Macmillan. $8.95.

Crime, Suspense

The Capitol Hill Affair. By Leigh James. Weybright & Talley. $5.50.

You Must Never Go Back. By Brian Cleeve. Random House. $4.95.

Current Affairs

Communism and China: Ideology in Flux. By Benjamin I. Schwartz. Harvard. $5.95.

The Growth of the Modern West Indies. By Gordon K. Lewis. Monthly Review Press. $12.50.

Interim Report: On the Search for a Substitute for Isolation. By Thomas K. Finletter. Norton. $4.95.

110 Livingston Street: Politics and Bureaucracy in the New York City School System. By David Rogers. Random House. $6.95.

Post-Mortem: The Jews in Germany Today. By Leo Katcher. Delacorte. $6.95.

The Price of Liberty. Edited by Alan Reitman. Norton. $6.95.

Fiction

The Broken Tower. By Piero Sanavio. Bobbs-Merrill. $6.95.

The Glass Palace. By Ethel Lewine. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.95.

Miss One Thousand Spring Blossoms. By John Ball. Little, Brown. $5.95.

The Slide Area. By Gavin Lambert. Dial. $4.50. (Reissue.)

History

The Age of George III. By R. J. White. Walker. $7.50.

The Ancient World: Manners and Morals. By Jack Lindsay. Putnam. $7.95.

The Arrow War: An Anglo-Chinese Confusion, 1856-1860. By Douglas Hurd. Macmillan. $5.95.

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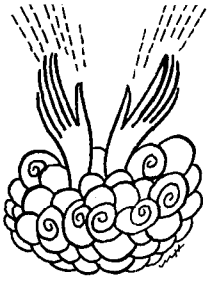

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Robinson Crusoe

By KENNETH REXROTH

DANIEL DEFOE is perhaps the only writer of fiction whom critics have honored by calling a liar. He is rightly distinguished from other novelists because he is not a novelist in the usual sense of the word at all, but an utterer of false documents, a kind of literary forger. It is not true, as some modern critics have said, that he did not know what he was doing, that the novel was so primitive in his day that the dramatic and, as it were, abstract nature of the art of fiction was unknown.

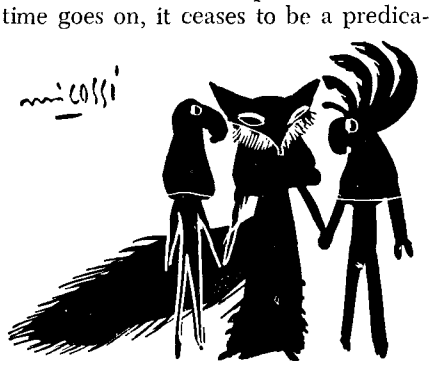
Daniel Defoe was not a primitive or naïve writer. The modern novel had already come into existence. He had plenty of examples, if he wished to take them. The art of prose fiction goes back to the beginning of literature. How many medieval romances are novels? Surely *Le Morte D'Arthur* is an elaborately constructed dramatic novel, even if the romances on which it is based are not admitted to the category. No, Defoe was very well aware of what he was doing. He wrote his novels like an enormously skilled criminal testifying under oath and throwing his prosecutors off the track.

In the opening paragraph of *Robinson Crusoe,* he begins to throw the reader off the track. There is no dramatic structural reason whatsoever that Crusoe's father should be a naturalized German from Bremen, or why his name should be Kreutznaer mispronounced. There is a structural reason—the demands of an elaborate structure of verity. So the central artistic meaning, the bull's-eye of the esthetic impact of Defoe's fiction, is quite different from that of "the novel as a work of art."

Unless we are romantic adolescents or barbarians, we never think of Ivan Karamazov or Emma Bovary as real people, at least not when we have escaped from the hypnotism of the delusion of immediate reading. Most novels provide their greatest satisfaction when we have finished and we look back over them, rather, through them. The novel as a whole, not any character, is an artistic structure that reorganizes experience. The narratives of Crusoe, Moll Flanders, and Roxana are intended to affect and effect us as though we had discovered them in an old trunk in the attic that had come down through the family, a bundle of papers that cracked as we opened them, written in a long, out-of-date hand and tied with ribbons that disintegrated at our touch. We are supposed to be put in direct encounter with persons, a specific man, two specific women. Everything is stripped to the bare, narrative substance, and it is this that reveals the psychology or morality of the individual. The most significant details are purely objective, exterior. The interiority of the characters is revealed by their elaborately presented exterior. When they talk about their own motives, their psychology, their morals, their self-analyses and self-justifications are to be read backwards, as of course is true of most people, certainly of any bundle of letters we might find in the attic. It is the naïveté of his critics that has led to Defoe's reputation for superficial or nonexistent psychology.

It is very fashionable nowadays—or was at least in the heyday of the faddist exegesis of Kafka, Kierkegaard, and Henry James—all confused together as though they were one author—to write of *Robinson Crusoe* as though it were written by San Juan de la Cruz, an allegorical, spiritual autobiography with dark nights of the soul and ladders of illumination. Defoe, as a matter of fact, states quite plainly that Crusoe's vision of an avenging archangel was due to a surfeit of turtle eggs. His terrors and panics, of which so much has been made, are no more than would be engendered in the most normal of men by simple loneliness, and they die out as he becomes habituated to his total isolation. This is similar to the psychology of a man in solitary confinement. Crusoe is afraid of what men might do to him because year after year men do nothing to him whatsoever. He is terrified by an inexplicable footprint, but master of himself when the real cannibals appear.

The sense of sin that haunts the early part of his narrative is no more than what would be expected of a man of his time brooding for a whole generation on the reasons for his predicament. As time goes on, it ceases to be a predicament. It is fruitless to search for an allegorical original sin in Crusoe's opening pages. He says what it was. He didn't want to go into business. He least of all wanted to be a member of the middle class—that "best of all states" in his father's words—and he ran away to sea.



What is *Robinson Crusoe* about? The best way to answer is to begin with *Moll Flanders, Roxana,* and the stories of highwaymen and pirates. Moll and Roxana are businesswomen, wise and foolish whores. Like all of Defoe's heroes except the cavalier and the explorer of Africa, their lives are dominated by money. Crusoe runs away from the business ethic and finds on shipboard, with its companionate isolation, and in those days its constant mortal danger, the withering of self-alienation. It never withers quite enough. The voyages end and the cash nexus takes over. Crusoe on his island, as he says of himself, is a man without money. He has plenty but it molds in a drawer in his cave, the most meaningless thing on his island. There is nothing to connect it to. It is cash but not a nexus. If we believe that money is the root of all evil, then presumably it is the apple of original sin. Crusoe is Adam with an inedible apple. So he gradually grows back into a state of original grace.

Crusoe has been called a kind of Protestant monk, and it is true that he turns the chance of his isolation into an anchorite's career. The story is one of spiritual realization—almost half a lifetime spent in contemplation works profound changes, whatever the subject's religion. We can watch Crusoe become, year by year, a better, wiser man.

At the end of the story, we watch Crusoe grow foolish again. He is back in the world of men and their commerce. It is only when human relationships escape from commerce that the spiritual wisdom he spent so many years acquiring has a chance to show itself.

Samuel Johnson said that *Don Quixote, Pilgrim's Progress,* and *Robinson Crusoe* were the only three books a mature man wished were longer. In his time he was close to being right. *Robinson Crusoe* may still be the greatest English novel. Surely it is written with a mastery that has never been surpassed. It is not only as convincing as real life, it is as deep and as superficial as direct experience itself. The learned but incorrigibly immature will never see in it anything but a well written boys' story, interspersed with out-of-date moralizing, best cut out when it is pubished as an illustrated juvenile. Others will believe that Defoe placed himself on record just this once as an unneurotic Kierkegaard, others as a critic beforehand of Montesquieu and Rousseau, others will see Crusoe as the archetype of Economic Man. The book is these things and more. It is as Defoe intended, a true life narrative.

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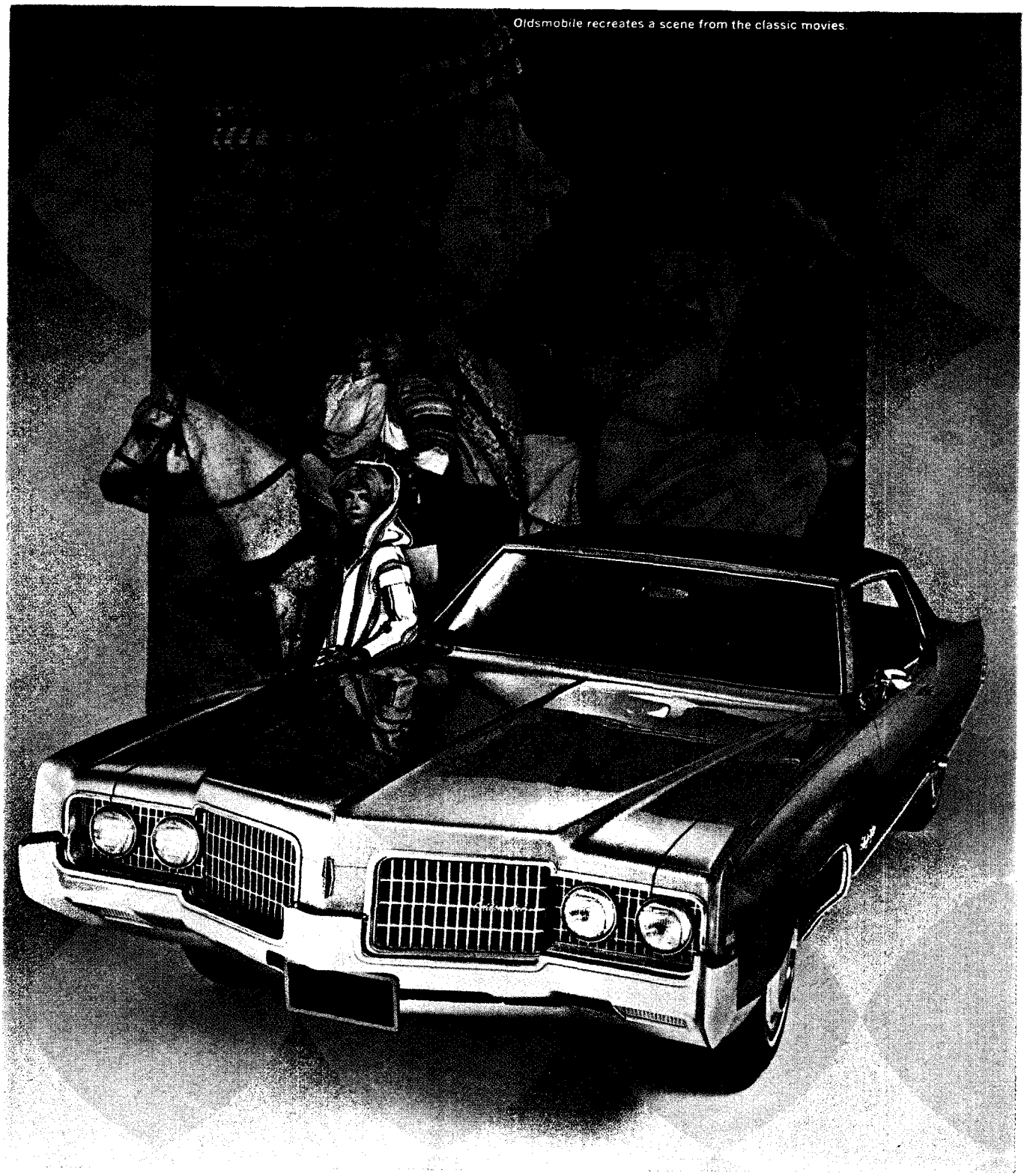

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Saturday Review
November 9, 1968

Henry Steele Commager

1918—1968: Is the World Safer for Anything?

Fifty years after the armistice that was to make the world safe for democracy, men "who could control the great globe itself" are unable to control themselves. "Is it too much to hope," asks a historian, "that we will return to our traditions and rediscover our true character?"

"THE anniversary of Armistice Day should stir us to great exaltation of spirit because of the proud recollection that it was our day, a day above those early days of that never-to-be-forgotten November which lifted the world to the high levels of vision and achievement upon which the great war for democracy and right was fought and won." So wrote the dying Woodrow Wilson on the fifth anniversary of that day which had concluded the war to end war and to make the world safe for democracy.

Surely the world had a right to exult when this greatest and most terrible of wars dragged to its weary end. Militarism had been crushed, aggression frustrated, tyranny ended, injustice rectified, democracy vindicated, and peace assured; for now, after centuries of yearning and striving, men of good will had set up a league to preserve peace. No more wars, no more tyranny—mankind had at last sailed into the safe harbors of peace.

Rarely in history have such high hopes been dashed so low, and Wilson added to his tribute the bitter lamentation that the glory of Armistice Day was tarnished by the recollection that "we withdrew into a sullen and selfish isolation which is deeply ignoble . . . cowardly and dishonorable." So we did, but we were not alone in selfishness or dishonor. Even before the guns fell silent over the stricken battlefields of Europe, the great coalition that had won victory had come apart. Russia, defeated and desperate, had plunged into Communism; and the other partners, each with its own fears and ambitions, glared at each other over the conference tables; while Germany, embittered by defeat, plotted vengeance; and the most ancient of empires fell apart. "Authority was dispersed," wrote Winston Churchill, "the world unshackled, the weak became the strong, the sheltered became the aggressive, and a vast fatigue dominated collective action."

Nineteen-eighteen did not usher in the millennium, it ushered in a half century of conflict—turbulence, war, revolution, desolation, and ruin on a scale never before seen or even imagined. It was a half century that leveled more cities, ravaged more countries, subverted more societies, obliterated more of the past, endangered more of the future, cost more lives, and uncovered more savagery than any time since the barbarians swarmed over Western Europe. Ancient nations were overthrown, empires fragmented, principles of law subverted, and traditional standards of morality repudiated. The era which was to have seen the end of war ushered in instead the most terrible of wars, which rose to a climacteric in the most terrible of weapons; the era which was to have seen the triumph of democracy saw instead the triumph of tyranny; the era which was to have witnessed the tri-

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umph of science over inveterate ills heard instead the hoofbeats of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

Once again the blood-dimmed tide was loosed, and the world was sucked into war. Once again the "freedom-loving" nations triumphed; once again men of good will came together to set up a league that would preserve peace; once again major powers were excluded from the new organization – China, Japan, Germany—while those who controlled it used it as a stage on which to indulge their rivalries and voice their grievances. The great powers glared at each other with ceaseless animosity. Soon the hottest of wars was succeeded by the coldest, and we had Robert Frost to remind us that "for destruction ice is also great and would suffice." During the whole quarter century after the fall of Italy, Germany, and Japan, war and violence were continuous: in India and Pakistan, in Israel and the Arab lands, in Greece and Turkey, in Algiers and Tunisia, Hungary and Berlin, Cuba and Haiti, Argentina and Bolivia, the Congo and Nigeria, Laos and Indonesia. If the great powers did not grapple with each other in global wars, they consoled themselves, as it were, with local wars in Korea and Vietnam, and with arming themselves for Armageddon.

How can we explain this long succession of blunders and tragedies almost without parallel in history? How could men whose resolution and courage had triumphed over mortal peril, whose skills and resourcefulness had enabled them to master nature, fail so greatly? They could control the great globe itself, but not themselves; solve infinite problems, but not finite; penetrate to the stars, but neglect the earth on which they stood. Noble in reason they doubtless were, infinite in faculty, like a god in apprehension, but in action more like a dinosaur unable to adapt to an unfamiliar environment than like an angel. The contrast between intellectual talents and social accomplishments seemed to make a mockery of free will; the contrast between expectations and realities threw doubt on the theory of progress.

There were, no doubt, particular and immediate causes for the collapse of order after the first war. That war had bled victors and vanquished to exhaustion; it had killed off potential leaders of the new generation; it had left a heritage of confusion for victors and bitterness for defeated; it had launched Communism in Russia and revolution elsewhere; it had fatally weakened Britain's hold on her empire; it had left Americans baffled and disillusioned and prepared to embrace isolationism.

THE Second World War had wasted even more human material, and moral resources than the First, and had shattered, even more violently, the existing pattern of political life. But these are excuses rather than explanations. After all, Europe had been afflicted by previous wars, but had recovered and returned to her traditional position. And after all, the United States had been exempted from the wrath of both the great wars and had emerged from both with her resources unimpaired, yet she too suffered the malaise that afflicted the Old World. We must seek deeper causes for a change in the currents of history so great that it resembles rather a change in the tides of Nature herself. Nor are these hard to find.

First, and most fundamental, among the causes of our malaise is one that we stubbornly refuse to recognize: the emergence of the forgotten, the neglected, the disparaged, the impoverished, the exploited, and the desperate; one-half of the human race came out of the long dusk that hid it from our view and into the bright light of history. Here is not only the greatest revolution of our time but, by almost any test, the greatest revolution since the discovery of America and the shift in the center of gravity from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic and beyond. "The peoples of Europe," said Woodrow Wilson at the close of the first war, "are in a revolutionary state of mind. They do not believe in the things that have been practiced upon them in the past, and they mean to have new things practiced." That proved to be true of Russia – a truth even Wilson failed to recognize—and it proved even more true of the vast, heaving, turbulent peoples of Asia and Africa.

STIRRED by the Wilsonian principle of self-determination after the First World War, and released by the breakup of the great empires and colonial systems after the Second, these peoples threw off their ancient bondage and struck for equality. Now they are determined to close, in a single generation, that gap of centuries which separated them from the peoples of the West – to close it peacefully if that is possible, otherwise through revolution and violence. They are determined to wipe out the century-long inferiority, the exploitation, the bondage which the West imposed upon them; to conquer poverty, ignorance, disease that afflict them disproportionately; and to take their equal place among the nations of the world. No wonder the whole globe is convulsed by this prodigious upheaval. The failure of the West, and particularly of the United States, to understand and cooperate with this revolution is a greater blunder, by far, than the earlier failure of Europe to understand the significance of the American Revolution, or of the West, including the United States, to understand the significance of the Russian Revolution. It is a failure of global dimensions.

This was a revolution of two large continents—three if South America is included—against two smaller. No less ominous, it was a revolution of the colored races against the white. The exploitation, the inferiority, the bondage which the West had imposed upon Asia

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and Africa was racial as well as geographical. The subjugation of colored peoples by white had gone on for centuries until Europeans, in Old and New Worlds, came to assume that it was part of the cosmic order of things. White Europeans committed genocide against the native races of the Americas in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, destroying ancient civilizations, wiping out, by war and disease, perhaps ten millions of Indians—one of the great holocausts of history. White Europeans filled the ranks of labor in the New World by enslaving millions of Africans—a business in which all the civilized nations of Europe engaged. White Europeans invaded Asia, imposed their will on old and proud peoples, and ruled over them with arrogance and violence. Nor was racial exploitation confined to Asia and Africa: It was carried to the New World and flourished for two centuries as slavery and for another as social and economic subjugation.

Here, then, is the second great cause of our current malaise: the racial revolution—a revolution which takes protean form in different countries and continents but has, almost everywhere, two common denominators: the refusal of all colored peoples to wear any longer the badge of inferiority which whites have fastened on them, and the inability of most whites, in America and in Europe, to acknowledge their responsibility and their guilt or to realize that this long chapter of history is coming to an end.

One of the great paradoxes of history is that the revolt of the non-Western world against the West is being carried on with tools and principles fashioned by the West. The tools are science and technology; the principles are those of modern nationalism. Here is a third fundamental explanation of the crisis of our time: the ravages of nationalism. For ours is, indubitably, the great age of nationalism: Within the past quarter century, some sixty nations have been "brought forth" while older nationalism has been given a new lease on life.

In its earlier manifestations—in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries—nationalism tended to consolidate, to centralize, to mitigate particularism and parochialism, and to encourage administrative efficiency and cultural unity, especially in the United States, Italy, and Germany. But almost from the beginning—in the Old World and in Spanish America—nationalism stimulated fragmentation along racial, linguistic, and religious lines; almost from the beginning it exacerbated chauvinism, imperialism, and militarism. Whether in the long run the advantages of political efficiency and cultural self-consciousness will outweigh the disadvantages of national antipathies and cultural chauvinism still remains to be decided. But it

—John A. Ruge.

"I don't expect the Chinese to behave exactly as we do here in Wilton—but there must be a happy medium."

is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the nationalism of our own time is profoundly dangerous.

Alas, the new nations that have emerged from the disruption of empires have imitated, or adopted, all the worst features of the old. Small, they yearn to be large; weak, they pile up armaments; vulnerable, they seek alliances; insecure, they develop into police states; without political traditions, they hover constantly on the brink of civil war or anarchy; without viable economies, they are dependent on richer neighbors; without cultural unity, they manufacture an artificial culture and impose it by force; striving convulsively to be independent, they become increasingly dependent and threaten the peace of their neighbors and of the world. How many recent crises have been precipitated by their ambitions and quarrels—quarrels exploited, all too often, by the great powers: the crisis of Berlin and East Germany, the recurring crises of Arab-Israeli relations, the crises of Cyprus, of the Congo, Algiers, Nigeria, Rhodesia, the crisis of India and Pakistan, of North and South Korea, of Indonesia and Laos and Vietnam.

These new countries, it will be said, are but following the bad example of the older nations of the West. This is true enough, but with two fateful differences: first, the new nations are committed to ideologies that involve them with fellow believers everywhere and engage them in larger quarrels; and, second, that they are operating in a world shadowed by nuclear clouds.

For the triumph of malevolent over benevolent nationalism, the great powers —and most of all the United States and Russia—bear a heavy responsibility. Far from curbing competitive nationalism, they have abetted it. To the new nations of Asia and Africa they provided lavish military aid—the largest portion of American aid after the war, for example, was military. They interfered high-handedly in the internal affairs of these new nations. They built up networks of alliances designed to bring small nations into the orbit of large; they tried to divide the world into two armed camps with no room for neutralists. Nor did they for a moment curb their own chauvinism, their own commitment to military solutions of world problems, their own traditional nationalism and traditional sovereignty.

CLOSELY related to the revolutionary upsurge of underprivileged peoples and the equally revolutionary impact of the new nationalism was the revolution precipitated by science and technology, and the rising expectations which it nourished. For the first time in history, science and technology seemed to bring the good life within the reach of men and women everywhere—the end of hunger, the wiping out of contagious diseases, the prolongation of life, security from the elements, the preservation and development of natural resources, the pleasures of learning and of the arts. In the twentieth century, it was at least reasonable to hope that the burdens which had for so long afflicted mankind would be lifted.

Once again, expectations were to be disappointed. The gap between what men imagined and what they enjoyed had always been deep; now the gap between what men were taught to expect and what they actually received seemed intolerable. The machinery of life grew ever more elaborate, but the products of that machinery became less and less gratifying. At the end of a generation of unparalleled advance in science and technology, mankind found hunger more widespread, violence more

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ruthless, and life more insecure than at any time in the century.

Nor was this disappointment confined to the backward peoples of the globe: Even in America, which boasted almost limitless resources and the most advanced technology, poverty was familiar in millions of households, white as well as black; cities decayed, the countryside despoiled, air and streams polluted; lawlessness, official and private, was contagious; and war and the threat of war filled the minds of men with hatred and fear.

THE symbol—more than the symbol—of this failure of science to bring expected rewards was the discovery and exploitation of nuclear energy. To release the energy of the atom was assuredly one of the greatest achievements in the history of science, and one that held out possibilities almost limitlessly benign. Instead, the United States and, after her, competing powers, concentrated their scientific talents on harnessing atomic energy for war. As Churchill wrote prophetically in 1929: "Without having improved appreciably in virtue or enjoying wiser guidance, mankind has got into its hands for the first time the tools by which it can unfailingly accomplish its own extermination. That is the point in human destinies to which all the glories and toils of men have at last led them." Nor was there any assurance that those who stood at the levers of control would refuse to use these weapons of infinite destruction if they thought their own survival was at stake. After all, Americans had used them in 1945; after all, Americans, Russians, Chinese, and Frenchmen were carrying on continuous experiments to achieve even greater destructive power. And after all, prominent statesmen, not least those in the United States, did not hesitate to shake the raw head and bloody bones of nuclear destruction at intransigent opponents elsewhere on the globe. And if it could be said that only madmen would actually carry out such threats, the inevitable reply was that two madmen, Hitler and Stalin, had fought their way to power in the recent past, and that as yet the resourcefulness of mankind had not devised any way of preventing a repetition of this monstrous situation.

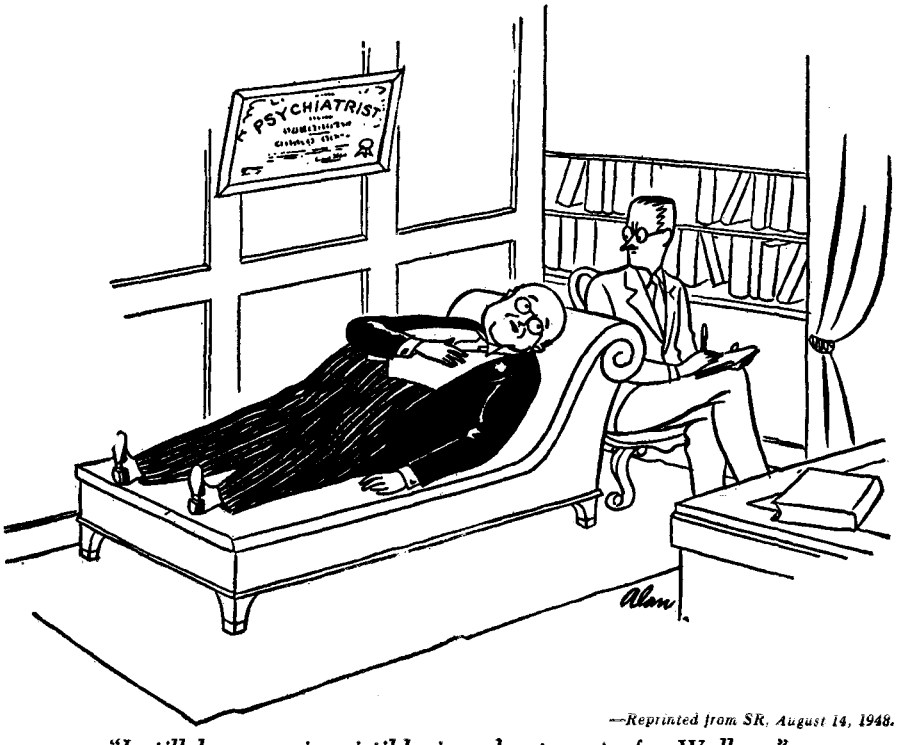
Finally, consider one of the great paradoxes of our day: at the time of the triumph of the experimental method in science, we should abandon it in the realm of politics. Clearly, one of the causes—and one of the manifestations, too—of our malaise is the rejection of the practical, the relative, the organic view of society and politics, and the embrace of the doctrinaire, the absolute, and the static. The substitution of ideological for realistic policies is the hallmark of much of modern political philosophy, but it has not heretofore been characteristic of the American. In the name of doctrinaire notions of Aryan superiority, Hitler was prepared to bring down a Götterdämmerung upon his own country and the world; in the name of doctrinaire Marxism, the Soviet was prepared to subvert all other governments; and in the name of "containment," the United States seems prepared to bustle about the globe putting down subversion and revolution. Our commitment, to be sure, has not been wholehearted; and the almost instinctive distaste of the American people for ideological principles has inspired widespread protest against the new departure. But even as the bankruptcy of the ideological approach to the great convulsive problems of the world becomes clearer, we seem to adopt the same approach to the issues of domestic politics.

There is nothing more implacable than ideological enmities or crusades—witness the religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—and one explanation of the peculiar ferocity of so many of our modern wars, even the American, is the ideological or quasi-religious character. Ordinary rivalries and conflicts involve interests and issues that can be settled by negotiation and compromise. But ideological conflicts are moral, and honorable men find it difficult to compromise on principles or negotiate about morals. Woodrow Wilson had a more doctrinaire mind than Franklin Roosevelt, but Wilson could call for "peace without victory" while Roosevelt insisted on "unconditional surrender."

THE three great powers that glare ceaselessly upon each other now, and whose conflicts shake the globe, are all committed to ideological positions which they find difficult to compromise. The leaders of all three nations know—as religious fanatics of the seventeenth century knew—that they are the pure of heart, that their cause is just, that they stand at Armageddon and battle for the Cause. Naturally, all three attempt to rally the smaller nations to their side, to enlist them in their crusades; and all are inclined to believe that those who are not with them are against them. None can tolerate deviation from the true faith. The Russians put down Hungarians and Czechs who transgress the scriptures; the Chinese punish dissenters even at the cost of civil war; the Americans will tolerate deviation in Guatemala or Santo Domingo and in Cuba only because they have succeeded in isolating it.

The ideological approach took over even in the American domestic arena—in politics, race relations, education, and elsewhere. It stigmatized the crusade of Joseph McCarthy against subversives, real or imagined; it sustains the ceaseless zeal of the House Un-American Activities Committee through the years in its search for Communists in government or in the universities; it provides moral fervor to George Wallace's arguments for white supremacy and logic to opponents of open-housing who proclaim that God is white. It characterizes, alike, students who think that the universities are all corrupt and fit only to be burned because they do not instantly involve themselves in current affairs, a Vice

(Continued on page 54)



—Reprinted from SR, August 14, 1948.

"I still have an irresistible impulse to vote for Wallace."

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Paradise Later

THE LIVING THEATRE is not allowed to bore us without our permission. And indeed a lot of people departed the premises of the Brooklyn Academy of Music long before *Paradise Now* had completed the opening-night performance of its four-hour marathon to Nirvana. Some of those who sweated it out may have done so because they hoped something sensational might happen, such as someone getting arrested. But a number of theatergoers simply gave The Living Theatre their permission to bore them, because they sensed that out of the proceedings and their free response to them might come something more valuable than entertainment.

The intent of the evening is perhaps best expressed in a statement one of the actors chants while dancing with the fury of an Indian on the warpath. *"If I could turn you on, I would drive you out of your wretched mind,"* he shouts angrily. And the anger could stem from the simple and frustrating fact that *Paradise Now* cannot turn us on the way it would like to, and therefore must settle for making a beginning.

The evening begins with fully clothed actors roaming up and down the aisles to complain to various members of the audience about restrictions on their personal liberty that most of us accept without strenuous objection. If we choose to respond to their complaint with either a challenging remark, a joke, or even an expression of sympathy, the actor merely repeats the complaint, and we assume from this that nothing short of the removal of these restrictions will affect the actor's grief. On opening night in Brooklyn, one aisle-sitter, Richard Schechner, critic and editor of *The Drama Review*, offered a less tentative response. When a fully clothed actor told him lugubriously, "I am not allowed to take my clothes off," Schechner stood up and matter-of-factly removed every stitch of clothing. His gesture seemed to say, "Of course you are allowed to take your clothes off. Haven't I just done so?"

A moment later, all the performers do take their outer clothes off; and for the remainder of the evening, the women perform in bikinis and the men in abbreviated loin cloths. If they are not quite as liberated as critics, they are at least moving toward such freedom.

Some of their rites are marvelously simple. For instance, a girl will approach a man in the audience and, looking at him with love, touch him gently, saying, "holy person." And if the man responds, there will be a short exchange of blessings and love between them.

Other activities are somewhat more demanding. For instance, in "the rite of universal intercourse," the entire company forms a pile of writhing bodies in the middle of the stage, which is joined by a few adventurous souls from the audience. However desirable such free intermingling of bodies may be, everyone appeared to be using the utmost care not to do anything which might arouse an embarrassing amount of sexual excitement. After all, the company still had a show to give.

A good deal more thorough is something called, "The Vision of the Magic Love Zap." In this action, several members of the company take a girl and subject her body to a variety of sadistic onslaughts. She is spit on, blown on, massaged, wrenched, and given a sort of mass artificial resuscitation. But at the end of this five-minute ordeal, the tormented girl magically emerges smiling.

Another kind of audience response is to join the company in an act of liberation. On opening night, one man suddenly appeared completely naked onstage and danced with the company. And after a while, one of the women in the company removed her bikini and joined him. However, the dance was not erotic for them or for us. More than anything else it was like watching a volleyball session at a nudist camp.

All of these actions produce considerable heckling from the audience. But this heckling, which is generally vulgar, cheap, and insensitive, is perhaps the first step in the audience's liberation. For it is The Living Theatre's view that we are living in a state of emergency, which we make all the worse by refusing to recognize it. The Living Theatre believes it is showing us the nonviolent way to change into something better. And it is a kind of drama when we confront their stated, unassailable, idealistic goals with a practical cynicism.

Contrary to reports, The Living Theatre does not inflict physical violence on theatergoers. On some occasions, it is true, actors will come as close as possible in an attempt to transmit to us what it is like to be threatened with such violence. But we in the audience, knowing that it is all part of the show, can respond to these threats in ways we would never dare to, if we were really being assaulted.

The question every theatergoer must decide for himself is how much tediousness he is willing to suffer in order to experience what The Living Theatre has to offer. For instance, in one of their evenings, titled *Mysteries and Smaller Pieces,* we are asked to watch a man standing absolutely still alone onstage for fifteen minutes. The Living Theatre maintains that just as we might be willing to look at a fine portrait painting for fifteen minutes, so should we be willing to watch this man for an equal period.

Unfortunately, our conventional theater has conditioned us to plays in which actions are sustained only long enough for the playwright to make his point; we then expect a new action or, at the very least, a complication of the point that has been made. It is therefore difficult for us to adjust to such a radical violation of our expectation.

Will the theater of the future move in this direction? The successes of Tom O'Horgan (*Hair, Tom Paine,* and *Futz*); Lawrence Sacharow's staging of *The Concept;* and the Performance Group's *Dionysus in '69* suggest that there is an audience willing to lose itself in the ritual of extended isolated action, and that this audience feels so rewarded by its experience that it no longer cares very much about the plot. Collaterally, there is an increasingly large number of actors who find that yoga exercises and group improvisations permit them a more gratifying total involvement in an artistic experience than does conventional acting.

At the very least, one would expect that playwrights would write more and more plays designed to use these performance techniques so shrewdly that we will never be bored. But until that particular paradise is reached, I accept The Living Theatre, for its memorability, its imagination, and its commitment; and in retrospect, I am glad that I gave it permission to bore me.

"SEASON'S FUNNIEST MUSICAL!"
—SATURDAY REVIEW
JANIS PAIGE
as
MAME
MAIL ORDERS FILLED
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WINTER GARDEN, B'way at 50th St.

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The Issue Beyond the Beards

WE TEND to criticize our young people for the wrong reasons. It is made to appear that it is somehow seditious or un-American for a young man to let his hair grow or to affect sideburns and a beard. Most of the young men who signed the Declaration of Independence and the U.S. Constitution had long hair; if they were under-endowed by nature in that respect, they usually wore wigs. General Washington had a superb assortment of artificial hairdos to compensate for a sparse pate, yet no one has raised questions about his patriotism on this account.

Lincoln's most conspicuous facial feature was a wiry chin beard. Ditto, General U. S. Grant. William Howard Taft had sideburns with moustache to match. Grover Cleveland prided himself on his handle-bar moustache. Yet no one taxes these men with disloyalty.

Consider men's beads and necklaces. Few modes of dress are more colorful or replete with ornamentation, including chains and beads, than those worn by members of religious hierarchies. It would seem absurd to suggest that such decorativeness is a reflection on the character of the wearer. What is considered objectionable, of course, is not the long hair or the beards or the neck chains, but the fact that they are different. This is the main point.

To regard beards or beads or dress in general as a major reason for castigating young people is to stand on the weakest of all grounds. Young people have a way of launching new styles. And older people, despite all their fulminations, have a way of following. It is highly possible, before long, that long hair and beards will be in general style. At that point, no doubt, many young men will revert to fully shaved faces and crew cuts. And at this point they will most likely be denounced by many of their elders for being effeminate. It will probably be said that if God wanted men to look like women, He would not have put extra hair follicles on their faces.

IS IT contended that the main arguments against young people today are directed not to their appearance but to their morality and their ideas? Here, too, we may be criticizing them for the wrong reasons. Their morality is not so much a departure from the developed and traditional forms as it is a literal expression of them. Disturbing as it may be to ponder the implications of the fact, their personal philosophies in many cases consist largely of ideas associated with the Sermon on the Mount and the writings of the ancient prophets.

What has happened, of course, is not that young people have condemned morality, but that they are measuring their parents by the parents' own yardsticks and find them wanting. Young people don't have to invent revolutionary ideas; they can find them in the documents and doctrines that are woven into the texture of our religious and political life. What young people tend to reject, therefore, is not so much the "old" morality as what they believe to be the distortion of morality by society as a whole.

THE trouble with most of the arguments offered against young people is that the valid grounds for constructive criticism are often obscured. For young people need to be confronted—not in absentia or in the abstract, but face to face. They *are* open to serious criticism and they will listen—once they are convinced they will be listened to.

Where do many young people fall short? Their most common failing is that they tend to be non-historical. Many of them are so intent on rejecting the present that they allow themselves to become cut off from the past. They become disconnected from the accumulation of historical experience. The attempt to see the world through eyes free of rote or encumbrance is natural enough, but it has made their vision starkly incomplete. History—good, bad, or indifferent—may be an accumulation of errors and the end product may be less glorious than morose, but it is the only opening we have to a better future. And the perception of the connection between cause and effect is still the finest expression of human intelligence. The particularization of this connection is what history is all about. It is one thing to spurn the values of the present, but the divorce from history that usually goes along with it weakens the ability to know how to replace or rebuild. There is nothing square or unhip about knowledge. No one has managed for very long to get by without it.

Society, however scornful or shaky, is still a living organism. It involves an incalculably large number of interactions. It needs not just pervasive, withering analysis and dissection, but steady, unremitting attention at all its stress points. It calls for operational skills and an ability to deal with gradations—not just between the obviously good and the obviously bad, but between the endless mixture of partially good and bad. Sustaining judgments have to be made all the time—judgments which, if they are to be sound, must reflect not just a capacity for swift indictment but a clear view of the total structure, running from

(*Continued on page* 76)

The Aphid to the Rose

By R. P. Dickey

AWAKE each day
to your flesh
I cannot live
without its touch
as you cannot
without the sun,
and that golden poet
could not live
without worlds
to shine upon
and I have known you
since you were a bud.

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Letters to the Editor

A Declining Town

DAVID BUTWIN'S ARTICLE, "Portrait of a Declining Town" [*SR*, Oct. 5], portrays all the agony from which we in the North country are desperately attempting to emerge. Although we do not admit it openly and candidly, we are an extended Appalachia.

Our inadequate schools breed additional problems. We say, "Let's keep Maine youth in Maine." Our youth now have little option; they must stay because they do not possess the skills and basic competencies they need to move on to greater horizons. Consequently, they can't contribute to the region either, and so we face what Appalachia faces.

We must focus national attention on the region's problems, which require skills far in excess to what the region can ever provide for itself. Time is a crucial factor; we just do not have time to wait, for each day in the lives of our youth makes a world of difference. It is ultimately our youth who must make the impact that is needed so sorely.

VINCENT P. SKINNER,
Rockport, Me.

IT IS DOUBTFUL if David Butwin, or anyone else, can come into Washington County, Maine, spend a few days, and hope to understand the peculiar mystique of Downeasters.

It is too bad that all but one of the photographs show Eastport as a dilapidated dump. There are gracious old homes in this old coastal town—and the scenery it commands is breathtaking. Mr. Butwin might have better served the interests of Eastport—and other "declining" towns—if he had attempted to point up the features at hand by which the residents might better themselves economically.

Could he not visualize the time when some money (government or private), combined with some brains and a sense of the beautiful, might be made available to help restore the place—tearing down what is ugly, restoring what is worthy to be restored, and helping to convert it into one of the loveliest of summer vacation spots—for people who can get along without an endless chain of tacky and depressing little businesses. Salt-water pools or enclosed lagoons would not be an impossibility in Eastport. Nor would artists' retreats, camps for children, programed water sports, an indoor ice-skating rink for summer as well as winter usage—the possibilities are endless. One new facility creates another, and one well paid worker opens the door to the need for someone else's skills.

The portrait of the laconic (stupid?) police chief might seem uproarious, or, at best, quaint. But how much time was really spent in watching the enduring and worried people of Eastport going about their daily rounds?

JO TORRELL,
Baring, Me.

Punishment and Justice

AS A PSYCHOANALYST, I would like to voice certain objections to Dr. Karl Menninger's article, "The Crime of Punishment" [*SR*, Sept. 7]. Dr. Menninger states too unequivocally, I think, that punishment is useless and justice a revenge.

Actually, justice is a revenge only if we feel it is a revenge; and formal justice (i.e., legal, unbiased justice) was, in fact, created for the express purpose of preventing revenge—the personal brand of revenge (often biased, no doubt) which was formerly not only the prerogative, but actually the responsibility of the individual victim or his family.

The notion that we have crime because the ego of society "secretly wants crime," and consequently does little to prevent it, may be partly true, but it is nevertheless only a speculation. An equally valid speculation, it seems to me, would be that a society which is in favor of abolishing punishment unconsciously desires to commit crime. Isolating the motivations is one of the great difficulties in psychiatry.

The idea, so widely spread by the "specialist," that to punish a child is to create guilt feelings and neuroses, and that children should feel loved no matter what they do, is a typical oversimplification that has not only proven incorrect, but has wrought real havoc. One of the reasons why crime has become so "alarming" in recent years is that, in both our cultural setting and in the home, the application of these oversimplified concepts has resulted in a decrease of the pressures toward enforced internalization of conflicts in the child. The consequence has been delinquent acting-out and empty lives, which have been in constant need of external supplies and stimulation of all kinds.

We must help the public to recognize that guilt feelings are indispensable to the development of conscience, and that moral and social values cannot develop without an awareness that wrong-doing brings punishment—albeit a just and properly applied punishment.

It is undeniable psychiatric fact not only that many criminals are healthy—i.e., free from an underlying conflict—but also that many of them, because they do fear punishment, will either restrict their delinquencies to "safe" occasions, or limit them to actions that will not cause conflict with the authorities. All non-sick criminals, in fact—and many who are sick—try to avoid punishment. I have no doubt that, if all punishment were suspended, we would witness a staggering increase in crime.

There are undoubtedly many criminals who are sick and in need of treatment, but there are also a great many who cannot be rehabilitated. When a criminal does not have an underlying conflict, but has a corrupted conscience, there is not much we can do. For this type of criminality, the only hope—from a psychiatric standpoint—is to try furthering our efforts in preventive psychiatry.

I fully agree with Dr. Menninger that psychiatry should play a much greater role in the control of crime—not only in rehabilitation treatment, but also in the prevention of crime and in the decisions made by the courts. However, I believe that such an advance—which would have to put more emphasis on the unconscious and other motivations of the crime than on the criminal act itself—would require, among other extensive changes in the penal system and in legal philosophy, the abolition of the jury system, since lay people would not be generally qualified to make judgments on such a basis.

GEORGE ZAVITZIANOS, M.D.,
Tenafly, N.J.

Art and Education

IN HER ARTICLE, "The Art Education Myth" [FINE ARTS, Sept. 28], Katharine Kuh has said something that has needed to be said concerning art education and the training

(*Continued on page* 91)

"Take this insight every three hours, as inner-directed."

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THE RIVER

By John Ciardi

BY EASY stations where time crossed and left
the banks ahead untouched, the river slipped
seven looped miles from springs to a salt mouth,
brackish a good five miles back from flood tide
but rock-fresh all its length into an ebb.

A cumulus of elm- and maple-green
was every summer, the heaven of it pierced
by a white slatted Congregational spire
four-sided, with a clock for every wind.
And every wind and clock a story told.

A stone-fenced tidy Zion of thrift and God
the Congregational saints began there once,
their housefronts white on the hills yet, where I heard
the bells to Concord. In the clattering hour
history most chooses, midnight spurred its horse,
and Paul Revere came pounding at the doors
scarred by his knuckles yet—so I was told,
though only the pure-in-heart, the well invested,
and eagle scouts dead in the line of duty
can see the scars, not always.
Seen, unseen,
the saints rode west and northwest all one night
cross country from green to green of the elm squares
leaving behind bad sculptures and good law,
enough to fill a countryside of causes.

Every nineteenth of April, though now by day
and with refreshments by the American Legion,
he rides again past children waving flags,
and beats on one door of one house still standing
as it was then, though it's a funeral parlor
these new days, though this day, the half day
it takes to fill the windows with DARs
in ribboned bonnets and tricorned gentlemen,
the corpse in residence must be wheeled away
and down the elevator to the cold room
till that year's rider clatters round the corner
where the horse van that dropped him at South and Main
waits at High and Winthrop to take him on
to the next house of the next town on his way,
already forgotten by the hoodlum young
storming the Armory for free ice cream
and bottles of what Boston still calls "tonic."

This is what I remember from a first.
A half day taken from the mailman's wake
to let a rider by, and a costumed clatter
over the dead man's interrupted state.
Locked in his cellar, he forecast forever
under whose stairs he would lie long the same
while hats and bonnets changed. That afternoon—
whichever year it was—I did my duty
beside his box in the light they brought him back to
before they wheeled him off again forever.

But first, a hoodlum with my hoodlum pack,
my flag and hand out screaming with the rest,
I stormed the Armory for the Legion's handout.
And ducked out on him fast among his roses.
He was a good round chuckle everyday
he hauled his bag, and every week he left
one more $10 piece of Pa in the slot,
and that was food and drink, and a quick Lord's Prayer
as Ma had ordered, and I could have the river
and he his promises.
The rafts and cockles
and leaky tubs I drifted summer through
touched every bank. Water rats quizzed my statue
at holes I knew. Dragonflies hummed me dry.
And alewife ran the flickering of their instinct
under my awe. I scooped them in their seizure
and sat seized in my shell, their slate blue tremble
a mystery like quicksilver at my barefeet
in the constant inch of water beyond bailing.

Then, like the corpse put by for history's party,
or an undelivered mail, sender unknown,
they came one year and tasted their first water
and turned up the white mushrooms of their bellies
bloated like easy death and scummed with oil
in clots and rafts that stank back to the sea
and came up on the tide, and came and went
a week, ten days, till nothing came again
but a few eels too ugly not to live.

Is there a longer death than rivers die
out of the sainted valleys of their first,
following the mist blown tribes and their dim totems,
and the congregation of saints beside the water
that came and went, and still came and still went
where black stumps of the rotted shipyards stubbed
the sewer-slimed edges of the rotted river?
Where, through the same green cumulus, the spire
the saints appointed as their arm to God
lifted its four clocks to the rose of winds
that took the Captains out past God,

down river,
clearing Hull point, aslant to Provincetown,
and on to the Azores and Canaries.
Until the Trades grew wicked with their south,
the cargo was still God and Medford Rum,
with barter as it came.
But before landfall
on the Gold Coast, God's corpse went into the hold
and chain and shackles rigged them out as slavers
triangling to Jamaica in their stink
to trade what flesh had not gone to the sharks
for kegs of black molasses, and then home,
the hold scrubbed out with soda, God broken out
like a new flag to fly above the Square
where God's distillery waited for the syrup
to start a new firewater its three ways
from God, past God, to God again one Sunday.

EDITOR'S NOTE: "The River" is one of a series of longer autobiographical poems being prepared by Mr. Ciardi for publication by Rutgers University Press.

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Their portraits climb the stairs yet, or look down
from rows of deacons and from the bank's walls—
Nathaniels, Ebenezers, Jonathans.
Burnsided, muttonchopped, full-beavered, shaved,
bone-leathered, paunched, frill-collared, or homespun,
all crossed with a gold chain from which time hangs
to take out or put back as the trade turns.

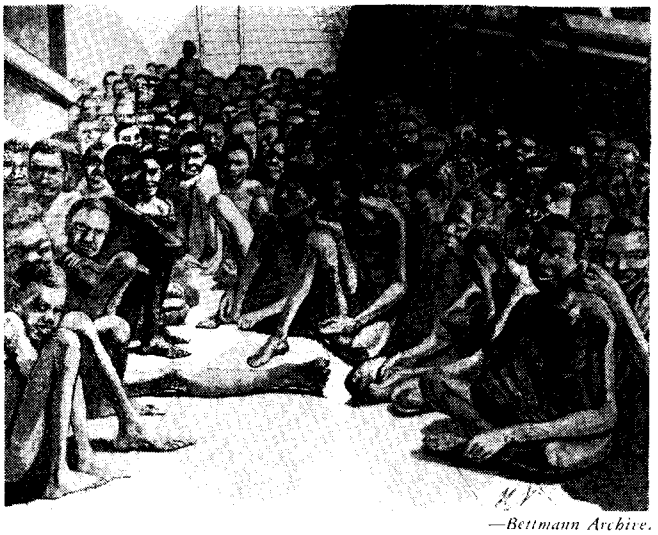
Back to the Sundays when the sloops and barks
wove lines above the chimney tops, the wharves
silent, the gray dray horses out to pasture
not hearing how the bells poured down from God
to call the Captain's carriage from the hill,
its two spang chestnuts, polished like new boots,
clopping between the pickets, and his Priscilla
bonneted prim but shawled in Indian silk—
a trophy from her trophy home to God
from mysteries of his untold own, but home,
a proper man and propertied and a deacon
with the white house still growing on the hill,
sprouting a new farm after every voyage.

God took them in. His minister at the door
came forward to honor him home, such blessings
he brings us once again from the main deep
to the good farms of the righteous. As one by one,
from offstage in themselves, squires with their ladies
passed, tipping their toppers, and God took them in
through the arched door, His portrait rayed above,
fingering the great gold chain from which time hangs.

And cleared his throat—a peel of organ sound—
when all but the tied horses swishing flies
had gone in from the Square and shut the door
on the concluded world with its beasts left over.

Sun in the morning. The river's grenades of light
blinding the ripples. Cock's matins sung. The crows'
black souls, like monks from a grimoire,
scudding back to their hills of warlock oaks.
A lamb bleating its last lawn before Easter—

When I left the river I could walk all day
inside one Captain's name. The miles of farms
and tangled woodland his. Ebenezer Hutchens—



—Bettmann Archive.

"Chain and shackles rigged them out as slavers triangling to Jamaica in their stink to trade what flesh had not gone to the sharks."

—Wide World.

". . . Clearing the way for Paul Revere every nineteenth of April."

master at twenty, owner at twenty-four,
banker at twenty-seven. He died white
and dry as a peeled oak in his blind eighties
whose bark and beard of youth had known the crows
from more hells than the congregation counted,
but owned the valley on both sides of the river
west of the Square and spire, and the crows' hills
north to the town line through the granite knobs
with black ponds, grubbed with leeches, in their shadows
seeping to fern and deadfall where a day
blushed Indian pipes, white trillium, lady's-slippers
from bark-and moss-rot of cool bottoms,
the scrub untouched there from the first of saints
into that country.

Sun in the morning
to a pine wood dusk over blueberry clearings,
I walked that one name, rounding its farms like pounds
in the wood shadow. At the Seven Hills,
its white cliff in the last light on the highest,
the Captain's House looked down on the toy spire
that was his boundary stake in the spread valley.
The ships were gone. The river dead. The wharf,
a coalyard drab with barges. The distillery,
blue-lawed to virtue once the trade had ended
molasses came from Boston.

A smoke from Sumter
signaled the Hutchenses, Bradfords, Woollseys
to the hot running Gettysburgs of the righteous.
Even without trade, courage is a cause
and spills its blue boys long to the larks of God.

Old men of the GAR came out to march,
battle flags clearing the way for Paul Revere
every nineteenth of April. But on the hill
in 'forty-seven, Captain Ebenezer,
hunched at his desk of Honduran iron wood,
could tell a future. When abolitionist ladies
called in hymn-singing virtue to petition
against The Trade, and, thinking still as housewives,
complained that slave-ships stank—as if bad odor

(*Continued on page* 30)

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were the offense of evil—Ebenezer
unhunched an instant, raised a Captain's head
out of his ruin and answered to first causes:
"Yes, ladies, slavers stink, but money don't."

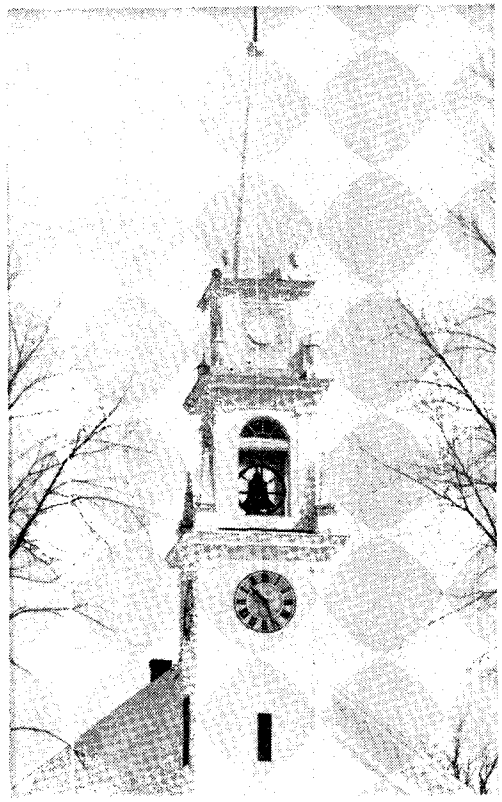
And was dead himself before one son changed odor
under McClellan's nose, though well downwind
in the smallpox ghettos of the Potomac. Still
one son stormed Mobile and came home with contacts
that were no harm no trade. And another jingled
high Washington among desks that lost nothing
when money was to be made in the Sutlers' Peace.

The Armory took his name beside the river.
An outlet from its boilers steamed all winter
just at the water line to let me dream
I knew a secret hot spring to the center
and walked on caverns hung with diamond darks.
While in the Armory's groins the Hutchens Light Guard
rattled the rifle range, shouted its numbers,
or changed to West Point uniforms on Ball nights
and danced with lady-shadows past the windows
of the upper vault, my eyes glued to the light
that danced away and came and danced and came.

It was my country and a mystery sung
by bird, by brook, by squirrels chattering,
and shadows through the trees and old lies told
and histories tipping truths. The stone-farmed hills
hand-labored to their falling pasture walls
let fall a stone a season from their ruin.
The town was the invader. Dying barns
backed half the houses to a picket fence
and apple trees. Great bones of hand-chipped granite
trimmed off the squires' lawns, topped with iron fences.
Cellar walls three feet thick, with every block
of field stone a day's labor for two men
bore oak-pegged beams, like ark work, or found money,
building its city firm. But still the cows
roamed to the edge of pavement, and the weeds
poked through a cellar hole that blotched half the Square,
where the first inn and first stage out from Boston
had rambled till its fire. And still the river
slipped easy as its first from the drowned boys
of summer at their play in sight of farms,
the clay pit, and the old wharf peppered black
where once molasses leaked a bait for flies
in the droning summer from the first, not long.

Then like a traffic's roar Boston spilled out,
first Irish, then Italian. A field at a time
the land went out. The Captain's house came down,
steam shovels ate his lawns, grazed his hills flat
for diagrams of two-by-fours drawn up
a day at a time and hammered shut, roofed, boarded,
given their doors, and left to find a name
with twenty years to pay at six per cent.
The Captain's bones flowered open to his grandsons
in vaults of promised paper with such names
as the valley had not spelled in all its time,
but still could add

And still the river
slipped easy as its first from the drowned boys
of summer at their play in sight of farms,
the clay pit, and the old wharf peppered black . . .



—Bettmann Archive.

". . . the spire the saints appointed as their arm to God lifted its four clocks to the rose of winds that took the Captains out past God . . ."

payable to the order
of the Estate of Ebenezer Hutchens
a Bond and Mortgage covenanted with
Sean Flaherty and said estate to wit:
Aram Perunian and said estate to wit:
Carminantonio Ciardi and said estate
revised to Concetta Ciardi, widow, to wit:
that the lands and bounds and premises hereinafter
together with etc. heretofore
of the Estate of Ebenezer Hutchens
—pay off their life time or return to wit,
whose name, come off the land, returns to it.

A life. And better traded than for molasses.
My father traded his for four hundred weeks
of the $10 checks from Metropolitan.
Two mailmen died before his mail stopped coming.
I think my mother thought they were pall-bearers
the government kept sending in his honor.
She liked wakes, and held one for every check
before she sputtered her slant name on the back
and wept it out for food. She knew some wrong
was being done her but was not sure which
and stayed suspicious on principle. Were we wronged?
our piece of a slaver's acre black with blood?
The tales I knew were old and wonderful.
Old and therefore wonderful. Old and dying.

And I was young and happier than her tears
could change me from. The filthy river slipped
smooth as its first. And all one prowling summer
when Will Howe got a job, I had day dibs
on his canoe, a leakless Indian legend
so tremblingly beyond my hammered sticks
that I could stroke the two miles to the Lakes
and prowl the pinefringe sure of mocassin tracks
under the bracken, or cut straight across
the mile-wide water further than the world,
unwronged by any day, in my own country,
whose dead I haunted and whose dead I am.

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Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

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Literary Horizons

Hoping for Oil, Hoping for Rain

By GRANVILLE HICKS

ALTHOUGH, as I have pointed out from time to time, publishers lugubriously insist that collections of short stories are hard to sell, they do publish them, and we can be glad of that. As a general rule, a collection of short stories is published either because the author has written an at least moderately successful novel and the publisher wants to keep him happy, or because the publisher believes that a moderately successful novel, or even a very successful one, may be forthcoming. But if the collections usually aren't published for their own sake, they often exhibit a high degree of literary excellence.

Nineteen-sixty-eight, it seems to me, has been an exceptionally fruitful year. I have reviewed collections by William Gass, William Peden, Grace Paley (a reissue), and Ernest Gaines, to say nothing of the two massive volumes of Edith Wharton's short stories. I have looked at, but for one reason or another have not reviewed, collections by Hope Hale Davis, Herbert Wilner, Elizabeth Spencer, and George P. Elliott. (Elliott's *An Hour of Last Things,* by the way, seems to me to contain the best work he has ever done, more satisfying than any of his several novels, good as in various ways they are.)

William Humphrey's first book, *The Last Husband and Other Stories,* was not a commercial success, but his two novels, *Home from the Hill* and *The Ordways,* were highly praised and widely read. (I liked the first very much indeed, was not so happy about the second.) Because of the reputation he has acquired by way of the novels, his new collection, *A Time and a Place* (Knopf, $4.95), will probably get the attention it deserves, and that is a good deal, for Humphrey is a storyteller in the tradition of Mark Twain and William Faulkner.

The place of the title is northeastern Texas and adjacent Oklahoma, and the time is the Thirties. This area in those years not only suffered from the Depression, as did the whole nation; it had its special sorrow, the long drought that created the Dust Bowl, and its special blessing, the discovery of oil. Although relatively few of the inhabitants got rich out of oil, they all could and most of them did hope.

Of the ten stories in the volume, all but one of which have appeared in magazines during the past six years, several, in spite of the time and the place, are funny, at least in part. Even when they have grim aspects, they are likely to make the reader laugh. This, after all, is part of the tall-story country, and sudden death, if its form is grotesque enough, can be made to seem ludicrous. "The Ballad of Jesse Neighbours" begins: "Few marriages were being made in Oklahoma in 1934 and Jesse Neighbours didn't have a pot nor a window to throw it out of, but Jesse just couldn't wait." In spite of his poverty, Jesse, who serves as a one-man band at country dances, is attractive to Naomi Childress until oil is discovered on her father's land. Poor Jesse becomes desperate when Naomi is transformed by Neiman-Marcus and all the other resources of Dallas, and he comes to a bad end, but he is a comic figure to the last.

So is the hero of "The Rainmaker," who is tarred and feathered when he doesn't produce rain and is punished again when he produces too much. "THe 1 & OnLY ProF. ORViLLe SiMMs, RAiNMaKeR" is as long-suffering as any of Faulkner's comic characters, and the whole story is built out of Faulknerian hyperbole. Of the Red River in 1936, for example, Humphrey writes: "the current is deep-running and strong, though on the surface it does not look as if there is any current; indeed, it does not look like a liquid, but rather like a bed of red clay, of the consistency of what potters call 'slip,' and looks as if it would not only be unsuited to any of the uses to which water is generally put, but that getting it to pour would be like starting a new bottle of ketchup." As for rain when it does come—"It was like God had been out of his office all that while and returned to find all these prayers for rain piled up on His desk. It did seem like he might have used a little better judgment than to answer them all at once."

Although the discovery of oil on his property is what every landowner hopes for, the consequences of such discovery are likely to be ludicrous or pathetic or both. In "A Good Indian" the man known only as John spends the proceeds of the sale of his land on two Cadillacs, smashing them both and himself into the bargain. Jordan Terry in "The Pump" is too jealous of his neighbor to take pleasure in his own sudden affluence. Of all the misfortunes visited upon the long-suffering hero of "A Job of the Plains," the finding of oil proves to be the worst.

If Humphrey makes use of bold, broad strokes in most of his stories, he is capable of subtler effects. In "A Voice from the Woods" the narrator and his mother, who is visiting him somewhere in New England, are surprised to hear the cry of the mourning dove. (I don't know why they should be since, according to Roger Tory Peterson, the bird breeds from Canada south to the Gulf Coast.) The mother is reminded of the death of the desperado she might have married, and marvels to realize that she is still jealous of his mistress. In "The Last of the Caddoes" a boy's discovery that he has

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Indian blood gives significance to the hostility he bears against his mother.

Perhaps the most impressive of the stories is "Mouth of Brass," a story told through the sensibility of a boy. Finus, a Negro who sells hot tamales on the streets, has a voice of remarkable power. "In another place, or at some later period perhaps, his voice might have made Finus's fortune; but in Blossom Prairie, in east Texas, in 1930, to be answered by a Negro in that powerful bass brought the blood to some men's cheeks quick as a slap." Finus is kind to the young narrator, whom he allows to accompany him on his rounds. Thus it happens that the boy learns a terrible lesson about white arrogance and injustice and the cowardice of men and women of good will such as his parents.

The place at that time was a place of desperation and violence. Even before the Depression life was hard, and it grew harder. The people endured and were even hopeful, hoping for oil, hoping for rain. Prof. Simms, the rainmaker, found many gullible customers; in one town the devout appeared in white nightgowns in the belief that enough rain would be forthcoming for total immersion. But, as Simms was taught, these people would take only so much, and they were as handy with guns as with tar and feathers. On the street corners on Saturdays Jesse Neighbours and his cronies talked about Bonnie and Clyde, recently slain, and about Jesse James, Billy the Kid, Pretty Boy Floyd, and other heroes. They were rough people in a rough age, but there was drama in their lives, and Humphrey knows how to reveal it to us.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1318

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1318 will be found in the next issue.

WBL QGYH NDZW YP WBDW ML OGLODGL NTG MDG SYVL OGLZTZYTFP QYDAWP DAC NTG OLDZL SYVL GLWDGCLC OEQHYLP.

—SLPWLG OLDGPTA

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1317

. . . Americans need rest, but do not know it. I believe this to be . . . the explanation of the crime wave in the United States —BERTRAND RUSSELL.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

No Comparison with Caged Rats

IN HIS REVIEW OF *Man and Aggression* [*SR*, Oct. 19], Roger D. Masters illustrates well a few basic points.

1) An associate professor of government should concern himself with government.

2) Professors of zoology should concern themselves with the teleology of their chosen field.

3) More than a passing, transcendental picture of nature *and* nurture needs to be understood (with the dichotomy played down).

4) Rat psychology is not generic and is merely species specific for the rat, bearing none but faint, coincidental resemblance to higher (phylogenetic, that is) forms of life.

5) If Lorenz and Ardrey are correct in assuming that man's propensity for war is biologically determined (a dubious concession), then war can be culturally prevented —the converse not being true. But since societies do not seem to be moving in this direction, the theory's relevance is lost to all but associate professors of government.

In summation, I criticize this sophomoric review on two counts, the first being an obvious distortion and oversimplification of facts. Secondly, I take issue with the interjection of metaphorical language, such as that employed by Mr. Masters in comparing ghettos with caged rats, in a discussion where high scientific validity and precise language should be tantamount to all else.

MYRON S. KAYES.
Stone Ridge, N.Y.

Vote-Getter

THANK YOU SO MUCH for your review of *Wallace*, by Ronnie Dugger [*SR*, Oct. 5]. I was a bit undecided as to who I would vote for but you definitely helped make up my mind.

Since you are trying so desperately to discredit this man, then he must not be as terrible as you make him. I have since been reading and watching George Wallace more closely and have decided he is the only man that can save our country, and give us back our constitutional rights. I voted for George C. Wallace.

DELORES S. STAFFORD.
Baton Rouge, La.

Not Turned On?

DR. DONALD B. LOURIA'S REBUTTAL [*SR*, Oct. 5] of Alfred Lindesmith's review of *The Drug Scene* serves only to convince readers further that Dr. Louria is still not turned on.

So what if *only* twelve pages of a supposedly scholarly work are falsely misleading; these twelve pages nonetheless do enough harm to cast discredit upon the remainder. Anyone who has done open-minded inquiry into the drug "scene" (inquiry which must of necessity include personally sampling at least some of the minor drugs in order to obtain a realistic experiential ground upon which to base judgments) knows that the hypocrisy and selfish political expediency with which the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and other governmental organizations which depend for their very existence on the drug scare have handled the marijuana question have been equaled only by the tactics of the alcohol and tobacco lobbies in their downright disregard for public good.

P. A. BARTLETT.
Troy, N.Y.

Middle East Madness

A. JOSEPH HECKELMAN'S LETTER [*SR*, Oct. 12] on the Middle East is morally acceptable only if one allows the writer to be quite mad. Or if one allows him to be a Zionist propagandist, which comes to the same thing.

Even a madman, however, may have occasional glimpses of the truth; and Mr. Heckelman is quite correct when he suggests that "special rules apply to Israel." These "special rules" of course are made in the West—as indeed the State of Israel was —and their chief provision is that the Western nations shall continue to allow, since it does no immediate harm to *them*, the lunacy of Zionism free run in the Middle East, shall continue to encourage the territorial aggression of a power that has candidly founded itself upon precisely the same Germanic racial myths that Western nations fought a world war to put down. Here, Mr. Heckelman, is irony for you.

Finally it should be pointed out that the U.N. has *not* "intervened" in the Middle East in any sense that remotely approaches the meaning that Mr. Heckelman has apparently attached to that word. His attempt to blame the U.N. for the lack of peace in the Middle East is therefore a logically fallacious one.

JOHN RODENBECK.
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Psychedelic

I AM GRATEFUL to the many readers who have written me about the origin of "psychedelic" [*SR*, Oct. 12]. There is general agreement that Dr. Humphry Osmond coined the word in 1957, but there are still marginal problems of some interest, and I shall return to the matter in a subsequent Literary Horizons.

GRANVILLE HICKS.
Grafton, N.Y.

Hard and Soft Cover

IN *SR* Nov. 2, *Struggle Against History*, edited by Neal D. Houghton, was reviewed. But only one edition, the hardbound Washington Square Press, was listed. The book is also available in paperback published by Clarion at $2.95.

DAN GREEN.
New York, N.Y.

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The Publishing Scene

David Dempsey

We talked recently with two visitors from Taiwan, Mr. D. S. Hsiung, director of Publications Administration, Ministry of Interior, Republic of China; and Mr. Sueling Li, an exporter (to the U.S.) of frozen Chinese food, and an importer (to Taiwan) of the rights to American books. The next time you are in Taipei, drop around to 48 Nanking East Road and sample some of Sueling Li's wonton soup or, better yet, his snow pea pods. Then ask to see some of his latest publications, such as *Death of a President* or *How to Be a Flight Stewardess*. Mei Ya Publications and Premier Frozen Foods share the same offices, and Mr. Li is chairman of both companies. "The way to a man's mind is through his stomach," he says in fluent English.

If the arrangement seems a bit unusual, it is because Mei Ya Publications —founded in 1965—is just getting on its feet and needs all the nourishment it can get. Why? Mr. Li, at this writing, is the only full-fledged "legitimate" publisher in all of Nationalist China. He competes with twenty-one other publishers who are known the world over as the Pirates of Taiwan—men who photo-offset American, English, and sometimes other European books without paying for the privilege.

This has long been a problem to the U.S. book world because Taiwan is not a member of the International Copyright Convention, and publishers there reprint American works royalty-free. These books are then sold not only in Taiwan (pop. thirteen million) but all over the Orient at a price considerably less than the American-manufactured originals. Although the Chinese government has banned their export, a good many of these books are nevertheless smuggled into the United States, where they are sold, on a sort of inverse black market, at reduced prices. Students at MIT, for example, have been able to buy copies of $18 textbooks for $4. The paper is a bit flimsier, and the illustrations may be fuzzy, but for a $14 saving who cares? Moreover, in this age of student revolt, the whole idea has a certain subversive cachet.

It is largely because of this situation that Mr. Hsiung accompanied Mr. Li to the United States to see for himself, and to confer with officials in the copyright office and a committee on international trade from the American Book Publishers Council. Hopefully, as a result of these efforts, Mr. Hsiung will eventually recommend to his government that it join the ICC. Sueling Li believes that if this were done, not only would piracy disappear, but that Taiwan could become the Switzerland of the Orient for publishing. "We have the capability for good printing, low-cost skilled labor, and a vast market on all sides of us," he says.

But until this is done, Mr. Li will carry on his one-man war against piracy. He has already secured from about thirty U.S. publishers the authorized rights to some 400 titles. Both Prentice-Hall and McGraw-Hill, for example, started him off with books royalty-free. Hereafter, he will pay 10 per cent, and although on the price of a Taiwanese edition that isn't much (*The Naked Ape* sells for $1), this is a case where something is better than nothing. Unfortunately, many American firms still refuse to grant rights, preferring to try to export the original edition at the full price. And it is from these books that the pirates take their pick.

"They are very bold," stated Mr. Li. "I spent a year negotiating for the rights to *Death of a President*. But when the book came out, a pirated edition turned up anyway at $2—50¢ less than I was selling it for. Finally, I traded the pirates one copy of my book for two of theirs, and gradually worked the illegal copies off the market. Of course, I ended up with a warehouse full of the wrong books."

One would have to sell a lot of egg rolls to keep that kind of publishing going, we suggested.

Sueling Li smiled. "Your own publishers should try it some time."

He went on to explain that he was nevertheless making headway in driving the pirates to cover. Before he began publishing in 1965, they had built up a backlist of about 5,000 titles, most of them in English. "They even put out an industry-wide catalogue," Mr. Li said. Most higher education in Taiwan is conducted in English, and American textbooks are highly valued. The editions were small—500 to 3,000 copies—and no one was too concerned until many of these books began finding their way back into the American market. Trade books also are popular and frequently appear in the Taipei bookstores at about the same time that they go on sale in the U.S., the result of agents here (chiefly bookstore clerks) who airmail the pirates advance copies.

"What makes matters even worse," Mr. Li remarked, "is that the pirates pirate each other. This depresses the market, not to mention the appearance of the book." Because of this, he has been able to weaken their ranks by promising to help them go straight. Seven pirates are now "cooperating," as Mr. Li puts it, and in return he is giving them supervision and guidance, as well as assistance in obtaining the rights to American books.

The man responsible for this crusade was born and raised in Shanghai, went to prep school, in 1940, at Worcester Academy in Massachusetts, and was graduated from the Wharton School of Finance in Philadelphia. For a time Sueling Li taught business management at the University of Shanghai, but in 1950, after the Communist conquest of the Mainland, he moved with his family to Larchmont, N.Y., and organized an export-import business that has since blossomed into Sueling, Inc. (grain), Premier Frozen Foods, and Mei Ya Publications. In Chinese, Mei Ya means America-Asia. "I want to be a bridge builder," Mr. Li states. In 1961 he became an American citizen, and in 1963 moved to Taiwan.

Mr. Li's bridges go in all directions. Mei Ya Publications has developed a series of special editions for sale throughout Southeast Asia, Japan, Korea, and the Philippines. Best-seller at the moment is a Yale University Press book, *Dictionary of Spoken Chinese*. At the same time, a series of African Student Editions, chiefly medical texts, are being sold in thirty-six African nations. For home consumption, he publishes both classical and modern Chinese literature translated into English (*Ladies of the Tang* is one) and is also preparing a ten-volume edition of the works of Dr. Hu Shih, the Chinese scholar and wartime Ambassador to the United States. This formidable project consists of photolithographed copies of the author's own handwritten manuscripts.

We asked Mr. Li when he thought that Mei Ya Publications could safely be unleashed against the Mainland. "It will come," he said. "My publishing is for the Chinese everywhere. But I may have to start with the frozen pea pods. The books will follow." Sueling Li hopes to become the green giant of Asian publishing.

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New Frontiers or Dark Old Days?

Beyond Civil Rights: A New Day of Equality, *by Hubert H. Humphrey (Random House. 193 pp. $5), and* ***Frontiers of Civil Liberties,*** *by Norman Dorsen (Pantheon. 156 pp. $8.95), shed light on some of the ambivalences in American history that have converged into the present crisis. Albert Vorspan is director of social action of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations. His most recent book is "Jewish Values and Social Crisis."*

By ALBERT VORSPAN

BOTH CIVIL LIBERTIES and civil rights are on the defensive in America. The Senate's shameful opposition to Abe Fortas as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court was really a blow at the civil libertarian course of the Warren Court. And the specter of George C. Wallace and his amazing backlash support, together with all the Presidential candidates' demagoguery about "law and order," spell out an ominous portent for our already anguished race relations. Two new volumes, in different ways, shed light on some of the ambivalences in the American historical experience that have converged into the contemporary crisis.

Beyond Civil Rights is pure Hubert Humphrey—personal, passionate, sentimental, fervent, brimming over with good will and buoyant cheer. In his preface Mr. Humphrey denies that this is a campaign book, insists it has been in the works since 1965. The book jacket makes the same assertion. Be that as it may, the contents and the timing of this slim volume make it a self-serving political document, and it is likely to endure precisely as long as its author survives politically.

The book is an earnest chronicle of Hubert Humphrey's civil rights leadership throughout his career as mayor of Minneapolis (which had previously been known as the "capital of anti-Semitism"), United States Senator, and Vice President. There are moments of genuine poignancy, perhaps not always intended by the author. One cannot help being moved by the recollection of the brash Young Turk of the 1948 Democratic Convention who defied expediency and prudence in his successful drive to nail the party to a strong civil rights plank. Nor can one help but contrast that go-for-broke young flamethrower with the wavering heir-apparent of Chicago twenty years later. *Beyond Civil Rights* is obviously intended to reclaim Humphrey's liberal credentials. It isn't hard to do, because, whatever stigmata Humphrey acquired as a pathetic cheerleader for the Johnson Administration's Vietnam policies, no believer in human rights can diminish the record of profound commitment to equality that made Hubert Humphrey one of the most creative legislators and social catalysts of his generation.

THE words which Norman Dorsen quotes from Professor Charles A. Reich of Yale Law School provide a useful backdrop for his examination of some of the seminal issues of civil liberties during the past twenty years:

> To begin with, I think civil liberties are in a sense an unnatural state for man or for society because in a short-range way they are essentially contrary to the self-interest of the majority. They require the majority to restrain itself, to say No to its immediate impulses, and to allow things to go on that threaten. At all times the natural state would be contrary to civil liberties if the majority had its immediate way. . . .

This also illuminates some of the grave dangers in the current mood of America—the mounting impatience with dissent, the simplistic demands for law and order, the anger at the young and the black who challenge our tranquility, and the attacks on the Supreme Court.

Frontiers of Civil Liberties suggests the magnitude of the "judicial revolution" which the Supreme Court has engineered under the leadership of Chief Justice Warren. The author, a young civil liberties lawyer and director of the Arthur Garfield Hays Civil Liberties Program at New York University, is warmly sympathetic to the civil libertarian trend of the Court. Indeed, he has spelled out here an added agenda to keep the judicial revolution rolling in even higher gear. The book consists of a miscellany of legal briefs, memoranda prepared for the ACLU, speeches, and reports—mostly documents written by Professor Dorsen—urging the Court to eliminate the death penalty as unconstitutional, examine the application to conscientious objectors of the Nuremberg Tribunal decree (that each individual has a duty to determine for himself the legality of his country's actions), eliminate military censorship, protect the rights of illegitimate children, safeguard the civil liberties of juveniles, and forbid public aid to sectarian colleges. It is sometimes hard to figure out why a par-

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

2 x 2

Each query below contains the titles (complete or in part) of two literary works. The two words of each answer are parts of the respective authors' surnames. Example: "What did the Bald Soprano seek at Sunnybrook Farm?" "One wig" (*Ionesco, Wiggin*). Bernard J. Francis of Baltimore invites you to put two and two together or turn to page 73.

1. At Dover Beach, why do Fathers and Sons ogle bikinis? ( ) A. quince jam
2. To what feat did the Rector of Justin challenge Cyrano? ( ) B. hard march
3. In order to get to Treasure Island the Miser would . . . ( ) C. well well
4. Why did the Lord of the Flies pan Walden? ( ) D. her chest
5. What did Mr. Roberts eat at Barchester Towers? ( ) E. red mill
6. Was Frankenstein one of the Masters? ( ) F. even lie
7. What did an English Opium-Eater serve to Daisy Miller? ( ) G. past on
8. How did Clarissa get to the Marriage of Figaro? ( ) H. old urge
9. How was the Child-Buyer identified by Father Brown? ( ) I. chin stand
10. Where did the Egoist grind out Sexus? ( ) J. gold ore
11. Quote Dr. Johnson's comment on that Georgia Boy. ( ) K. hell no
12. How did Dr. Zhivago finally reach the Heart of Darkness? ( ) L. egg roll

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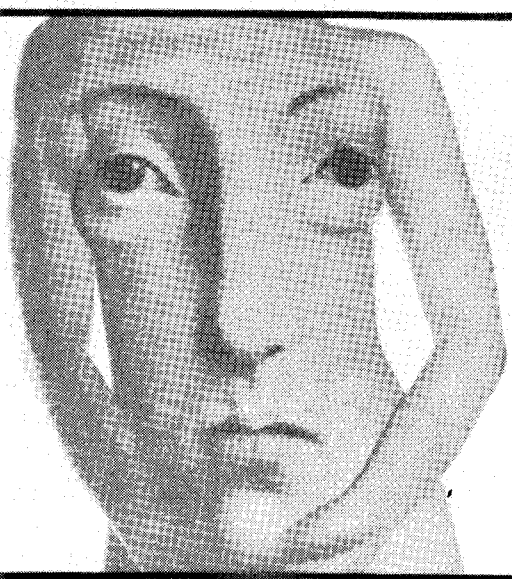

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It has been said that Dan Greenburg's novel is about two aspects of wife-swapping: thinking about doing it, and doing it. It has also been said that it should have been billed as a Jewish sex novel, since all of the interesting characters in it seem to be Jewish. Greenburg disowns this parochial view. There is nothing in this book that gentiles don't do also.

And so good-by Myra Breckinridge (obviously gentile), John Updike (obviously gentile), Candy (ditto), here come Marvin and Laura Breitfeller and Stanley and Mandy Apple, a real switch. Their book, *Chewsday,* is occasionally suspenseful, occasionally erotic, and totally hilarious—a sex novel which also happens to be Dan Greenburg's best book to date.

Dan Greenburg's *How to Be A Jewish Mother* sold 350,000 copies in hard covers.

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—*Wide World.*

Abe Fortas—"a blow at the civil libertarian course of the Warren Court."

ticular legal memorandum on a relatively minor issue is included. One gets the feeling that the author has pulled all his own favorite briefs and memos out of a file and stitched them together, with deft commentaries, into an occasionally interesting analysis of what he sees as the civil liberties agenda.

As the late Robert F. Kennedy reminds us in a brief and graceful preface, issues of civil liberties are not academic. They provide the framework for American freedom. Lawyers like Dorsen and organizations like the American Civil Liberties Union have acted as the controversial public conscience in the protection and enlargement of individual freedom. Increasingly, the Supreme Court has led all branches of government in fulfilling the promise of freedom for all the citizens of the U.S. *Frontiers of Civil Liberties* recalls the milestone decisions of recent years on civil rights, Congressional reapportionment, "loyalty" cases, legal rights of the poor, church-state separation, and the House Un-American Activities Committee. The Supreme Court is under attack today precisely because it has strengthened the rights of the individual and has filled the vacuum left by legislative impotence and executive timidity.

The nagging question remains whether America will move toward the "new frontiers" of civil liberties or retreat to the dark old days of public suspicion and hysteria. The next President, by his appointments, will determine the character of the Court, perhaps for the next generation to come. Dorsen's book provides a fragmentary survey of the ground that has been taken and the fields that remain to be conquered.

Multifaceted Portrait of a Multifaceted Poet

The Glass House: The Life of Theodore Roethke, *by Allan Seager (McGraw-Hill. 301 pp. $7.95), reveals the dichotomy in the life and work of the poet who once said of himself, "I played Roaring Boy when I was really Frightened Boy." Louis Untermeyer, poet and anthologist, is the editor of "Modern American Poetry."*

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THE TITLE *The Glass House* is appropriately symbolic for the biography of one who was brought up in greenhouses and who, disobeying the adage, threw stones, mostly at himself. Allan Seager's book is a multifaceted portrait of a multifaceted manic-depressive who happened to be an impassioned poet, a disturbed and disturbing creator fanned, like Baudelaire, by "the wind of the wings of madness." Roethke's was a delicately calibrated and precariously balanced mind that made him a victim of his tensions. He was a public braggart who often played the buffoon but he was also fiercely, fearfully oppressed by private guilt. "Rage warps my clearest cry to witless agony," he wrote.

Roethke was born in 1908 in Saginaw, Michigan, where his father and uncle owned twenty-five flower-growing acres, of which a quarter-million feet were under glass. It was the largest floral establishment in Michigan. The background in which the boy worked and played is reflected, in what Kenneth Burke called his "vegetal radicalism," in such poems as "Orchids" ("fluttery fledgling lips move slowly Drawing in the warm air . . . like ghostly mouths breathing"), "Moss-Gathering" ("thick and cushiony, like an old-fashioned doormat"), "Transplanting," "Child on Top of a Greenhouse," and other horticultural transformations that turn fertilizing fact into blossoming fantasy. Seager traces Roethke's break-throughs from college (where he was unhappy) through law and advertising (which he rejected) to pedagogy (which he barely endured) and poetry (which he lived).

—*Pictorial Parade.*

Theodore Roethke—"a disturbed and disturbing creator."

The first breakdown, the clash between hypersensitivity and furious energy, occurred while Roethke was teaching at Michigan State. He had visions: "Suddenly I knew how to enter into the life of everything around me. I knew how it felt to be a tree, a blade of grass, a rabbit. I just walked around with this wonderful feeling. One day I was passing a diner and all of a sudden I knew what it felt like to be a lion."

He was hospitalized intermittently from that time on. The breakdowns always followed high manic phases. He was given shock treatments; he was nursed painstakingly, and he never stopped writing. He did some of his best work—at least so he told me—when he felt the oncoming manic phase. He nodded when I quoted Emily Dickinson's line that "Much madness is divinest sense"; he even intimated that, like others, he often achieved the highest degree of creativity from an induced derangement of the senses. At the same time he insisted that he always knew exactly what he was doing. His biographer contends that nothing Roethke said can be considered conclusive, that it was part of his headlong exuberance to present different versions to different people. To some he explained that teaching a hundred students and going without sleep had landed him in the hospital; to others he said he purposely broke out of himself "to reach a new level of reality." He liked to align himself with such sometimes mad poets as Clare, Smart, and Blake.

Whatever Roethke was, he was also its opposite. He was that rare thing, the truly inspired teacher—he declared his function was "a constant effort to recover the creative powers lost in childhood"—and his students adored him. Yet he published an article entitled "Last Class" in the May 1957 issue of *College English* which a former editor of the publication said "widened the gulf between teachers and students." Here are a few excerpts from the "vituperative screed" obviously aimed at his women students:

> I have endured you, O modern girl, sweetheart of papa and billboards. I'm plumb tuckered out tugging these hunks of pork up the lower slopes of

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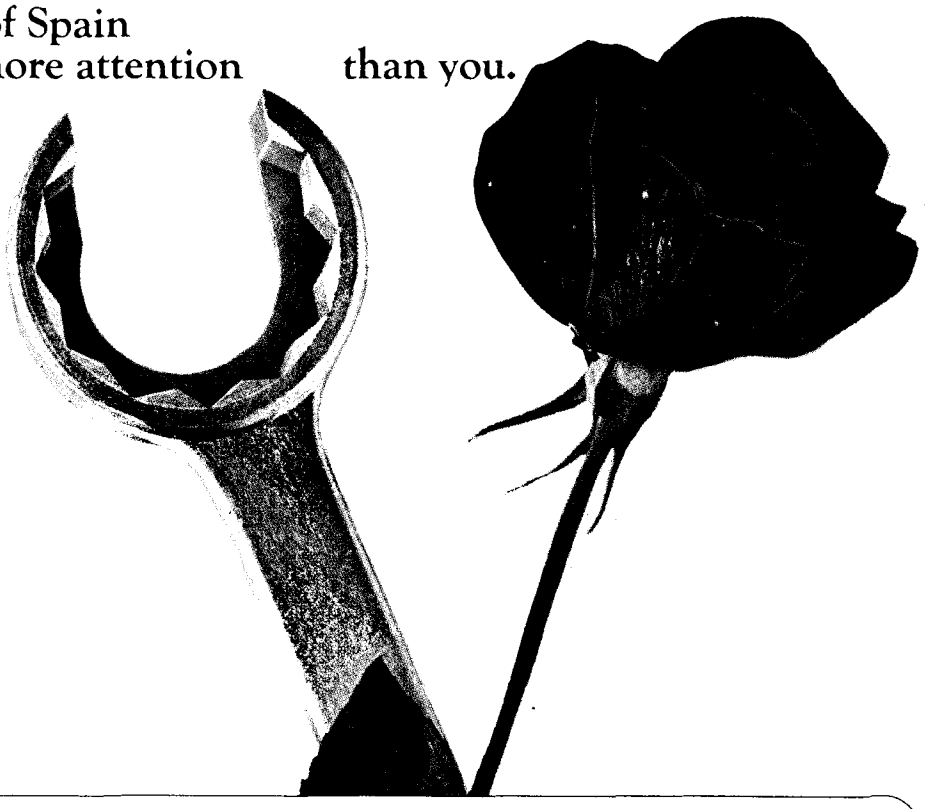

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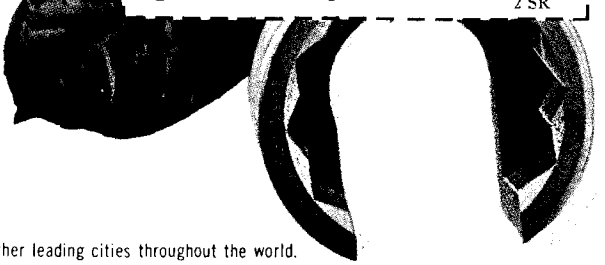

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> Parnassus, knowing all the time that as soon as I turn around, back they'll slip to blurbanity . . . I'm tired of being a day-laborer on the canary-farm, a ladies' maid in a seminary of small beasts, a midwife sweating to effect a most particular parturition: bringing forth little maimed ends of life, poems with all the charm of aborted salamanders . . . Me up to my armpits in quivering adolescent entrails, trying to find something I can save . . . Twenty times a day I asked myself: Are you really worth it? And the more I asked, the more I lathered, vomiting before Thursday classes, chasing after examples like a greasy stackrat, learning passages by heart only to forget them when I got there . . . I ask you, is that the way for a grown man, and me past thirty-five, to make a living?

Nevertheless, he never stopped teaching. He was still a teacher when he died at fifty-five, in a neighbor's swimming pool. Death was pronounced to be due to a coronary occlusion.

Mr. Seager is a devoted if sometimes too dogged biographer. One could do without pages of high school compositions, descriptions of such inconsequential records as that of the Hartland Area Project, and dully detailed accounts of foreign travel: "They stopped at La Lavandou for a few days and sat on the beach. They stayed overnight at Marseilles and spent a few days at the Hotel Ruhl at Nice where Ted deposited some money in the hotel safe." "In July they went to Paris where they stayed at the Regent Hotel in the Rue Madame. They bought a small Peugeot and drove through the chateau country." "After Touraine they went to a beach at La Boule in Brittany. It was beautiful weather and they swam every day. They stayed a week in a pension but ate their meals at a restaurant."

But these are quibbles. More important (if I may be permitted an oxymoron) is what is not here. Excellent though the book is as a study of Roethke's turbulent life, something more is called for, something to balance the warm attachment of the friend with the cool detachment of the critic. What is missing is an impersonal appraisal of the man's work. As poet, Roethke both accepted and shrugged off his derivations. One would like some analysis of his struggles to free himself from the poetic indebtednesses even his most fervid admirers are willing to admit. His was a singular utterance, yet he did not wholly trust it. Again and again it was mixed with other voices. In the beginning there were feminine inflections, distinct traces of Louise Bogan's lyric artistry and Elinor Wylie's neat precisions. Roethke's affection for Auden is manifest in more than a few wryly turned poems. Roethke the rhapsodist imitated Dylan Thomas in bursts of wild incantation. He belittled Eliot, dismissed him as a tight-lipped curate, but did not hesitate to echo him not only in *The Lost Son*, his second book, but in the late, powerful "Journey to the Interior" and in the combination of physical and metaphysical effects in "The Far Field." Roethke was never able to rid himself of the strongest and most persistent influence, acknowledged occasionally and recognized openly in "I take this cadence from a man called Yeats."

The dichotomy is as self-declared in the poetry as in the life. One of the posthumous scraps in his notebooks reads, "For years I played Roaring Boy when I was really Frightened Boy." The muffled as well as the boisterous notes, the sometimes deliberate and sometimes desperate escapes from pain, run through the rich *Collected Poems*. Considered only as technician, Roethke surpassed most of his contemporaries in bold explorations. His dedication to "the pure, sensuous form" is proved in some of the most beautiful love poems of the period, including the often quoted "I Knew a Woman," "Light Listened," "The Sensualists," the "Elegy for Jane," and also in the somber magnificence of such meditations as "In a Dark Time," "The Longing," "Meditations of an Old Woman," and "Meditation at Oyster River." As further proof of Roethke's virtuosity there is his manipulation of that most artificial of French forms the villanelle, which he employed for "The Waking," a poem that transcends its narrow structure as effortlessly as Thomas's "Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night."

It is not easy to regard with more than pity the self-centered, arrogant personality who, showered with awards and prizes, could never get enough praise; who could not bear to be the loser in any game; who considered every living writer his competitor, and who cried incessantly for unstinted love. But one need make no allowances for the poet. Poetry was Roethke's therapy and, rising above the borrowings, its wholeness, its passion and its purity will long outlive any biography.

South and West of Palermo

A Passion for Sicilians: The World Around Danilo Dolci, *by Jerre Mangione (Morrow. 369 pp. $7.95), records the author's day-by-day observations during a year spent with "Sicily's Gandhi" at his headquarters in Partinico. Walter Guzzardi, Jr., a Fortune magazine writer, worked for five years as a journalist in Italy.*

By WALTER GUZZARDI, JR.

PARCHED BY THE SUN, pinned down by massive rock, ridden with poverty, milked by the Mafia—if this vision of Sicily is now familiar throughout the world it is largely because of the work of Danilo Dolci, who was once described by Aldous Huxley as "the ideal twentieth-century saint."

Dolci, an architect and a North Italian (his birthplace is in Trieste), began his crusade for Sicily in 1952, and since then he has just about succeeded, incredibly enough, in proving Huxley right. As twentieth-century saints should, Dolci has borne down hard on a limited social objective, the rehabilitation of western Sicily—specifically the area south and west of Palermo, around Partinico, Dolci's headquarters. As befits saints, too, he has been castigated, tried, or imprisoned more than once by the institutions that today's young people would call the Establishment—in Dolci's case the Catholic Church, the local government, and the Christian Democratic politicians in Rome.

Predictably, Dolci has made all this persecution serve his own praiseworthy ends. He has been called everything: Communist, atheist, grafter, cheat. And he has shown himself to be just the opposite: democratic, Christian, honest, selfless. He has persisted—and outlasted all his critics.

Dolci started his movement (by now it has become that) with the classical tactic of the twentieth-century saint, a hunger strike, in an attempt to bring some alleviation to the miseries of the inhabitants of a Palermo slum. From that point on Dolci pressed his activist program: a project to repair a pot-holed road, using the poor and the unemployed as laborers, in order to point up the need for public works and the right of the people to decent jobs; publication of a stream of books and pamphlets revealing the bitter conditions around Partinico. So high was the quality of Dolci's writing that he won the Viareggio literary prize, and was described by the London *Sunday Times* as "one of the greatest journalists of our day, a

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Goya of the pen." Moreover, Dolci got results: dams have been built, large sums of money appropriated, consciences stirred.

All that, of course, is still not enough. The work goes forward in Partinico, and Dolci continues, as he should, to attract the attention of journalists. This latest book, *A Passion for Sicilians*, was written with the help of a Fulbright grant by a reporter and critic who is now professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania. Jerre Mangione is American-born, but his parents were Sicilian; he was brought up surrounded by Sicilians, and he spent a year in Sicily for this close-up study of "Sicily's Gandhi."

Mangione has done a sound, creditable, straightforward report on Dolci and the people around him. His book opens with an account of Dolci's early history, and then turns into a diary in which Mangione records his day-by-day observations. His style is direct and blessedly unadorned, in the tradition of good journalism. He makes few errors (one easily avoidable one: the Olivetti who started the Communità movement was Adriano, not Andrelino), and he has undoubtedly caught the spirit of Dolci. He sometimes seems infected by it, as when he says:

> Yet even as I engaged in this reflection, my skepticism was challenged by the historical fact that nineteen centuries earlier another small band of violent men, inspired by another leader willing to die for his cause, had succeeded in spreading and establishing their gospel throughout the world, against far grimmer odds than those confronting Dolci and the Center.

But that is an understandable response. Others have also fallen under Dolci's spell.

THE weakness of the book lies only in what it does not attempt. It is, after all, another journalistic book about Dolci, despite the attempt of the subtitle to give it a different emphasis. Mangione might have done better to try to break new ground. Interest would be heightened, for example, if Mangione had spent more time discussing and analyzing the controversial aspects of Dolci's sometimes exasperating personality. He had a chance, too, to examine the significance of Dolci's work in conceptual terms. Is he pointing the way for some viable generalities about how to deal with underdeveloped areas around the world? And, now that there is a new Church—Cardinal Ruffini, after all, is dead—can its attitude toward Dolci be expected to change?

Still, all these criticisms amount to is that there is still more for Mangione to do about Dolci. What he has done, he has done well.

Cutoff from Hammer and Sickle

Emergency Exit, *by Ignazio Silone, translated from the Italian by Harvey Fergusson II (Harper & Row. 224 pp. $6.95), contains political reminscences by a novelist and self-styled "free-lance socialist." Max Nomad is the author of "Rebels and Renegades" and "Apostles of Revolution."*

By MAX NOMAD

A NEW BOOK BY IGNAZIO SILONE is both a literary and a political event. A novelist and essayist, he was one of the outstanding figures in Italy's early Communist movement. During the 1920s he was actually in charge of its underground activities against the Fascist régime.

In 1927 a visit to Moscow and participation in a session of the Executive Committee of the Communist International marked the beginning of his estrangement from the movement, which he finally left in 1930. The incident that led to his eventual "renegacy"—as his disenchantment and withdrawal was termed by his erstwhile comrades—is vividly described in the main chapter of *Emergency Exit*, and supplies the title of the volume.

A pure-in-heart idealist and not a politician, whether "regular" or revolutionary, Silone had been requested to sign a resolution censuring Trotsky for writing a letter to the Politburo of the Soviet Communist Party. Silone was not a follower of Stalin's famous rival, but he refused to comply with the request unless he were apprised of the contents of Trotsky's letter. The bosses of the Kremlin withheld it on the pretext that it contained a "state secret." As it later turned out, the letter merely ridiculed Stalin's ignorance of the situation in China: he had praised Chiang Kai-shek one week before the latter had ordered the butchery of tens of thousands of Chinese Communists.

—*Wide World.*

Ignazio Silone—"a pure-in-heart idealist and not a politician."

Hatred of Fascist and Communist tyranny and duplicity did not blind Silone to the shortcomings of the masses, all his compassion for their plight notwithstanding. Speaking of the peasants' "as yet semi-feudal mentality," he apparently had in mind the contempt in which all peasants who owned a piece of land, no matter how small, held anyone who did not, even one who, through no fault of his own, had lost his property. This heartlessness is also illustrated in one of Silone's personal adventures, when, as a young student sympathizing with the peasants, he read to them Tolstoy's famous tale *Polikushka*, about a poor rural laborer who lost the money he was to deliver to his employer and, afraid of being accused of having stolen it, hanged himself. Silone's fellow villagers, poor peasants all, were interested neither in the story nor in the tragic fate of Polikushka.

Silone is just as disappointed in the bulk of the radical intelligentsia, which in some countries, and particularly in France, went along with the Kremlin rulers. He has bitter words for Jean-Paul Sartre, who in the name of "progress" justified the Soviet massacres in Hungary in 1956. In a remarkable passage Silone says: "In [Sartre's] view, a writer who is really alive cannot be for anything but progress; on the other hand, progress, in the modern era, is identified with the working class, which, in turn, is 'identified' with the Communist Party; the Communist Party, as everyone knows, 'is identified' with Soviet Russia and the People's Republics, which of course are to be 'identified' with History."

The French philosopher's approval of Kremlin policy was based on his concept of a socialized, *i.e.*, government-owned, economy as more progressive than one based on private property. Hence his preference for what he and other fellow-travelers called "socialism." What they actually preferred was, of course, a system ruled by and for office-holders and managers, men of education like themselves, rather than by and for capitalist shareholders. Silone, a "free-lance socialist" as he calls himself, took a similar position, but, as a lover of freedom, he refused to side with a totalitarian élite.

The lengths to which fellow-traveling sycophants were capable of going is shown by Silone, who reports that "one

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Italian psychoanalyst justified the fact that both the practice and the theory of psychoanalysis were forbidden in Russia, by arguing that 'in a socialist country people shed their complexes automatically.'"

Another episode, even more scandalous and amusing, recorded by Silone concerns Professor J. D. Bernal, a British physicist and Fellow of the Royal Society, who during a round-table discussion claimed that the gulf between the educated and the uneducated "had been bridged in the socialist society of Russia, where *kolkhoz* workers, students, scullery hands, poets, scientists all read the

same books, enjoy the same films and paintings—in short, share the same esthetic values." On that occasion Silone put Bernal on the spot by forcing the well-known Soviet writer Konstantin Fedin to admit that "in Russia, too, we have a division of cultures; apart altogether from the higher forms of culture, in Russia, too, we produce a great many books and films which have no artistic value, and are put out purely for mass consumption."

Silone's anger at this (shall we say) "class solidarity" among outstanding French and British fellow-traveling intellectuals and Russia's tyrannical, bureaucratic neo-bourgeoisie prompted him to make an admission which "free-lance socialist" intellectuals like himself are, as a rule, reluctant to concede. He did it by asking the following pertinent question: "Does it really make any difference to the life of a worker that he is employed by a State- owned rather than by a privately owned factory?" And he continues: "A few courageous Polish revisionists have admitted that the 'difference' is a piece of pious fiction."

That "pious fiction," by the way, had been blasted as far back as 1898, twenty years before the Bolshevik Revolution, by the Polish ex-Marxist revolutionary Waclaw Machajski, friend and mentor of the writer of this review.

(*Book reviews continued on page* 52)

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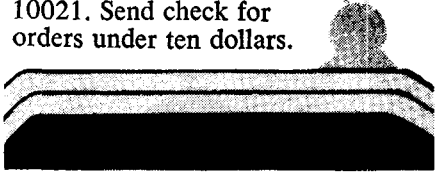

TIP IT...TAP IT...
ONE DROP FRESHENS BREATH INSTANTLY!
Binaca

Gallery of Comrades Embattled Abed

The Cancer Ward, *by Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn, translated from the Russian by Rebecca Frank (Dial. 616 pp. $8.50), the Soviet author's second major novel to be proscribed in the USSR, depicts a hospital in post-Stalin Russia. Maurice Friedberg, director of the Russian and East European Institute at Indiana University, has written widely on Soviet literature.*

By MAURICE FRIEDBERG

READERS OF *Novy Mir,* the Soviet Union's best literary periodical, have grown accustomed in recent years to the long delays in the appearance of its monthly issues, which, they have learned, are not to be charged to the journal's editors or contributors but to the paper's "liberal" tendencies, which have resulted in repeated difficulties with Soviet censorship. Most often one can only guess at what held up a particular issue, but sometimes there are exceptions.

A letter—which has recently reached the West—from *Novy Mir*'s editor, the poet Aleksandr Tvardovsky, to the veteran novelist Konstantin Fedin, now head of the Soviet Writers' Union, disclosed the reason for the lateness of the January 1968 issue. It was to have contained the first part of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's novel *The Cancer Ward,* and apparently the first installment was already in type. Some orthodox Stalinists, however, opposed its appearance. Foremost among these was Mikhail Sholokhov, Nobel Prize-winning author of *The Silent Don* and a staunch believer in police-supervised literature. Sholokhov and his supporters—Fedin among them—failed to be convinced by Tvardovsky's arguments that the Soviet Union should not make of Solzhenitsyn a second Pasternak, and that *The Cancer Ward* must not become another *Doctor Zhivago.* Now that two of Solzhenitsyn's novels—*The First Circle* and *The Cancer Ward*—have been banned in the USSR while appearing abroad within weeks of each other, there is a danger that their author may be subjected to a campaign of vilification by the Soviet Establishment such as that which poisoned the last years of Boris Pasternak.

The Cancer Ward is, like *Doctor Zhivago,* a major event in Russian literature, and also eloquent testimony to the persistence of the Russian intelligentsia's humanitarian traditions. Its value as a social document, however, far exceeds that of Pasternak's essentially lyric novel. Unlike Pasternak, Solzhenitsyn is a militantly civic-minded writer in the tradition of Turgenev, Dostoevsky, and Tolstoy, and his three novels together with his several shorter works constitute the best literary portrait to date of some two decades of Soviet history, from World War II up to the first years of the post-Stalin era.

Solzhenitsyn's writings published thus far follow a distinct historical and sociological pattern. The novella "It Happened at the Railroad Station Krechetovka" is set during the war and depicts a miscarriage of justice. *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* describes a Stalinist concentration camp during the first postwar years. *The First Circle* takes place in approximately the same period, but in a milieu which, like the analogous circle in Dante's *Inferno,* is neither paradise nor hell but a permanent state of semidamnation: a scientific research institute manned by favored convicts as well as by nominally free personnel. Solzhenitsyn's latest writings are concerned with the years following Stalin's death. They consist of "Matryona's Hut," a poignant tale of a wretched old peasant woman; "For the Good of the

Cause," a tale of callous Communist bureaucrats and idealistic students, and the novel *The Cancer Ward.*

IT should be noted, perhaps, that all of Solzhenitsyn's works are based on firsthand experience. The author is a veteran of World War II and a survivor of both "ordinary" and "favored" prison camps; he is a village schoolteacher by profession, and has been treated for cancer in several hospitals.

The Cancer Ward describes a specialized hospital located in faraway Central Asia; its staff and patients represent a variety of ethnic backgrounds. Solzhenitsyn uses this opportunity to make some caustic observations on the Soviet nationality policy. While, on the whole, "white" settlers are found in favored positions *vis-à-vis* the "colored" Turkic natives, there are some exceptions. Thus, a woman physician, granddaughter of a German, is still distrusted because of her foreign name. On the other hand, the hospital is headed by an ignorant Turkic "native" who cannot be dismissed from his job because of the Soviet authorities' insistence on "token integration."

The two central characters in the story represent opposites in the country's social and political spectrum. One is an important Party official, the other a former political prisoner who was subsequently exiled to a village in distant Kazakhstan. Both are now cancer pa-

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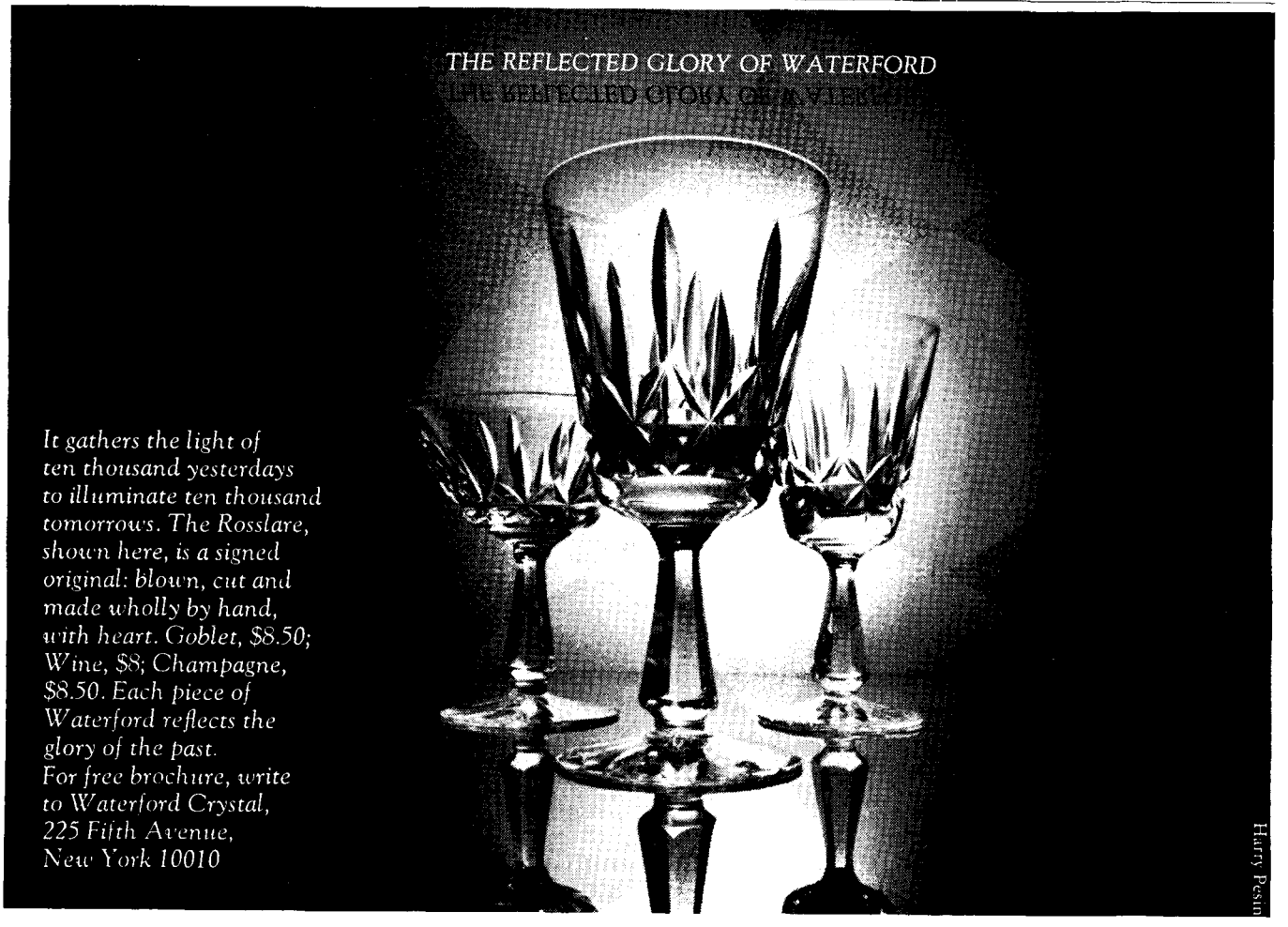
tients, and somehow one expects that the ever-present threat of death will act as an emancipator and peacemaker, as it did with Tolstoy's Ivan Ilyich. Tolstoy's aristocratic bureaucrat, however, was open to religious and philosophical influences. Not so Solzhenitsyn's Communist official, who thinks exclusively in political frames of reference and respects only naked power. On the other hand, the embittered young exile (who, by the way, bears much resemblance to Solzhenitsyn himself) is a stranger to meekness and submission. The two men, both on the verge of death, remain defiantly irreconcilable. So do the other inmates of the hospital, who continue to nurse their individual hates and prejudices, be they political, social or ethnic.

THE setting of *The Cancer Ward* does, however, serve an important function. It not only permits Solzhenitsyn to introduce a gallery of Soviet citizens representing antagonistic social groups, men and women who would normally never be found under the same roof; it also allows him to have them discuss *ad infinitum* all sorts of problems—social and personal, concrete and abstract. The hospital scene offers Solzhenitsyn yet another advantage: it enables him to depict many of his doomed characters engaging in embittered ideological polemics without fear of police reprisals; however, some patients, conditioned by decades of fear, are incapable of accustoming themselves to the newly-acquired freedom of speech, while others are indignant that such license is tolerated. Curiously, among the strongest supporters of official doctrine are found various patients who were wronged by the Soviet régime; conversely, a number of those who view Communist teachings with suspicion and even hostility have been beneficiaries of the system. The fact that the polemics take place in a hospital atmosphere heavy with death imparts to the arguments an aura of heightened relevance, honesty, and permanent validity.

SOLZHENITSYN dislikes emotionalism, and the two love affairs in the novel are not allowed to develop to the point where they would interfere with the moral and political dilemmas. At the end of *The Cancer Ward* the problems raised —first and foremost, questions of truthfulness, justice and compassion—remain unsolved. The two central characters are both discharged from the hospital, but neither appears to be cured either of organic cancer or of spiritual malignancies.

Oddly enough, the pompous Soviet bureaucrat is the only patient who is depicted as acquiring a friend, and also the only one whose family we meet. The new friend is a fellow patient who is a black marketeer, and the two men quickly discover that they can be useful to each other. The family consists of a bossy, bourgeois wife and two grown children. Ambitious to become a novelist, the daughter, a caricature of Communist womanhood, is dogmatic, tough, and intolerant. Solzhenitsyn has her mouth some of Socialist Realism's more absurd theories. It is she who is her father's pride and joy, while her brother is the cause of his despair. A young defense lawyer, he takes his profession seriously, and instead of egging on the prosecutor—a situation far from unusual in Soviet courts—he actually attempts to ease the lot of his clients. Perhaps it was Solzhenitsyn's intention to suggest that in the USSR of the late 1950s there were young people who, though born to luxury and privilege, "betrayed" their social class and cast their lot with the oppressed, as did the "repentant noblemen" of nineteenth-century Russia.

THE publisher's foreword attempts to draw a parallel between Solzhenitsyn and Dostoevsky, and there are, indeed, a number of remarkable coincidences in the two men's biographies. The parallel is, however, a misleading one. Nothing in Solzhenitsyn's life and work suggests that he might follow in his predecessor's footsteps and ultimately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become a champion of political reaction and submission to authority. For, in spite of his outward preoccupation with politics, Solzhenitsyn's basic concerns are really moral and ethical, though in a nonreligious sense; the master in whose tradition he follows is Chekhov. *The Cancer Ward* is in many respects reminiscent of Chekhov's *Ward No. 6*, a frightening story of muffled horror that had, in the years following its appearance, gradually grown into a symbol of everything that was cruel and evil in Imperial Russia.

Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn is the greatest living Russian writer, and *The Cancer Ward* is his best work to date.

Eclipse of Innocence

***Come to My House**, by John McIntosh (Harcourt, Brace & World. 246 pp. $4.95), touches depths in a seemingly stock adolescent triangle in a small South African town. Constance Wagner, assistant editor of Books Abroad, has published six books and numerous articles.*

By CONSTANCE WAGNER

SUPERFICIALLY, JOHN MCINTOSH'S novel might seem a less "serious" work than *The Thorn Trees*, his first book to appear in an American edition. In its opening chapters *Come to My House* could almost be a modernized version of *Seventeen* transposed to a small-town South African setting. At the beginning—and this may be the book's one flaw—the reader is not involved with the characters. They seem stock comedy figures and rather flat ones at that. Even the wacky grandmother appears to have been introduced for a shock value that doesn't quite come off; fiction has had its share of mad old ladies. Only later one recognizes the *coup d'oeil*. Nothing is as innocent as we had been led to believe.

The story revolves closely around its trio: Stevie Finlay, the protagonist; Unica Botbyl, the shallow and beautiful girl next door; her sister Helen, stricken with love for Stevie and to some degree subnormal. The three have been playmates since childhood. Stevie's face is marred by a birthmark, Helen is epileptic, and these defects form a link between them in spite of the boy's refusal to admit it. Bewitched by Unica, he rejects Helen at every turn.

Tension begins when Stevie and Helen conspire to keep Unica from going to Johannesburg after the medical student with whom she has had an affair. At the same time Grannie wins a bubble car in a beer-slogan contest. From this point events and consequences accelerate toward a crashing climax. Helen has pried up from the town memorial a shell left over from the Boer War, as a gift for Stevie. He gives it to his small brother for his birthday, and at the party that afternoon Grannie (a naughty child habitually inciting other children to mischief) suggests that they melt it on a fire to make toy soldiers. "How could anybody possibly have expected it to go off?"

THE disaster appears as a personal punishment to Stevie for having seduced Unica the night before. To assuage his guilt he turns on Helen: "Have you ever really looked at yourself? Your dresses are ugly, you never comb your hair . . ." But this outburst only tightens the bond between them. Stevie's troubles multiply fast. Though seemingly too late to save him, maturity ultimately catches up with him. The dénouement, which comes as no great surprise, makes sense.

The novel is more than the sum of its plot—as when Mr. Finlay, clinging frantically to his lost youth, collapses at the finish line in the Boxing Day race, and Stevie, seeing his father exposed as a figure of fun, experiences his first feeling of family solidarity. With tragedy imminent he is shaken out of his daydream by a revelation of his mother's deep and quiet love. Grannie emerges as more than a funny old girl streaking across the tops of parked cars with Stevie's six-year-old brother, "the Mon-

(*Continued on page 51*)

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FALL BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

A Book Is a Private Thing

By ELAINE L. KONIGSBURG

AS I WAS growing up I used to read in the bathroom a lot. It was the only room in our house that had a lock on the door, and I could run water in the tub to muffle the sounds of my sobbing over Rhett Butler's leaving Scarlett. Reading was tolerated in my house, but it wasn't sanctioned like dusting furniture or baking cookies. My parents never minded what I read, but they did mind *when* (like before the dishes were done) and *where* (there was only one in our house). I used to read a lot of trash. My own children aren't so lucky.

I share my children's reading. There is one good reason why I do. Only one. The other reasons aren't good, but you have to hear the good with the bad. I bring books home from the library and stud them all over the house because there are some books that I can hardly wait for them to read. I like to talk books. It is almost as much fun as gossip, gossip being spicier only because it has two built-in dangers: being caught and being quoted. If one of my children takes bait, it's apt to provoke a lively book discussion like this:

ME *(eagerly)*: Did you like it?
SHE: Yeah.
ME: Did you like the part where she hid in the closet?
SHE: Yeah.
ME *(brows knitted slightly, voice lowered)*: Did you cry at the end?
SHE: Mo—ther!

I shouldn't have asked; crying at the end is a private affair even when you have a room of your own and don't have to run water in the tub.

When my children discover a book that they have enjoyed, one that they found for themselves, especially one that I haven't read, they tell it to me, but they don't discuss it. They tell the whole thing starting at the climax and then ping-ponging from Chapter One to Chapter Last. Wanting to discuss books is an okay selfish motive for butting into my children's reading; unfortunately, it doesn't work.

I confess to my other reasons because I promised to tell, but I plead postpartum insanity. Reading has become a canonized activity, and, being an education-conscious, middle-class American mother, I helped beatify it. Because we believe in clean underwear, milk, and reading, in that order starting at infancy.

Years ago children performed for adults. Show Aunt Clara your new dance step, darling. Darling would drag out the four-by-four piece of plywood, place it over the kitchen linoleum, and shuffle off to Buffalo. Darling would also toss her moppet head as she danced. But Shirley Temple is out of style. Stage mothers have become bookshelf mothers. Today's elementary schools do not have talent night as a means of raising money; they have book fairs.

BUYER MOTHER IN FRONT OF BOOK BOOTH: Do you think Sondra will enjoy this book?
SELLER MOTHER BEHIND BOOTH: What grade is she in?
BUYER MOTHER: First.
SELLER MOTHER: It may be too advanced.
BUYER MOTHER *(voice lowered, hand shielding mouth, eyes and eyebrows focused on Sondra)*: She's reading at a third-grade level.
SELLER MOTHER: No!
BUYER MOTHER *(nods, whispers)*: She picked up *Wuthering Heights* the other day.

Suburban mothers have moved into

Elaine L. Konigsburg is the author of two books, one of which, *From the Mixed-up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler*, won the latest Newbery Award, while her other book was runner-up in the same competition—an unprecedented event.

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reading and, having done so, live in fear of their children's wasting time. If you're going to read, read the right books. Don't waste your time reading trash; there is so much to know.

Yet if kids can't waste their time exploring the bad with the good when they're young, when will they ever be able to develop a personal sense of taste? You can't recognize red if you've never seen it. Or purple prose. Or yellow journalism, either.

By ZENA SUTHERLAND

For the Youngest

Talking without words. *Written and illustrated by Marie Hall Ets. Viking.* 30 *pp.* $2.75. "'I won't take it!' says Little Brother when Mother brings his medicine. But he doesn't use words. He just covers his mouth." A former winner of the Caldecott Award suggests some of the many ways in which one can communicate without speaking or writing. In a series of black-and-white illustrations she shows the cautionary finger-to-lips that means "Don't wake the baby," or the elbow-hugging shiver that says, as plainly as words, that one is cold. Children should find the idea intriguing and some of the examples very funny. Ages 3-5.

A Kiss for Little Bear. *By Else Holmelund Minarik. Illustrated by Maurice Sendak. Harper & Row.* 32 *pp.* $2.50. Oh, what a nice book! Beguiling as ever, Little Bear draws a picture of a Wild Thing and sends it, via Hen, to Grandmother. Amused and pleased, Grandmother sends, again via Hen, a kiss to Little Bear. The kiss gets passed along from Hen to Frog to Cat to Skunk. Waylaid while Skunk has a tender romance with another skunk, it is retrieved by Hen and delivered to Little Bear. Out of all this comes a skunk wedding, with Little Bear suffering from artistic rejection because the bride and groom are not even looking at his new picture but are kissing tenderly. Sendak illustrations are always polished and delightful; here the animal faces add a note of tender humor. Ages 4-7.

The Tiger in the Teapot. *By Betty Yurdin. Illustrated by William Pène du Bois. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 31 *pp.* $2.95. Just the right size for tucking into a stocking, this is an affable story of little substance, but it is invested with considerable charm by the humor and distinction of the illustrations. A tiger is discovered in the enormous teapot of a large family, whose members, one by one, try eviction by threat, logic, shaming, and subterfuge. The capricious beast is finally lured by the gracious hospitality of the youngest child, who solves the problem by inviting the tiger to tea. Ages 4-7.

—*From "The Tiger in the Teapot."*

Katie Goes to Camp. *Written and illustrated by Eleanor Schick. Macmillan.* 32 *pp.* $3.50. Katie, off with other small campers for a summer at Camp Bonniebrooks, clings to her doll on the train, and tells the counselor at night, "Corrie is feeling a little homesick. I'll take her to bed with me." By the time the second day is over, in the pleasant new world of crafts and campfire, Katie tells her bunkmates that she's going to leave Corrie in the dormitory because the doll doesn't need Katie any more. Even the youngest camper-to-be should get the message, and old hands will find the pictures of familiar camp details appealing. Ages 5-7.

Green Says Go. *Written and illustrated by Ed Emberley. Little, Brown.* 32 *pp.* $3.95. The 1967 Caldecott Award winner introduces the topic of color in a bright, gay, and useful book that first shows primary, secondary and complementary colors and then demonstrates how the addition of black or white can darken or lighten colors. The second part of the book plays with some of the color-associated terms in common use—"I'm green with envy," "Boy, is my face red"—and points out various ways in which color is used for communication, such as the identification of pink and blue with girl and boy babies, or the immediate recognition of the familiar holiday combination of red and green. Ages 5-8.

More of Brer Rabbit's Tricks. *By Ennis Rees. Illustrated by Edward Gorey. Scott.* 48 *pp.* $3.95. That old rascal, Brer Rabbit, continues to outwit and torment Brer Fox in "Brer Fox Bags a Lesson" and "Fishing for Suckers"; in the third tale, "Brer Rabbit's Visit to Aunt Mammy-Bammy," a dispirited rabbit consults the wise old Witch-Bunny about his ennui and is considerably cheered when the tasks she sets him prove that he has not lost his cunning. Like *Brer Rabbit and His Tricks* (*SR*, Jan. 27), this is a simplified verse version of the folktales, keeping the rich humor of the original trickster stories and making them far more comprehensible for the very young child, who can later enjoy the more difficult dialect versions. Ages 5-8.

The Apple Strudel Soldier. *By Tom McGowen. Illustrated by John E. Johnson. Follett.* 48 *pp.* $3.95. In the little kingdom of Tuffleburg there was a small, rosy dumpling of a man who baked the best apple strudel in the world, fragrant, spicy, irresistible. On a visit to the big city, Maxl unwittingly joined the army when he assumed he was visiting the palace. No martial figure, Maxl was nevertheless the instrument of peace when he suggested that the enemy be bombarded with cannons loaded with apple strudel. Gay, busy illustrations add to the nonsensical ebullience of an amusing tale that has a *gemütlich* comic opera quality. Ages 5-8.

—*From "A Kiss for Little Bear."*

A Birthday for Frances. *By Russell Hoban. Illustrated by Lillian Hoban. Harper & Row.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. Frances is undoubtedly the most endearing badger in children's literature, a small female whose chronic dethronement becomes acute when her little sister, Gloria, has a birthday party. First she sulks in splendid isolation, then she makes a fuss at being excluded, and all of the time she has trouble reconciling herself to the fact that her present (a delectable candy bar) is going to be consumed in toto by Gloria. Carried away by the occasion, Frances makes the Grand Gesture and insists that the birthday girl eat it herself. The illustrations are as appealing as the story, with the same blend of sunny charm and wry humor; the girls' conversations are pure essence-of-siblings, and the parental tact and understanding are a model to us all. Ages 5-8.

Alfie Finds "The Other Side of the World." *Written and illustrated by Charles Keeping. Watts.* 32 *pp.* $3.95. In looking at Keeping's books one's always conscious, that the colors come from an artist's palette: viridian, magenta, glowing lime and incandescent pink. It is primarily illustration for which this title is noteworthy, but the story of a small Cockney lad also has appeal. Alfie, who loved to listen to tales about the other side of the world, had never been out of his own neighborhood until the evening that he got across the river. To a child, it was magical, journeying toward the glitter and color of an amusement park at night, a wonderful transition from the dark, foggy streets on the other side of the Thames. Ages 6-9.

Before You Were a Baby. *By Paul Showers and Kay Sperry Showers. Illustrated by Ingrid Fetz. Crowell.* 33 *pp.* $3.50. Without fanfare, mystery, coyness, or superfluous information, this gives the facts about conception, gestation, and birth in a format that is attractive and in language that is clear and simple. The illustrations of children are beguiling, the diagrams helpful, and the print large; the writing is lucid and matter-of-fact, happily combining exact terminology and a sense of respectful wonder at the mar-

(*Continued on page* 64)

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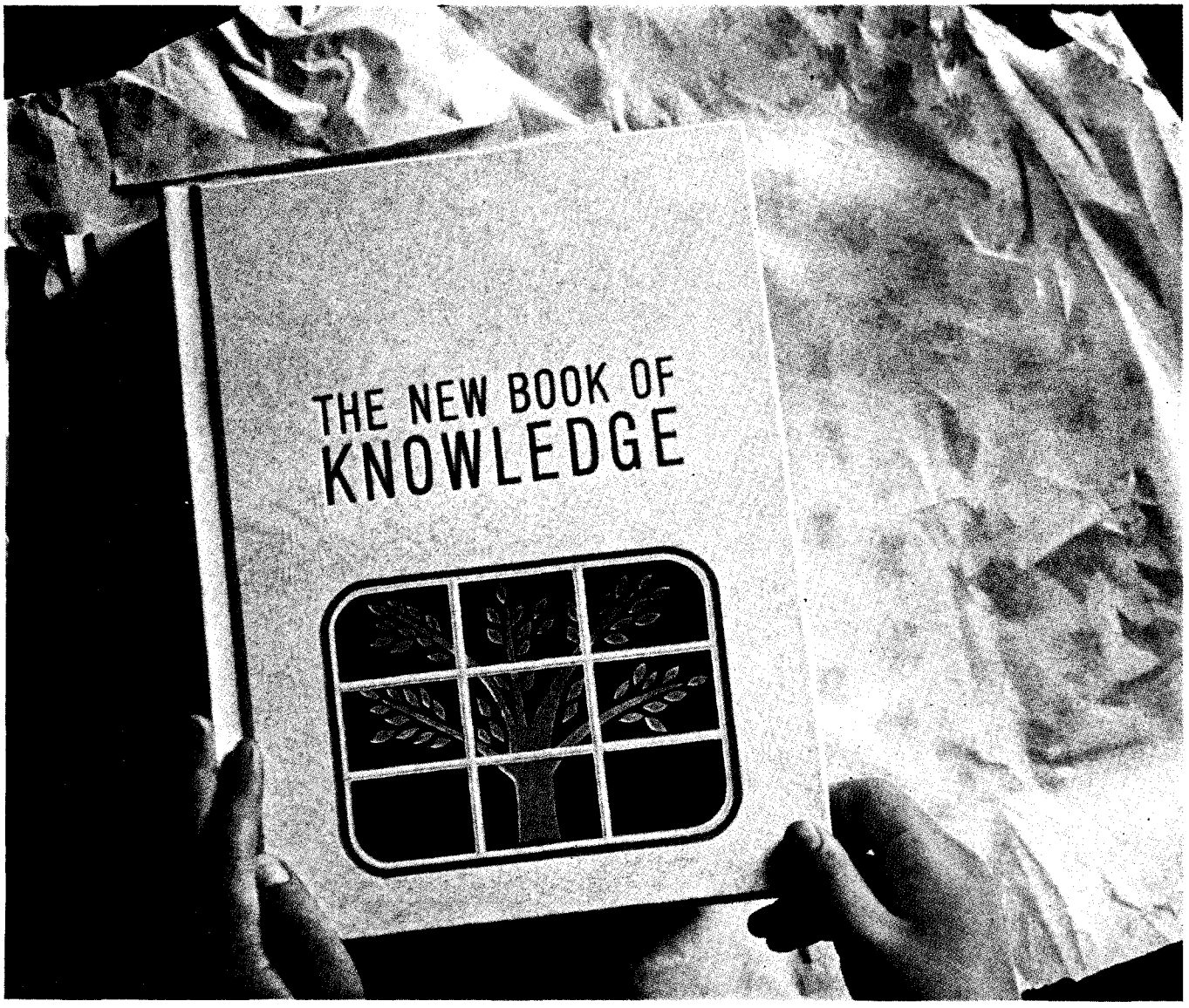

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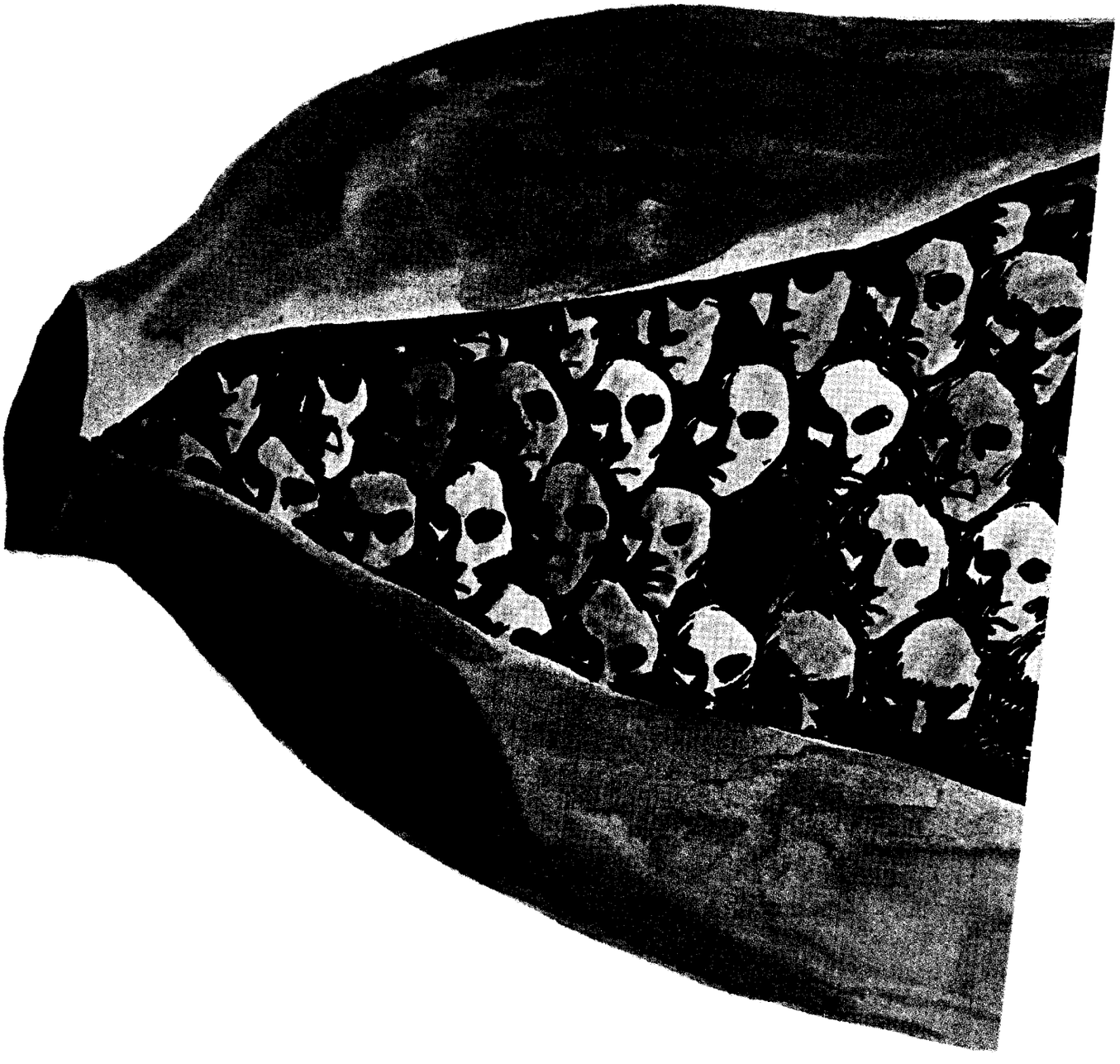

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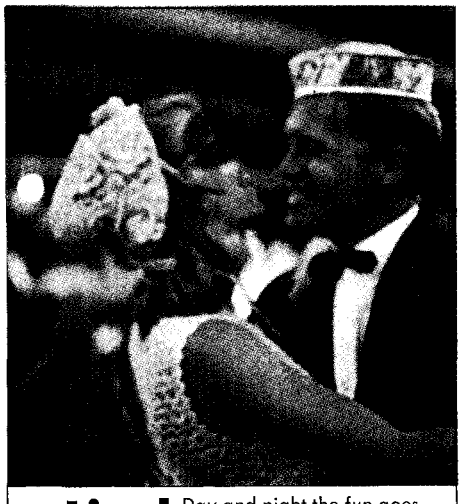

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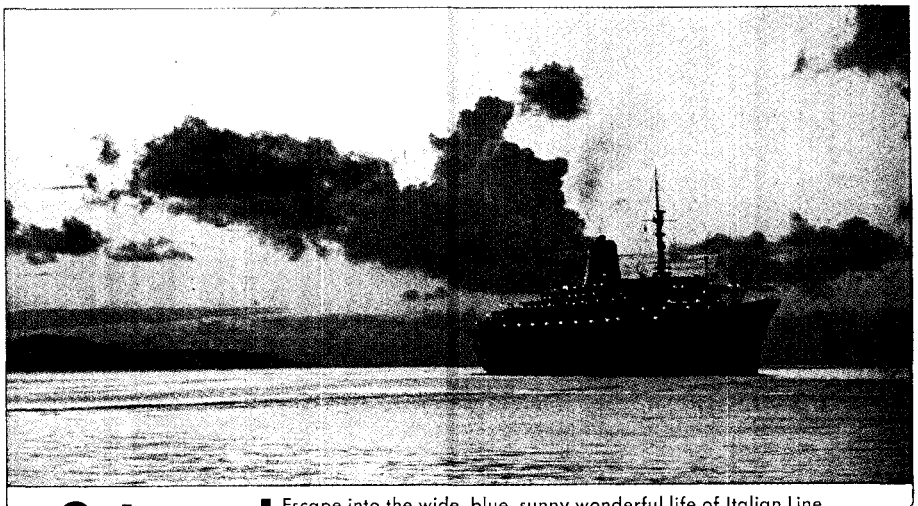

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Eclipse

Continued from page 44

ster." And there is a memorable glimpse of a ragged little girl with a Roman candle—"a leftover Guy Fawkes that the Greek was selling at half-price"—and the effulgence of her joy reflected in the troubled heart of Stevie Finlay.

McIntosh is a master of legerdemain. With sparseness of detail and amazing subtlety he pulls his people out of the limbo of the commonplace. They and their problems become urgently real.

Shivers in the Rain Forest: What was the secret of that strange, forbidden patch of jungle? Did devils lurk there, as the old witch doctor said? Or an aboriginal, half-anthropoid tribe of murderous pygmies who danced silently in the twilight? Curiosity got the better of handsome young Dr. Owen Dawnay, British field agronomist, and cost him his life and that of the beautiful Indian girl who loved him. Or maybe they were done in by the ragged, half-starved partisans of the Colombian National Liberation Army, a detachment of which was known to be foraging in the vicinity of Dawnay's *estancia*. Perhaps it was for the best. Could he ever have brought her back to London and presented her there as his wife? What about his career?

If you want to know the answers, read *Dance of the Dwarfs* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $5.95). And well worth reading it is too. Geoffrey Household has added another taut, well-constructed thriller to his impressive list of titles, which includes the estimable *Rogue Male* (from which the movie *Manhunt* was taken), *Watcher in the Shadows*, and *The Courtesy of Death*. This book is as exactingly tooled and as finely engineered as one of those splendid hunting rifles that Household describes with such loving care. It has suspense, excitement, and blends just enough of the real and the unreal to be credible and still produce the necessary shivers. There is nice gentle sex between people who are young and beautiful and in love with each other. In short, *Dance of the Dwarfs* has something for everyone, and it is an uncomplicated pleasure to read.

The secret of a good thriller, as Household knows, and as H. Rider Haggard and others before him knew, is hard research and accurate detail, injected into the plot unobtrusively but in such a way as to make story, characters and background startlingly real. It takes a master technician to amalgamate, as Household has done in this new book, a sea of grass, a few Colombian plainsmen, a boy and girl, and an area of rain forest locally regarded as taboo, and manipulate them to make the reader's hair stand on end. —ARTHUR PRAGER.

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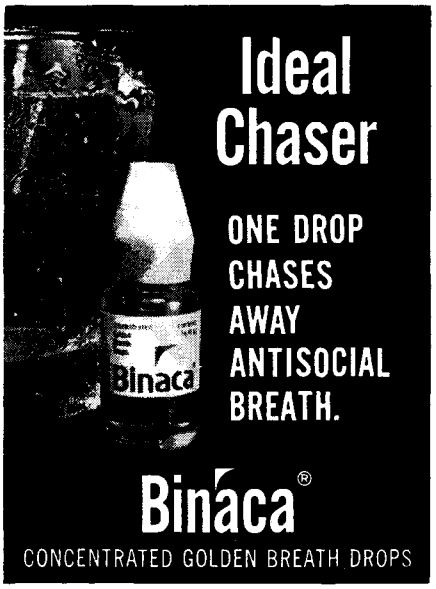

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Mad Efficiency for Extermination

The Great Terror: Stalin's Purge of the Thirties, *by Robert Conquest (Macmillan. 633 pp. $9.95), recounts with precision and detail the decade during which the Soviet dictator ruthlessly eliminated his opponents. Harrison E. Salisbury's latest book is "The Nine Hundred Days—The Siege of Leningrad," to be published in January.*

By HARRISON E. SALISBURY

THE LAST WORDS of the old Bolshevik Yakov Livshits while awaiting execution in one of Stalin's prisons in 1937 echo down the corridors of time: *"Za chto?"* Why?

Why did Russia's revolution turn on itself and on the Russian people, devouring possibly twenty million lives through the penal system and another thirty to forty million through famine, war, and social conflict?

Why did the Bolsheviks, dedicated by Vladimir Lenin to destruction of the terror-haunted tsarist empire, so swiftly create in the name of "rational man" a society to my mind more cruel, more vicious, more repressive, less reasoned than any other of the twentieth century?

Robert Conquest's brilliant book states these questions but does not attempt an answer. Mr. Conquest, our greatest Kremlin elucidator, concentrates on puzzles, not philosophy. He has fitted together the dread story of Stalin's first decade of crime—the 1930s, the famous "purge" years in which he fastened his iron shackles on the Communist Party and its fief, the Russian state.

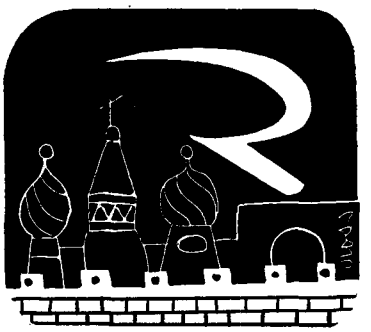
The story of the Russian purges has been told and retold by one wave of survivors after another, until a callous and sometimes politically disoriented world has become sated. But never has it been told so precisely, with such painful accuracy of detail, with such insight into motive and relationship as by Mr. Conquest.

What makes *The Great Terror* not only an odyssey of madness, tragedy, sadism (on a national and international scale), but a work of scholarship and literary craftsmanship is Mr. Conquest's use of the cornucopia of new materials available since Nikita Khrushchev in 1956 revealed what had long been known but not officially confirmed: that Stalin was the manipulator of a terror worse than any dreamed up by Caligula.

Skillfully mortising the new materials, which must be drawn from hundreds of sources—and usually intentionally obscured—with the official accounts of the purge trials and a mass of not always reliable evidence from Soviet defectors, Mr. Conquest for the first time offers a factual account of what lay behind the famous "confessions" by which Bukharin, Radek, Zinoviev, and Kamenev took upon themselves the bizarre task of convincing the world that the stories of their guilt conceived by Stalin and his henchmen were, in fact, the truth.

Not the least of Mr. Conquest's revelations is that Stalin's prisoners often had to invent for themselves the nature of the crimes for which they had been jailed. The police, after a time, became too confused, too overworked, too harassed to make up appropriate stories. And, of course, there were occasions when a prisoner, having been put through the "conveyor" (continuous interrogation over a period of days or weeks until he confessed to whatever the questioners wanted) had to be reinterrogated since, due to a change in plans, a quite different type of crime was needed.

Mr. Conquest unerringly traces the source of the terror system to Lenin's willingness to dispense with legality and ethics in dealing with his enemies. Stalin merely turned the Lenin system against the Communist Party, though he also used methods which Lenin and most of Stalin's Old Bolshevik victims had not



condoned for use even against non-Bolsheviks. But Lenin's ruthlessness toward White Russian enemies and revolutionary opponents (the left Socialist Revolutionaries, for example), his granting of special, enormous, and purposefully vague powers to the Cheka, the GPU, and the OGPU—all his own creatures—were the foundations on which Stalin built.

WE can now establish, thanks to Mr. Conquest's research, a measure of the scope of crimes committed against the Russian people by Stalin. The prisons and prison-camps probably had by the late 1930s a level population in the neighborhood of fifteen million. Mr. Conquest estimates prisoner deaths in the years 1936 to 1950 at about twelve million, with at least an additional one million executions. He reckons other deaths in the 1930-1936 period at 3,500,000, largely among kulaks or peasants driven off their farms during the collectivization period. He suggests

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a grand total for 1930-1953 of twenty million dead—which is probably on the low side.

But these statistics, along with the reconstruction of the purge trials and the sedulous tracing of the fate of Stalin's victims, are only the backdrop for the most monstrous example of genocide in our day. The question arises again, again, and again: *Za chto*? Why did it happen?

Mr. Conquest is content to demonstrate that Stalin employed a system of national terror to destroy all elements of opposition and establish a total dictatorship. This is obviously true. Mr. Conquest cites the record to show that terror was an essential ingredient in the Lenin system. Undoubtedly true. But why did Stalin turn all of Russia into a prison? Why his searching out of his victims' wives, children, relatives, random acquaintances? Why the orders to the police phrased like industrial production goals ("You are charged with the task of exterminating 10,000 enemies of the people. Report results by signal.")?

Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's *The First Circle* reveals that the Stalin system did not end with Mr. Conquest's arbitrary 1940 cut-off date. Many of the disasters of the war, including the incredible tragedy of the Leningrad blockade, in which half a great city was wantonly sacrificed, stemmed from the macabre workings of the Stalin system. Stalin resumed his terror with mad efficiency after World War II and was heading into paroxysms of paranoia at the time of his death in 1953.

The Stalin system came close to destroying Russia. Its extreme manifestations were a by-product of a diseased mind and a monster. But this is not explanation enough. Russia had been a police state and a dictatorship under the tsars. The Bolsheviks rode to power in a crusade against cruelty, repression, and tyranny such as existed in no other European state. Thus, in a sense, Stalin's state could be considered a continuation in another form, more organized, more efficient, more intolerant, and more brutal, of what Russia had always had.

There has been no essential change in the Soviet Union since Stalin's death. True, a modicum of his crimes has been exposed. True, his body has been removed from the Mausoleum, where it rested beside that of Lenin. But it is not far distant. It is still a stone's throw from the great shrine in Red Square. There is no monument to his victims (despite Khrushchev's brave talk of a mighty memorial). And the men now running the Soviet state far from excoriating police power are more and more relying upon it to suppress young dissidents, to fabricate false evidence and calumniate those few brave souls who rise up in Russia to speak for virtue and principle.

The Good in Red Guard

The Red Book and the Great Wall, *by Alberto Moravia, translated from the Italian by Ronald Strom (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 113 pp. $4.95), a collection of impressions gathered by the author on a recent visit to Maoist China, sees the Cultural Revolution as a kind of Great Wall within which the country wishes to enclose itself. O. Edmund Clubb, a retired U.S. Foreign Service officer, is the author of "Twentieth-Century China."*

By O. EDMUND CLUBB

THE ITALIAN NOVELIST-ESSAYIST Alberto Moravia here reflects on a visit made to China in the midst of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. The "Red Book" he refers to in his title is the Maoist bible, *Quotations from Mao Tse-tung*; the "Great Wall" is both physical and symbolic. The American public has already had a passing glimpse of the book's contents: a chapter from the original, as published in *Il Corriere della sera,* was carried in English translation in the February 1968 issue of *Atlas.*

Moravia, who is widely known for his concern with human indifference, here demonstrates that he has been deeply impressed by the spirit of altruism and involvement manifested by young Red Guards met in the course of his conducted tour. And he finds something approaching perfection in China's Cultural Revolution.

The introduction, comprising a dialogue between "A" and "B," provides a nominally philosophic setting for the account. "A" (patently Moravia) argues that poverty is the natural, even desirable state of man, but that the desirable aspect is brought out only when *all* men live in a state where they have nothing except what is "necessary," that is, when they live in such a poverty as China's. Measured by that philosophic concept, "China today is a utopia that has been achieved, perhaps involuntarily, perhaps by chance, it makes no difference." In contrast, Western civilization, with its emphasis on production and consumption, is held to have excrement as its final result.

The main body of the work comprises an assortment of visual impressions, a summary of Mao's book, along with frequent quotations from Mao, Confucius, and Lao-tzu, conversations with a Chinese writer (the bit republished by *Atlas*) and others, a description of a Peking duck dinner, and finally a chapter on Korea. The thread that runs through most of it is, of course, Mao Tse-tung and the Maoist Cultural Revolution. Moravia finds that Mao himself "has done everything and been everything:

(*Continued on page 74*)

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1918—1968

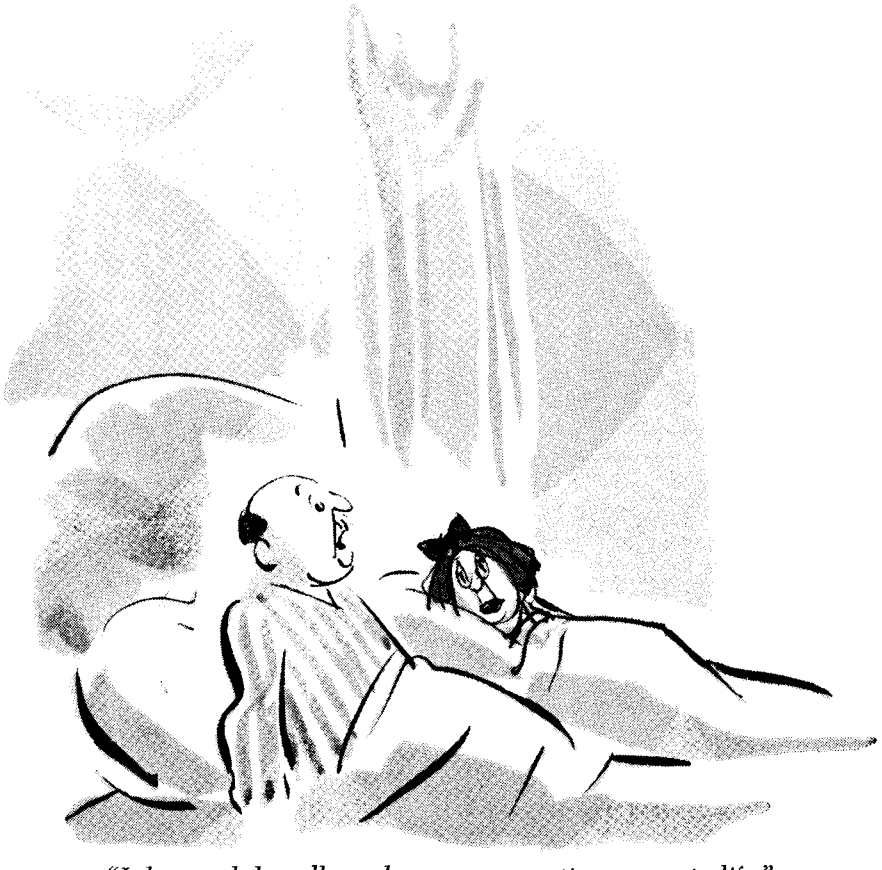
Continued from page 24

Presidential candidate who thinks all demonstrations are pernicious, and Senators who are prepared to subvert the Constitution because Supreme Court judges do not automatically respond to obscenity with moral fervor.

The symptom of ideology is impatience, and its offspring is violence. Those who see the great turbulent issues of politics or law or society in simple terms of right and wrong are impatient with compromise or concession and even with reason. Impatience characterizes much of American life in the second half of the twentieth century: impatience of the young with the old, and of the old with the young; impatience with due process of law; impatience with old ideas rooted in tradition, and with new ideas that lack the authority of tradition; impatience with those who are neutral, and those who are independent; impatience with the machinery of adjudication and arbitration; impatience with any solutions short of utopian.

And with impatience goes violence. This is natural enough: When men no longer believe in reason, when they no longer have confidence in the potentialities of history, they naturally turn to violence for the solution—or the liquidation—of their problems. Russia resorted to violence to get rid of the embarrassment of independence in Czechoslovakia; South Africa resorted to violence to dispose of the awkward fact of a predominantly Negro population; the Arabs have no communications with the Israelis except by acts of violence; the United States elevates aimless violence against Vietnam to a philosophy. The connection between violence and ideology is not fortuitous but consequential.

In all of the great changes and developments that have characterized the last half century and condemned it to disorder, the United States has played a prominent part. It shared the failure to appreciate and support the great revolution of the underprivileged peoples; it shared—and indeed exemplified—the subordination of colored peoples to white; it stimulated and supported self-determination after the first war, and the breakup of ancient empires after the second; and did nothing to mitigate the ravages of chauvinistic nationalism. It devoted a major part of its scientific energies to war and the preparation for war, and exalted the role and the power of the military. It embraced an ideological approach to the great problems of international politics and sought to imprison in ideological straitjacket the turbulent tides of history. In most of this, Americans departed from their own traditions and betrayed their own character. Is it too much to hope that we will return to our traditions and rediscover our true character?



"I dreamed that all my dummy corporations came to life."

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Aspects of Style

IT NEVER FAILS to surprise me to find film critics complaining about the lack of thought in American movies; with crystalline perception they tell us, in all of the wisdom of their naïveté, that movies are made for commercial reasons, that, since they cost money, they are aimed at earning that money back. Since this state of affairs has been true since the days of *The Great Train Robbery*, one wonders what particular purpose is served by using that sort of critical yardstick. I find more interesting those who sense that film art sometimes develops out of and because of its restrictions, namely commercial considerations. The time is long overdue, it seems to me, when we must forget about "thought" in movies and concentrate on what makes them work or not work.

A case in point is the current *Bullitt*, financed by Warner Brothers-Seven Arts at a cost of $5,000,000 or so. If we ask where the money went, we may be sure it did not go for anything resembling thought; they simply don't pay for that at Warner's or anywhere else. They paid about a fifth of it for Steve McQueen, another fifth probably for an item called "studio overhead," and the remainder went into the various facets of production. Standard operating procedure these days, and yet *Bullitt* strikes me as one of the best movies I've seen this year: it has energy, drive, impact, and, above all, style.

How one attains that elusive last-mentioned quality is a matter of great and continuing concern to the professionals involved in moviemaking. The scriptwriter, of course, can indicate some of it, but scripts tend to be dry documents. The script of *Bullitt* can't have been anything much. It has the same old nefarious "organization," the police detectives, the politically oriented district attorney, the pretty girl who sleeps with the detective. Mix the elements together and you've got a few dozen movies you've already seen. But add Peter Yates, the director; and William Fraker, the photographer; and Albert Brenner, the art director; and Frank Keller, the film editor, and the mixture then becomes unique.

Among them (with McQueen's expert participation) they have fashioned the most exciting fifteen minutes of cinema I've seen in I don't know how long, namely an extended automobile sequence fraught with menace, chills, and a pit-of-the-stomach sense of participation. It takes us right back to the essentials of what first fascinated us in movies, but it is made more potent by sophisticated use of today's technology —and art. There may be a lack of thought in the sequence, but I have the nagging feeling that one might find meaning in it, for if it were merely visceral I doubt that it would have as much effect. Throughout the film one gets the sense that Peter Yates (and his accomplice, Mr. Fraker) are looking at the artifacts of this last third of the twentieth century with a clear, but astonished vision. They show it to us real and also strange. Both are experts in the use of visual language. To simply term *Bullitt* as "commercial" is to overlook the development of style, with all its implications.

But the search for style can also have sorry results, as *Secret Ceremony* so woefully demonstrates. Joseph Losey, who has been effective on other occasions, here wanders in a miasma of what I guess must be called atmosphere. He has taken a witless girl (played by Mia Farrow), heiress to an Edwardian mansion in London, a matronly prostitute (Elizatbeth Taylor), and a lecherous professor (Robert Mitchum) and has them hint drearily of madness, rape, incest, and incurable disease. Losey evidently has a fondness for unhealthy houses in which unspeakable events occur. But this house (though it is a real house he found) lacks reality, and so do the people. The execrable dialogue written by George Tabori only adds to the prevailing ennui, and if the principal players come out badly, this is no reflection on them. Mr. Losey may have felt there was an opportunity for stylish display in the flabby material, and, if so, he miscalculated.

Negatives, another film made in England, gets closer. A new young director, Peter Medak, has made splashy use of Peter Everett's novel about erotic role-playing, and his performers, Peter McEnery, Diane Cilento, and Glenda Jackson, have served him well. This triangle, when costumed according to their fantasies, can communicate, shall we say, erotically. As their humdrum selves they are emotional failures. Medak makes clever use of the camera, but, unaccountably, throws his film away at the end by putting it into the surreal, just when he has come close to convincing us of how fantastic can be the ordinary. His point thus becomes pointless.

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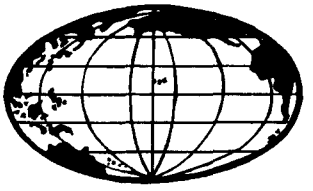

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Irving Kolodin

With Zádor in Hell; And Melos in Hummel

ANY OPERA which states, in the appropriate point of the program, "The place . . . Hell" cannot be all bad. Eugene Zádor's musical enlargement of the libretto by George Jellinek, based on Molnár's *The Scarlet Mill*, doesn't always justify the presumption implied in affiliating itself with so special a locale, but it did so often enough to make the first performance in the Walt Whitman Auditorium of Brooklyn College worth the journey into deepest Flatbush.

For those to whom Molnár is just a bygone Hungarian playwright whose heirs had the good luck to have *Carousel* derived from his *Liliom*, the association of his name with a play in the underworld doubtless arouses no emotion stronger than indifference. To those for whom he was also the witty dialogist of *The Play's the Thing, The Swan, The Guardsman*, and *Fashions for Men* (among others), the prospect in a musical version of the play known in English as *The Red Mill* was, at the least, provocative. The immediate outcome tended to the verdict that Jellinek was more faithful, in his verbal fashion, to the possibilities of the plot than Zádor was musically—but the jury remained out well into the evening.

As rendered by Jellinek, it is Molnár's refreshing conceit to arrange a situation in which the Devil and his court are entertained by an inventor who has devised a mechanism after their collective hearts. Its simple premise is that, contrary to the wishful thinking of the pious, all men are not essentially good at heart, but wicked. What is especially appealing about it to the Devil is that, rather than taking a lifetime to prove, the machine can do it in an hour. After a series of simple tests with robots, the Devil commands that the mechanism prove its ability with a good man. A forester named Janos is kidnapped from earth, exposed to the usual temptations—money, power, sex—and proven susceptible to all of them. But Molnár the moralist will not let us down so easily. The ultimate command of the machine is for Janos to take the life of a fellow man. This he refuses to do. End of mechanistic success, the Devil's pleasure, and the scientist's satisfaction. Janos returns to earth; the scientist goes back to retool his device; and the Devil retires to brood on the irritating capacity of human beings for disappointing him.

This is, to be sure, a premise worthy of the most resourceful composer, be he Offenbach, Kurt Weill, or even Cole Porter. Be he Eugene Zádor, the subject is more often elusive of his grasp than within it. By background and disposition, he is of the Kodály-Weinberger persuasion (the former's *Háry János* for one allusion; the latter's *Schwanda*, which also has a scene in Hell, for another). He does, unfortunately, not have the ingenuity of the former or the sheer

propulsion commanded by the latter, leaving him in a kind of limbo which, if not identical with purgatory, tends sometimes to affect the listener similarly.

Of the two acts, the second is decidedly the more entertaining. Here the situation has been elaborated to the extent that Janos is making the underworld scene, at first unwillingly, then, as its pleasures begin to multiply, with greater enthusiasm. It is helpful to the outcome that Kerry McDevitt, who impersonates Janos, had somewhat the appearance of Raymond Massey as well as an attractive baritone sound. Further productive of entertainment was the imposing arrangement of slides and panels, ramps and staircases which made up designer Paul Lundrigan's equivalent of *The Scarlet Mill*, the nearly diabolic fragmentizer of human virtue. The flickering colored bulbs, run-a-round lights, and blinking warning signals had all the suggestions of a pinball machine up to, and not excluding, a sign which, under the proper impulse, flashed the word SIN. In this particular game, it is equal to "Bingo."

Zádor's score is so related to traditional Hungarian sources—romantic love motives, rhythmic military marches, and occasional folk allusions—as to all but suggest a revival (though this was a world premiere). The writing is supported by a good deal of compositional skill (as befits a composer with six prior operas to his credit), but it rarely violates safe perimeters.

On the other hand, in terms of the problem presented, the production by the Brooklyn College Opera Theatre reflected considerable credit on Károly

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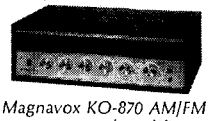

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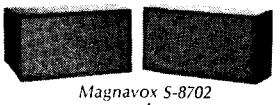

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Köpe, who stage directed as well as conducted the largely student orchestra and the mixture of young professionals and students in the singing cast. The best voice among them belonged to youthful Gayna Sauler in the role of Janos's wife, and the most impressive theatrical presence to Diana Tramontini as the soprano singing sorceress, Mara. Unquestionably, a wholly professional performance would have added impetus and zest to what was heard, and this trial run suggested it will eventually have one.

Of a wide variety of other musical activity during a late October week, the least resistible to this taste was the program of the Melos Ensemble in the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium of the Metropolitan Museum. This is what the English would describe as "concert party," comprised of such excellent musicians as Emanuel Hurwitz (violin), Cecil Aronowitz (viola), that pre-eminent clarinetist, Gervase de Peyer, and others to the number of ten. This gives them access to a wide range of the world's chamber music.

The temper of the group could be measured from the outset; for even in its favor to so esoteric a composer as Hummel, it elected not the Opus 74 Quintet (one of the few works by which he is known today), but the E-flat-minor, Opus 87. It was absorbing to hear the way the young Hummel, who enjoyed the patronage of Mozart, took over the implications of so prophetic a work as his mentor's G-minor Piano Quartet and, by adding a string bass, approached the kind of brooding communication later called "Romantic." This, to be sure, is not the whole of Hummel, but it is enough to suggest the kind of interplay in the fine effort that revolved around the elegant piano-playing of Lamar Crowson. Neither here, however, nor in the following Brahms quintet was there quite the note-perfect assurance one associates with the Melos players. De Peyer put forth a typically distinguished effort in the Brahms quintet, but his associates were now and then wide of dead-center pitch.

Among orchestral events of note was the opening program of the Philadelphia Orchestra's season in Philharmonic Hall, an occasion made notable not only by a typically thorough-going performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony under the direction of Eugene Ormandy, but also by a first hearing of Alberto Ginastera's setting of the Psalm No. 150. An exploration into his past dictated by his present eminence, it shows Ginastera at twenty-two with a remarkable command of large orchestra and mixed choruses. Stravinsky and Ravel are among the ghostly visitors, but it is a remarkable achievement for a musician just (1938) out of the Conservatory.

Booked for Travel

Edited by Horace Sutton

Down the Burma Road—I Spring Cleaning

THERE ARE A LOT more cheerful places to while away an hour than Calcutta's Dum-Dum Airport, and the bleak anteroom in which I was awaiting a flight to Rangoon on Union of Burma Airways lacked even the comfort of a fellow complainer, for mine was the sole name that day on UBA's passenger list. Frequently there are none.

Since 1962, it has been the policy of General Ne Win's military government to limit tourists in Southeast Asia to a twenty-four-hour stopover in Burma—and that in Rangoon—for which transit visas are issued in the airport. Although occasional entry permits are granted for lengthier stays, recipients are greeted with amazement. "*How* did you get in?" I was repeatedly asked during seven days in the country.

The Rangoon flight was called about twenty minutes late. "Sit anywhere you like," the stewardess said as I entered the prettily wallpapered cabin. "You have the entire plane to yourself." A pamphlet in the seat pocket extolling "The Golden Land" read: "Burma welcomes you—where the people are gay, carefree and witty. . . . Thousands of pagodas . . . glittering with gold on the plains of Burma are an invitation to visit this happy country." Recalling dismal reports, I resolved not to leap to premature conclusions.

I was reading under "Etiquette Tips" that the Burmese honorific "U"—meaning old or uncle—is equivalent to "Mr.," and that both married and single women are addressed as "Daw" when the stewardess—who wore an ankle-length peacock blue *longyi*, the native sarong, and fitted white overblouse—offered me a glass of apple juice and two newspapers: *The Working People's Daily* and *The Guardian*. My eye leaped to a headline: FIRST TRAINING COURSE IN JOURNALISM OPENED. The story read in part: "Responsible and dedicated journalists are organizers, agitators and news disseminators to rally the people for the success of socialist objectives."

The eight-page *Working People's Daily* carried a spectrum of syndicated international news stories, identical with those in *The Guardian*. None seemed to be politically slanted. There were accounts of mortal clashes with Burmese rebels, many said to be in league with the expelled Communist Chinese, about whose current anathema to Burma *The Working People's Daily* and *The Guardian* left no doubt. A correspondent reported an arrest:

> The three men said that after having had their fill of toddy at Paukkom they were returning home . . . when they came across Ma Khin Yi driving her cattle home. They said that they seized and gagged the woman and took her into a bush, where they raped her in turn. They were about to let her go when the young widow declared that she would complain to the village elders. The men said they took her back into the bush and Kyi Maung cut her down with a sword. The stroke nearly severed the neck. Mya Thaun is then said to have disemboweled her with a knife.

"Mountain Top-21," a signatory to the letters columns, denounced "an odium of corruption" in the Naga Hills Region, where, he asserted, transportation and communications are dependent on mules owned and exploited by rapacious Chinese. "I wonder how it is possible that such an unconscionable, blood-sucking, parasitical rampage is going on smoothly for years without help . . . from high official circles."

Despite enormous thirst for knowl-

Sein Yaung Chi Pagoda—"kept aureate by modest investments in afterlife elevation."

—All photos by Rochelle Girson.

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edge, wrote another correspondent, the working people "have had to contend against great odds in hooking admission in the Workers' College. . . . These applicants for admission have passed in the 'A' list. . . . But they have been turned away . . . 'due to lack of facilities'. . . ."

"We, the working people of Thingangyun," a third Burmese fretted, "are fed up to the teeth with our local liquor shop. It does not open the whole day. . . . But all along the roadside you could buy any amount of liquor but at double the price. Is our Excise Department sleeping? I suppose even they have to buy from the roadside."

The only display advertisements in the newspapers were for movies, among them, *Buffalo Bill, Operation Crossbow,* and *Sands of the Kalahari.* The public notice that made me reach for "Shwe Yoe's" informative book, *The Burman,* read: "A grandchild for U Maung Maung (17) and Daw Me Me Khin." Remarking that Burmese have no surnames, the author explained:

> He may begin by being called Lugale Ngè, "Little Wee Man." When he grows up a little the family probably get to call him Lugale Gyi, "Big Little Man." Later, when he begins to . . . look after the girls—and they begin that sort of thing very early in Burma [early enough to be a grandpa at seventeen?] —he probably calls himself Maung Lugale or Shwe Lugale, "Mr. Littleman," or "Golden Boy." Finally, when he reaches the age of thirty-five or forty he either readopts the original Ngè and calls himself U Ngè, "Old Small" or "Old Wee"; or takes U Lugale instead, "Old Boy". . . . Every woman married or unmarried may be called Ma. When she becomes elderly, Mè is very often used. Mi implies youth in the person addressed, or affection on the part of the speaker. A young husband or lover usually calls his lady love Mi Mi.

So perhaps Me Me is as endearingly repetitive for a senior Ma like Daw Khin (Mrs. Lovable) as Mi Mi in the days when she was the bride of Maung Maung. I concluded that U Maung Maung's seeming precocity owed more to typographical than progenitive slip.

Afforded this glimpse into Burmese society, I looked down on a landscape stippled with pagodas—frequently like white upturned ice-cream cones clustered about a large golden pear. At the airport the Immigration, Currency Control, and Customs officials were lined up, awaiting with smiles even one visitor. Immigration told me where to get my entry permit extended. Currency Control requested that I list the amount of traveler's checks, dollars, and other foreign coin I was carrying, as well as gold jewelry, cameras, transitor radios, and the like with their value. The Union of Burma is endeavoring to keep the kyat (pronounced "chaht") pegged at 4.76 to the dollar, but—as in other lands with a subsistence economy – the "green," scarce consumer goods, and gold command vastly more on the black market. When I excused myself to purchase some kyats in the airport bank, Currency Control cautioned me: "Don't get too much. You can only reconvert into dollars 25 per cent of the total that you buy."

The bus into Rangoon was crowded at 4:45 p.m. with workers going home—the men clad mostly in white Western shirts and midi-length checked or plaid cotton *longyis,* the women—as narrow-hipped as they—in long flowered sarongs and mismatched gaily printed blouses. The men's skirts were knotted to leave a pommel in front, but everyone wore thong-toed scuffs and woven shoulder bags like the Greek. Many of the girls' faces were streaked with pale yellow sandalwood paste, applied for a soothing rather than cosmetic effect.

Riding to the city, we passed a capacious modern hospital and the new modernistic Institute for Technology. A large sign before a mansion proclaimed: PROF. SUNDRA. GREAT PALMIST AND SEER. The Burman relies heavily on the horoscope drawn up on his birth, which attributes to the constellation for the day on which he was born an abiding influence on his luck and personality as well. Thus Sunday's child, whether fair of face, will likely be parsimonious.

An orchestra was spiritedly playing "East of the Sun and West of the Moon" for unoccupied cocktail tables in the

Shwedagon Pagoda—"fantasia . . . towering 370 feet over the hallowed hairs."

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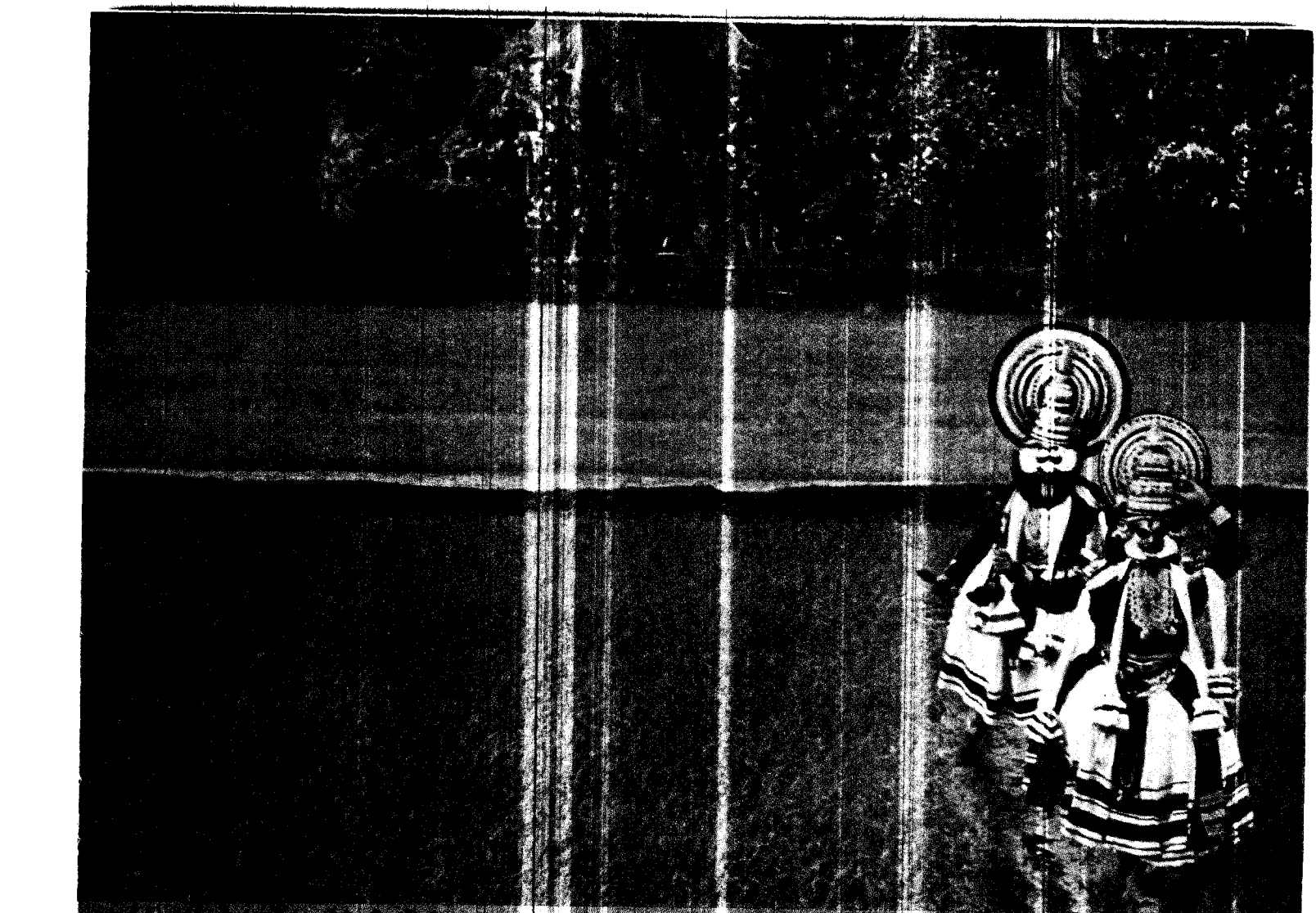

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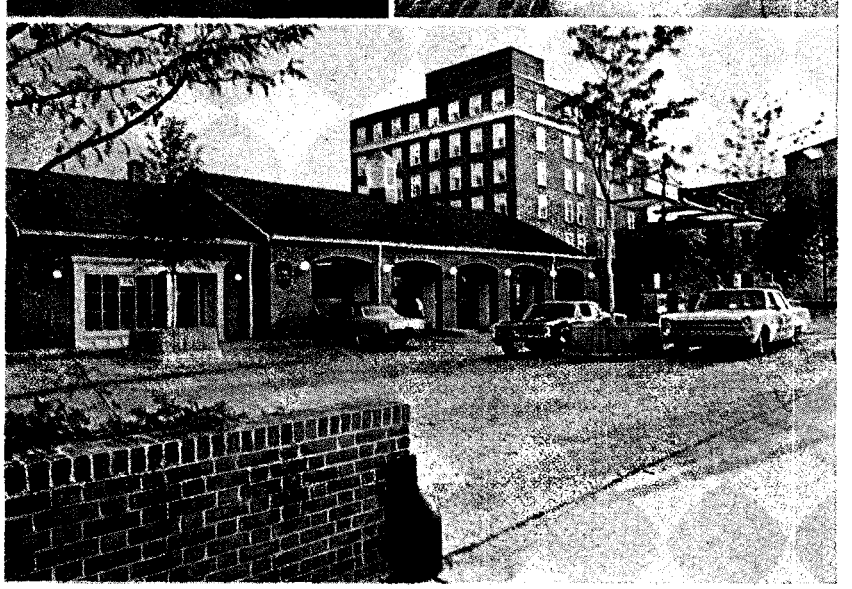

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The Conservation Commission of Glastonbury, Conn., headed by Mrs. Elizabeth Brown (center, left), proposed a park for a still vacant parcel of land, but the project bogged down in debate. Voters became confused and the idea just about died until the League of Women Voters and others joined Mrs. Brown's group. Money was raised, a mail campaign launched and each voter contacted. The park won by a squeak, but now, the town wouldn't give it up.

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lobby of the Strand Hotel while, for 45 kyats, I engaged a single room with step-up bathroom and sonorous air conditioner.

Atypical of Asia, the gift shop in the Strand had been closed since 4 p.m. So I took a stroll, during which a succession of importunate bicyclists along the dim empty sidewalks volunteered to show me Rangoon—or to exchange money, at 10 kyats to the dollar. The next morning, I observed that the small back-to-back seats atop the third wheel paralleling the bike were for public conveyance rather than romance. Miniature three-wheeled triangular trucks taxi one with slightly more style within city limits—as do cabs, which are not evident in abundance.

I wanted to fly from Rangoon to Mandalay and, after a few days, return to Rangoon, where I would take a plane three hours later to Bangkok, but the airline personnel protested. "Your entry permit expires at 3:30 p.m. that day. If the flight back from Mandalay should be delayed, it might cause trouble for the person who makes the reservation."

At the National Tourist Association I arranged a three-hour tour of the city, the price for which, $9 in U.S. cash included a chauffeured car and guide. As if it were but another carrot-shaped, gilded skyscraper, we sped past the mid-town Sule Pagoda and drove directly to the large Central Market, where—although under socialism presumably the guide enjoyed no kickback on sales—I was allowed ample time to shop. A maze of stalls displayed shiny black lacquerware thickly ornamented with simulated gold; dime-store gimcracks; pastel plastic baskets; bolts of sleazy printed cotton; blouses, sandals, and lightly padded AA-cup bras.

En route to the spectacular Shwedagon Pagoda, I spotted three glittering spires behind an ornate gate flanked with toothy leogryphs, the stone mythical lions that guard Buddhist temples and monasteries. "What is that?" I asked. "Oh," said the guide, "it is just a new pagoda that is being constructed." Painfully I picked my way barefoot over nettles and gravel in its courtyard, for no foot covering whatever is permitted on the approach to Burmese religious sites. The guide fell to his knees and kowtowed three times before an abbot in a dark saffron robe who emerged, staff in hand, from the half-decorated brick building. When finished in two or three years the pagoda will be completely covered with mosaics of tiny mirrors. From them comes its name: Sein (Diamond) Yaung Chi (Light of the Lord Buddha).

Derivative from the mounds that in antiquity marked the graves of shamans or kings, pagodas are reliquaries. Each should have buried at its core an authentic relic of the great Siddhartha Gautama, who, after achieving Enlightenment in Nepal during the sixth century B.C., instructed his disciples as to the disposition of his remains. The sanctified token may be a tooth, a bone, a hair, a portion of his flesh, or some article that he used. Failing these, for there are thousands of reliquaries in Burma alone, images, sacred texts inscribed on palm leaves, and replicas in metal and jewels of the initial mementoes may be enshrined. These are thought to animate the structure, which—although the Buddha suggested it be no more elaborate than a heap of rice—came to be conceived as a magic diagram of the cosmos.

The most venerated pagoda in Southeast Asia is the Shwedagon. Set atop Theinguttara Hill, it boasts as relics the staff of the first Buddha, Kaukkathan; the filtered drinking cup of the second, Gawnagong; part of the third, Kathapa's, robe; and eight hairs that the fourth Buddha, Gautama, gave to two young Mon merchants who, in 588 B.C., encountered him meditating under the sacred fig tree in the Deer Park outside Banares. Some say that the fifth Buddha, Maitreya, will appear circa 4517 A.D. Others maintain that there have been twenty-eight—though not necessarily all in the current evolution of the world, which, according to Burmese legend, has over billions of years been repeatedly destroyed and reborn.

The guide and I entered an enormous elevator, which rose reverently to a bazaar, where shopkeepers vended offerings for the shrines—joss sticks, flowers, tapers, delicately scissored white paper streamers, dainty white and gold fluted umbrellas, and banners imprinted with animals symbolizing the days of the week when Buddhists were born. My companion bought two heavy-headed lotuses, and I glanced—then gasped—at the fantasia of reliquaries, temples, and shrines that embrace the gold-covered pagoda that towers 370 feet over the hallowed hairs—and, according to one source, nail parings—of Siddhartha Gautama. Conical or polygonal, the Shwedagon's satellites are variously white, oxblood, gilt; their storeys scalloped with wood carving painted silver, or lacey with filigreed gold. Radiant against a cobalt-blue sky, like fretwork lily of the valley, graceful *hti*, or sacred umbrellas, top their spires—the most precious being the gem-studded finial with which King Mindon of Mandalay had the Shwedagon crowned about a century ago, at a cost of £62,000.

On the terrace, men were squatting, fingertips steepled at their brows, and women were prostrate before images of the Buddha that ranged from doll-sized to colossal—not in worship for, although he is frequently referred to as "the Lord Buddha," in Burma the Enlightened One

(*Continued on page* 76)

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

From Patchogue to Paris

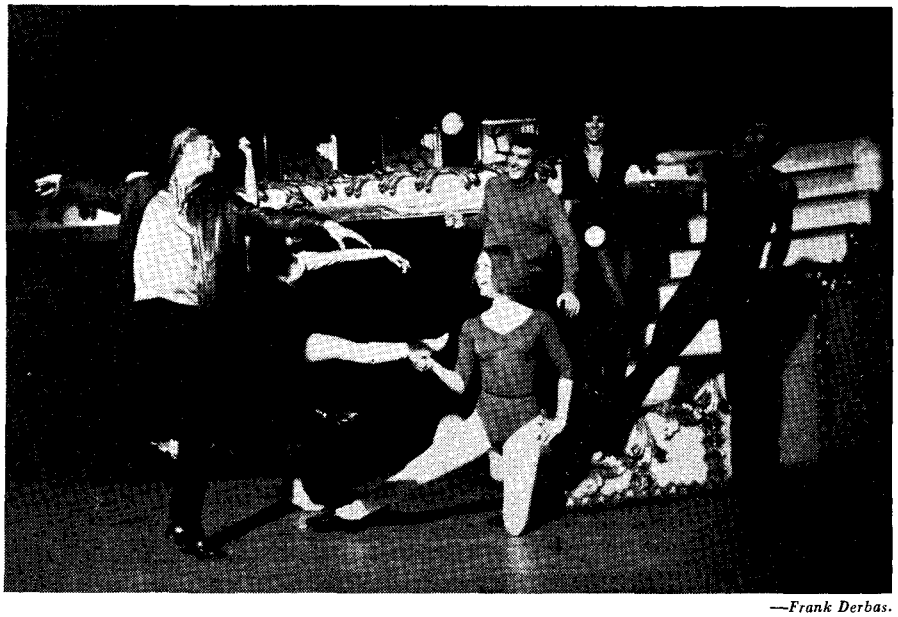
"It's as ethnic as hell, isn't it?" chuckled the choreographer as we watched his *Pocahontas* number, with its feather or two, bangles and beads, vast exposures of epidermis by both males and females, and pairs of glittering pasties for some of the tribal ladies. "I do a great deal of research for numbers like this, but mainly with the Patchogue tribe!" George Reich, born and raised in Patchogue, Long Island, New York, and for nearly twenty years a dance favorite in Paris's world of entertainment, was commenting on one of the big production numbers in the current show, which he directed and choreographed at New York's splashy nightclub, the Latin Quarter.

Reich, when we talked, was in the midst of a double job. He was checking out the final polishing of his Latin Quarter show, which will run (with changes of headliners and specialty acts) until June of next year, and rehearsing for the debut in Paris of his new company, Les Ballets de Georges Reich (if you move from Patchogue to Paris, you add an "s" on a "George") at the Olympia Theater—already booked for a four-month stand with options for an extended engagement, and with the fabulous Zizi Jeanmaire already engaged for the second of four shows.

George (*ou* Georges) is both shrewd and idealistic. For the Latin Quarter, he is a shrewd craftsman and, talking with him, you can tell that it's a job, but one he does well. The *Pocahontas* bit may be a hoot, but it does contain some really exciting moments, such as an excellent Indian hoop dance for four boys. Elsewhere, you'll find yourself watching a very elegant Maypole dance in which everyone is clothed from head to foot in courtly costumes—soon, of course, the silken materials are shed, leaving only the frames from the hoop skirts, and eventually we come back to the pasties. But that's what the Latin Quarter is all about.

And if neither an Indian number nor a Maypole bit is for you, Reich provides the viewer with a zestful cancan episode, filled with high kicks and splits that had a lady sitting near me shouting, "Oh, brother!" For the finale, the choreographer pulled out from the past the kind of dancing which another American expatriate, Loie Fuller, made famous more than half a century ago. For it was "La Loie," as the French affectionately called the onetime child-temperance lecturer from Chicago, who draped both herself and long, slender poles in floating, luminous materials which transformed her into a butterfly or a flame. With the lights playing on his dancers as they manipulated the sails of whirling cloth, Reich brings his part of the production to a close.

The production numbers which Reich has devised are first-rate nightclub fare,



—*Frank Derbas.*

With the empty stage (daytime) of New York's nightclub, the Latin Quarter, serving as a rehearsal hall, the American George Reich rehearses his dancers (mostly Americans) for the debut of a new company, Ballets de Georges Reich, in a four-month engagement at Paris's famous Olympia Theater.

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George Reich, the choreographer from Patchogue, L.I., who commutes from Paris to New York and world entertainment centers.

among the very best I have ever seen at the Latin Quarter. As I say, individual acts will change from time to time—perhaps you will be lucky enough to catch the marvelous dances of François Szony and Nancy Claire—but whatever the specialties, you'll be happy with the Reich highlights.

But if you are shunning Broadway for Paris, you might want to look in on the new Ballets de Georges Reich at the Olympia. I haven't seen the program yet, but I can tell you what the ingredients are and the goals he has set for himself in order to make a new dance company go over with the Paris public.

A while back, he had a group called Ballet Ho. He ran it for several years. And as he says, "It was well received but it never made money. I had to pay for it to keep going." With the guarantee offered for the Olympia engagement, M. Reich is happy to give a company of his own a second try. "I want to be serious about the kind of dance I create for our Olympia run," he says, "but I also want to be—and I know I must be—entertaining. We won't be playing for a ballet audience, you know, but for the general public.

"This doesn't mean that there won't be any substance to my dances. It just means that they will be theater. I use ballet, modern, and jazz techniques; but the key is theater. For example, Jean Marais wrote a theme for me: it is about two young lovers who live in adjoining flats; their families disapprove of their love, and they are separated only by a wall. Their story is something like that of Romeo and Juliet—but doesn't that story come back again and again? The Marais-Reich version will have music by Marius Constant. It will be a today ballet.

"I'm also going to have a divertissement, one that is based on competition—that's always fun—and there will be a psychedelic ballet too. My dancers? Half are Negro, half are white. Some are best at jazz, but I've also got a ballerina, Sandra Balesti, who does classical ballet as well as jazz."

Reich's own performing background has prepared him for both Latin Quarter assignments and for his art-entertainment goals with his new company. His checkered—usually accompanied with checques—career has included such fascinating extremes as partnering Alicia Markova and choreographing Josephine Baker; serving as an actor-dancer for Valerie Bettis and staging for Marlene Dietrich; studying classical ballet and dancing modern ballet with Roland Petit's Les Ballets de Paris; and teaching Brigitte Bardot.

Today, he has hung up his own dancing shoes—a hip injury, long neglected, is going to require an operation—but he doesn't regret the end of his dancing days. Now, he can devote his time to choreography and directing in New York, Las Vegas, Paris, or wherever. "Besides," he says, "how great! I can eat what I want and so what if I have a drink or two. No one's looking at *me*."

But a good many dancers, American and French, white and black, are still looking at George Reich as he charges into an arabesque, does a leg extension, holds a balance, taps his foot, and counts aloud in the business of making dances that will be serious yet entertaining enough to please people in Patchogue and in Paris.

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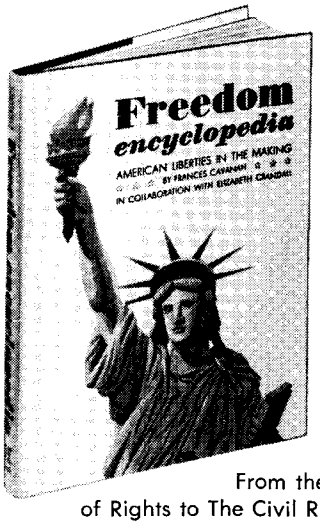
Freedom
encyclopedia

By Frances Cavanah



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Zoo In The House

By Marion A. Von Rosenstiel

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RAND McNALLY

Books for Young People

Continued from page 46

velous process of human reproduction. Simple enough to be read aloud to younger children, but primarily for independent reading. Ages 7-8.

Maple Tree. *By Millicent Selsam. Photographs by Jerome Wexler. Morrow.* 47 *pp.* $3.95. The combination of big, clear photographs and a text of admirable simplicity produces for beginning botanists a book that is as visually attractive as it is informative and accurate. In describing the life cycle of the maple, the author is not rhapsodic about the beauty of the flower or the wonder of reproduction, but lets the reader see for himself the perennial miracle of seed and bud. Ages 7-9.

Harriet and the Promised Land. *Written and illustrated by Jacob Lawrence. Simon & Schuster.* 32 *pp.* $5.95. One of America's foremost Negro artists tells, in a rhyming ballad, the story of Harriet Tubman, the slave who became famous for her daring work as a conductor on the Underground Railroad. The oversize pages lend themselves admirably to the bold and forceful paintings, somber in tones, stunningly composed, and starkly dramatic in mood. Ages 7-9.

Wonders, Inc. *By Crawford Kilian. Illustrated by John Larrecq. Parnassus.* 39 *pp.* $4.25. Who says there's nothing new under the sun? Bored with life, a small boy ambles along on a summer day and finds that a huge, magnificent factory has appeared in the meadow. Eagerly invited by the guard at the gate to be the first visitor, Christopher is taken on a tour of Wonders, Incorporated, where the products are time, space, mistakes, words, and so forth; in the first room, for example, lines are assembled: borderlines, by-lines, hairlines, and sidelines. The vigorous and imaginative illustrations catch to perfection the sophisticated and playful tone of the story, a fantasy that has such memorable machines as the sentence structure (not quite perfected, it still has a participle dangling from it) and the Verbotron, with which Wonders, Inc. achieved the first splitting of the infinitive. A witty book for anyone, and a treasure for the word-lover. Ages 7-10.

—*From "Lucy."*

Paddington Goes to Town. *By Michael Bond. Illustrated by Peggy Fortnum. Houghton Mifflin.* 125 *pp.* $3.25. Nobody but nobody can get into as much trouble with better intentions than that debonair character Paddington, the lovable but exasperating bear who lives with a long-suffering London family. He very nearly disrupts a wedding when he misinterprets his role as usher, and in one farcical episode he drives a psychiatrist to the brink of trembling frustration. The Fortnum illustrations capture to perfection Paddington's wistful, rakish charm, and the merry inanity of his escapades are described at the same high level of bubbling humor as in the several preceding books about his lurid adventures. Ages 7-10.

For the Middle Group

Lucy. *By Catherine Storr. Illustrated by Victoria de Larrea. Prentice-Hall.* 72 *pp.* $3.95. A tomboy triumphant, Lucy proves to the boys who don't want to include her in their play that she is a creature of mettle when she trails some thieves who have robbed a house. Written with a light hand, this amusing adventure story is believable because the small heroine is quaking in her boots every moment and bolstering her courage by pretending she is Lew, the Fabulous Detective. The chase sequence has action aplenty and the ending, in which Lucy, terribly nonchalant, accepts her new status with the gang, is utterly satisfying. A good story to read aloud to younger girls, but primarily for ages 8-10.

Pastels Are Great! *Written and illustrated by John Hawkinson. Albert Whitman.* 48 *pp.* $3.50. Now, *here's* a how-to-do-it book that really teaches techniques in an art medium, beginning with the way to hold the pastel. Showing examples of correct and incorrect strokes, the author explains the varieties of strokes and the effects gained by using each. The reader is urged to experiment; both text and illustrations make the project appear enticing and gay. Ages 8-10.

The Midnight Fox. *By Betsy Byars. Illustrated by Ann Grifalconi. Viking.* 159 *pp.* $4.50. Tom claimed animals hated him. "I'll probably be the only kid in the world to be stampeded to death by a bunch of baby lambs," he predicted when his mother informed him that he was to spend the summer on his uncle's farm. At first it was just as boring as Tom had expected, and he spent most of his time writing to his friend Petie or having dreams of glory; then Tom saw the fox, beautiful and free, and for the rest of the summer he watched over the fox and her kit. Tom is an ingratiating character, acutely conscious of the people around him and accepting their limitations with an awkward grace; his musings about Petie and their past ploys are hilarious, his concern for the black fox so much a passion that he can-

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—From "Phoebe's Revolt."

not tell anyone about it. The writing really sounds like the vocabulary and phrasing of a small boy, and the story develops with ease and pace. Ages 8-10.

The Hunter I Might Have Been. *By George Mendoza. Photographs by DeWayne Dalrymple. Astor-Honor. 25 pp.* $3.50. Gun lobbyists, beware! As a plea against the use of firearms this is poignantly effective; as a story it has an appeal to a limited group of readers. A man reflects over the childhood experience of shooting a bird and holding the small, limp body; smitten with remorse, he vows never again to touch a gun. And he wonders what a hunter he might have been had he "but met a lion that first day and not stilled that gentle sparrow's call." The misty tenderness of the photographs echoes the mood of introspection, the quiet compassion with which the child reacts to death. Ages 8-10.

Jorinda and Joringel. *By the Brothers Grimm. Translated by Elizabeth Shub. Illustrated by Adrienne Adams. Scribners. 38 pp.* $3.95. Newly translated, this romantic tale is replete with dauntless young lover, evil witch, and not one captive maiden but 7,000. The double-page spread showing the witch in her room full of caged birds (enchanted girls) is a small masterpiece of mood and color, closely rivaled by the melting variations of hues in the dim, mysterious forest scenes. Desolate because his love has turned into a nightingale, Joringel finds a magic flower that makes him impervious to the witch's spell, and through its powers regains his Jorinda. Released as well, the other 6,000-plus maidens dance for joy. Ages 8-10.

Phoebe's Revolt. *Written and illustrated by Natalie Babbitt. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 36 pp.* $3.50. Phoebe hated bows, ruffles, frills, curls, ribbons, and all the things that a sweet little child of eight should have adored in 1904. She wanted to dress the way her father did (how dreadful!) in plain black and white, even refusing to get out of the bathtub (shocking!) and come downstairs to her own birthday party unless she

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Reginald Ottley. A moving story of the underlying sadness in the outwardly idyllic life of a 14-year-old girl on an island in the South Pacific.
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THE LITTLE COCKEREL

Victor G. Ambrus; illustrated in full color by the author. An old Hungarian folk tale about a brave little cockerel who outwits the greedy Sultan, retold with verve and humor. Ages 5-8 $3.50

AKAVAK

AN ESKIMO JOURNEY

James Houston; illustrated by the author. A boy and his grandfather pit the wisdom of old age and the strength of youth against the forces of nature on a perilous journey. Ages 7-11 $3.25

GREENSLEEVES

Eloise Jarvis McGraw. A mature novel about a girl who spends the summer after high school graduation sleuthing for her lawyer-uncle and establishing herself as an individual.
Ages 12 up $4.75

TOBIAS, THE MAGIC MOUSE

Jacob Bech Nygaard; illustrated in color by Ib Spang Olsen; translated by Edith Joan McCormick. A droll, mischievous story in which Tobias, made wise by eating the moon's green cheese, sets out to right wrongs. Ages 7-10 $3.50

THE RHINE PIRATES

Hans P. Schaad; illustrated in color by the author; translated by Elizabeth D. Crawford. A refurbished fishing boat takes four young Swiss boys into adventurous fun and surprises on the river.
Oct. Ages 4-8 $3.95

THE OLD WILDERNESS ROAD

AN AMERICAN JOURNEY

William O. Steele. True stories of four men who helped open the way west of the Appalachians, written from journals and other contemporary sources. Maps.
Oct. Ages 10-14 $3.95

THE NEW TENANTS

Margaret MacPherson; illustrated by Shirley Hughes. A Scottish family's move to the Isle of Skye involves them with a neighbor's crazy scheme in this suspenseful story.
Oct. Ages 12 up $3.95

Illustration from *The Adventures of Paddy Pork*

HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

could wear her father's clothes. The story is told in cheerful verse, with a note of mock Victorian floridity that is delightfully in accord with the illustrations. Dripping with decorated and decorous ladies, the pictures are full of nostalgia-evoking details—pier glasses, leaded windows, gas jets, overhead flush tanks, wicker doll carriages, and an incredibly elegant toilet bowl. Ages 8-10.

The Stone-Faced Boy. *By Paula Fox. Illustrated by Donald A. Mackay. Bradbury.* 106 *pp.* $3.95. Gus couldn't even remember who had called him "Stone face," and at first he hadn't minded. Now he retreated from his noisy brothers and sisters by presenting an expressionless countenance that masked all his fears and doubts. Like the geode he treasured, Gus kept this protective façade; he knew that when he wanted to crack the stone it would open in such a way that the crystals inside would be unbroken. "But," the story ends, "until then, until he wanted to, no one would touch it." More wistful than sad, this percipient book contains both a keen, almost acid analysis of a family constellation and a shining symbolism. The characters have a sharp fidelity: eccentric Aunt Hattie, animal-loving Sabina, who prevails on a frightened Gus to hunt a lost dog in the night, and boisterous Zachary, "a thumper and a drummer." Ages 9-11.

Akavak: An Eskimo Journey. *Written and illustrated by James Houston. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 80 pp. $3.25. This is a powerful story of a trek across the grim and icy mountain country by the author who recently won for a second time the Canadian Library Association's award for the best children's book of the year published in English. A young Eskimo, Akavak, is delegated to take his grandfather to the Far North, where his brother lives; Akavak knows, and the old man knows too, that it may be his final journey or that he may not live through it to see again the last of his own generation. The strong, bleak line drawings parallel the story's evocation of the white and isolated world in which the boy and the old man struggle through the dangers of their journey. Ages 9-11.

Odd Old Mammals: Animals After the Dinosaurs. *By Richard Armour. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. McGraw-Hill.* 37 *pp.* $3.95. The breezy, irreverent tone and spanking rhythm of Armour's verses make highly enjoyable the solid facts that are interspersed among nonsensical poems about assorted beasts of the Cenozoic Era. "Is it a dog? Is it a bear?/Is it a wolf? What is it?/ This beastly beast's hyaenodon,/ About to pay a visit./ More like a grizzly bear in size/ Than like today's hyena/ He acted quite hyena-like/ And was as mean or meana." The large pictures of ferocious creatures have just a wee touch of the antic. Ages 9-11.

Two Stories: "The Road to Dunmore" and "The Key." *By Eilis Dillon. Illustrated by Richard Kennedy. Meredith.* 109 *pp.* $3.95. Somehow or other, John and his younger brother had missed getting back on the train when it stopped on the way to Dunmore. So there were the boys' parents, riding, and there were John and Andy, standing, and the only thing they had at all, at all, was John's violin. In a very short and

—From "Akavak: An Eskimo Journey."

merry Irish tale, John wheedles their way to Dunmore by trading music for transport. The mildly zany characters and bubbling conversation are Dillon at her best. The second and longer story is more serious and not quite as effective. Set in the Basque region of Spain, it describes the visit of a small boy to a market town where he seizes the opportunity to use pressure on the absentee landlord of his home village to keep the community well open. The style is good and the characterization apt, but the plot has some notes of contrivance. Ages 9-11.

The Family at Caldicott Place. *By Noel Streatfeild. Illustrated by Betty Maxey. Random House.* 177 *pp.* $3.95. Shades of Mrs. Miniver, here is an English family coping with personal disaster in the best possible chin-up fashion. As romantic as a valentine, the story avoids base sentimentality because of the author's light, graceful style and her signal ability to create characters that come alive. As the result of an automobile accident, the father of the Johnstone family is in a state of severe withdrawal. The youngest child, who sneaks into the hospital, stumbles into the room of Lady Paine, who caused the accident. She wills to him her country estate; mother takes in as boarders three children who are wards of Lady Paine's lawyer; father gets well in their rural haven; absolutely every problem is solved. For happy-ending lovers, this will be a fair treat. Ages 9-11.

Journey from Peppermint Street. *By Meindert DeJong. Illustrated by Emily Arnold McCully. Harper & Row.* 242 *pp.* $4.50. When you're nine years old and you've never been away from home, a long walk through the night with grandfather is an adventure, especially when at the end of the walk there waits a loving great-aunt and a deaf-mute uncle who live in an abandoned monastery. Siebren, in this story of Holland at the turn of the century, is enchanted by the novelty of his surroundings and nervous about the dangers of the night, bored when Grandpa stops to visit friends, frightened by the tornado that strikes the monastery. This is truly that rare thing, a book you cannot bear to put down. Each character is indelibly memorable, each incident brilliantly etched; the story flows with easy grace, and

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the tender relationships between Siebren and the people of his small and vivid world are brightened by moments of candid realism and gentle humor. Ages 9-11.

A New Home for Theresa. *By Betty Baum. Illustrated by James Barkley. Knopf.* 182 *pp.* $3.95. The darker your skin, the dumber you were, Theresa was convinced. Who would want her for a foster child? The Chintons did, but she was sure they wouldn't keep her, kind as they were; she was shy, her school work was poor, and living in an integrated community made her uneasy after the homogeneity of Harlem. Mr. Chinton argued that black and white people should work together, but his wife was adamantly opposed to it, and at first Theresa was silent about the fact that she had made some white friends at school. A crisis situation between white and Negro children brings Theresa and her foster mother to a new appreciation of integrated community efforts—the only specious note in an otherwise honest and believable story, in which the racial attitudes reflect a natural range, and in which Theresa's adjustment to a new environment is a measured and logical development. Ages 9-12.

Journey Into Jazz. *By Nat Hentoff. Illustrated by David Stone Martin. Coward-McCann.* 48 *pp.* $4.50. When he was a very little boy, Peter Parker learned to play the trumpet. "Music is being made—do not enter," said the sign on his bedroom door, and on the other side of the door Peter practiced. One day he heard a group nearby playing jazz and went over to join them. He was awful: although he could read any music printed, he couldn't play jazz. "Look, kid," the tenor sax man told him, "you know your way around that horn all right, but you don't know jazz. When you do, come back again." In Peter's efforts to retrain himself musically, the author conveys with succinct clarity the essence of the unique qualities of jazz—the freedom, the emotion, the identification, the style. Originally written as part of a musical work, the story translates most successfully into book form, its crisp and vigorous style abetted by the strong, clean

—*From "The Wicked Pigeon Ladies in the Garden."*

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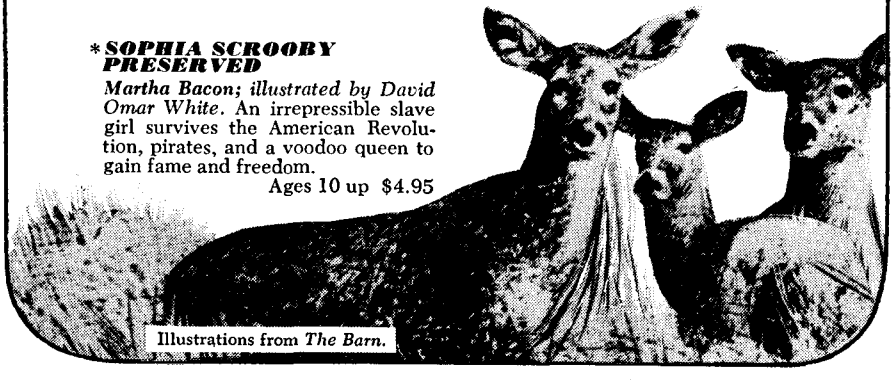

Illustrations from *The Barn.*

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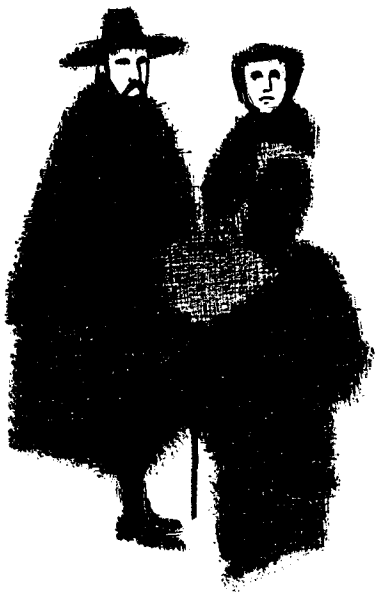
lines and bright, clear colors of the illustrations. *Journey Into Jazz* looks almost like a picture book and can be read aloud to younger children, but it is primarily for ages 9-12.

The Wicked Pigeon Ladies in the Garden. *By Mary Chase. Illustrated by Don Bolognese. Knopf.* 115 *pp.* $3.95. Nobody could dispute the fact that Maureen was a handful. She was disobedient, hostile to her schoolmates, "a shouter, a loud laugher, a trickster, and a stay-after-schooler." She was absolutely forbidden to go near the old, abandoned Messerman house—so of course she did. And that was how she met the pigeon ladies, who had lived many years ago as the seven Messerman daughters, each a match for Maureen's behavior. In a deft, sophisticated fantasy Maureen goes back in time to meet the seven sisters who can turn themselves into pigeons and fly into the present to plague their victim. The story borders on the macabre but is enough lightened by caustic humor and the occasional interventions of a loquacious leprechaun to be more funny than frightening. Ages 9-12.

Looking at Sculpture. *By Roberta M. Paine. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* 128 *pp.* $4.95. In a handsome book profusely illustrated with fully captioned photographs that range from Egyptian statues to contemporary mobiles, the senior lecturer at the Metropolitan Museum of Art introduces the varied forms and media of the sculptor's art. Roberta Paine discusses sculpture in the round, constructions, and sculpture in relief; she explains the relation of material to design, and provides clear examples of the range of artistic interpretation of a theme. Appended are a glossary of terms, a section of biographical notes, and an index to the sculptures, most of which are from the Metropolitan Museum. The book is a treasure. Ages 9 up.

The Scroobious Pip. *By Edward Lear. Completed by Ogden Nash. Illustrated by Nancy Ekholm Burkert. Harper & Row.* 25 *pp.* $3.95. "For as yet we can't make out in the least/If you're fish or insect, or bird or beast." Each of the four groups of fauna, after a private colloquy, approaches the Pip, whose only answer is, "Flippety chip! Chippety flip! My only name is the Scroobious Pip!" The Pip, whose image is based on a sketch by Lear, has a bird's beak, feathery antennae, a splendidly fishy tail, gossamer wings, dainty hooves, and a very human pot belly. Managing somehow to look like a charming old gentleman, faintly Dickensian, he stands serene among the creatures of the earth as they, finally accepting him, leap and fly in a riotous triumphal procession. The unfinished poem, found among Lear's papers, was completed by Nash, whose additions are bracketed in the text. The soft graceful creatures are drawn with precision in infinitely detailed and marvelously intricate pictures of rare beauty. Ages 9 up.

The Children of the House. *By Brian Fairfax-Lucy and Philippa Pearce. Illustrated by John Sergeant. Lippincott.* 190 *pp.* $3.95. The house in which the children lived—or were tolerated—had been inherited by their mother, Lady Hatton, and was despised by



—*From "The Quakers."*

their father, who had acquired the expensive property along with his well-bred wife. United against the parents, from whom they received little affection, the four children of the great house depended on each other and the servants for their pleasure and their security. Set in the years before World War I, this skillfully written novel brings to life the atmosphere of the English country home, with below-stairs sympathy for children whose lives are run by a martinet. The adventures of the small Hattons within their private world are tinged with affectionate humor. Ages 10-12.

The New Tenants. *By Margaret MacPherson. Illustrated by Shirley Hughes. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 254 *pp.* $3.95. Her mother grumbled about leaving Glasgow, but Liz Shearer's father was eager and confident about becoming a farmer on the croft he had inherited on the Isle of Skye. It took some time before Liz was accepted by the local children, and even longer before her father was convinced that she was right in suspecting a covetous neighbor of trying to oust them and take over the property. Margaret MacPherson's books are always highly evocative; the beautiful country, the sturdy crofters, and the flavorful speech are vivid and alive. Here the added attractions are an element of mounting suspense and some memorable schoolroom scenes. Ages 10-12.

The Quakers: The Religious Society of Friends. *Written and illustrated by Kathleen Elgin. McKay.* 96 *pp.* $3.95. The dignity and simplicity of the strong black-and-white pictures and the book's careful layout reflect the quiet strength of the Society of Friends. The author describes the beginnings of the Quaker movement, its long participation in the battle for Negro freedom and civil rights, and the work of the American Friends Service Committee. Especially useful in the study of comparative religion is the section that describes the Quaker creed, the marriage ceremony, the Meeting, and the position of Friends on such subjects as divorce, oath-taking, war, et cetera. Ages 10-13.

Edge of Two Worlds. *By Weyman Jones. Illustrated by J. C. Kocsis. Dial.* 143 *pp.*

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$3.95. Calvin's world was white, and if he had feared Indians before, he had even more reason now as the only survivor of a Comanche raid. When he encountered an elderly Cherokee, Calvin expected death or slavery, not a traveling companion; he found that old Sequoyah was as nervous about white men as he was about Indians. By the time they came to part, Calvin had learned that his friend Sequoyah, who was half-white, felt "on the edge of two worlds. And where two worlds meet, they make a lonely place." A sequel to *The Talking Leaf* (Dial, $3.25), the true story of Sequoyah's development of a written language for his people, *Edge of Two Worlds* has the same warmth and dignity of the earlier book, the same taut construction and flowing style. Ages 10-13.

For Older Boys and Girls

The House of Dies Drear. *By Virginia Hamilton. Illustrated by Eros Keith. Macmillan.* 246 *pp.* $4.95. Thomas knew there was going to be something peculiar about their new house. His father had told him it had been a station on the Underground Railroad and that the owner and two slaves had been murdered, but he refused to tell what had happened to the third slave. Who was the strange old caretaker, who seemed to want to frighten the family away? The answer to the mystery comes in a startlingly dramatic dénouement that is pure theater. This is gifted writing; the characterization is unforgettable, the plot imbued with mounting tension. It is in a way irrelevant that the principals are black, for the haunting story and the author's craftsmanship are paramount, but, in a deeper sense, that this kind of book has been written about Negroes is of tremendous importance. Not a problem novel, *The House of Dies Drear* is memorable literature that gives dignity to black heritage. Ages 11-13.

Masha. *By Mara Kay. Illustrated with photographs. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* 320 *pp.* $4.95. Masha knew that she had been sent away to school because it was the only way she could get an education; her widowed mother was too poor to provide it. There was little enough opportunity for girls in Russia in 1815, but the Smolni Institute for Noble Girls, founded by Catherine the Great, provided scholarships for children of war casualties. The book follows Masha through the nine long years of life at Smolni, where the standards of conduct were as rigorous as the curriculum, and where a shy country child had to cope with terrifying visits from the Royal Family, snobbish schoolmates, stern teachers, and complete separation from family and the outside world. The story is saturated with small episodes about dormitory pranks and schoolgirl rivalries, but the characterization is deft and the period details and the setting are interesting. Ages 11-13.

The Dream Watcher. *By Barbara Wersba. Atheneum.* 171 *pp.* $3.95. Everything was wrong with Albert, and he knew it. He had no friends, his school performance was shoddy, his parents were disappointed in him, and he liked all the wrong things—Shakespeare, gardening, collecting recipes, and foreign plays. He was a misfit. It wasn't until he met Mrs. Woodfin that Albert found a friend who thought he was an interesting and important human being. In this odd and touching companionship between an adolescent boy and an eccentric and engaging old woman, there is a singular charm; they complement and comfort each other so that Albert for the first time feels confidence in the future and in his nonconformity. Albert tells his story candidly, giving a searing picture of his ambitious, petty, nagging mother and a pathetic one of his frustrated, henpecked father. An unusual and perceptive book. Ages 11-13.

The Fledgling. *By John Tomerlin. Dutton.* 188 *pp.* $3.95. Richard Newman's brother had been killed in an accident, and his overprotective mother was afraid to let the boy do anything that might expose him to danger. Secretly he was taking flying lessons, and part of his joy in flight was the escape from the strictures put on him by his parents. Only when Richard brings in a plane whose pilot has had a heart attack does his mother fully accept his choice of career and his independence. Although the relationship between mother and son is not quite convincing, the book is otherwise capably written, and the information about flight training is smoothly incorporated into the story, which has a little love interest, an abundance of action, and an element of titillating risk. Ages 11-14.

We Alcotts. *By Aileen Fisher and Olive Rabe. Atheneum.* 278 *pp.* $4.95. "He was moderate, I impetuous. He was modest and humble, I forward and arbitrary. He was poor, but we were both industrious." Thus wrote Abba May, a Boston gentlewoman who was captivated by Bronson Alcott's charm and who, through the long years of their financial woes and intellectual plenty, continued to think her husband a genius, even when his impractical ideas reduced the family to a cottage where there was little beyond love. The book is imbued with the appropriately decorous attitudes of the nine-

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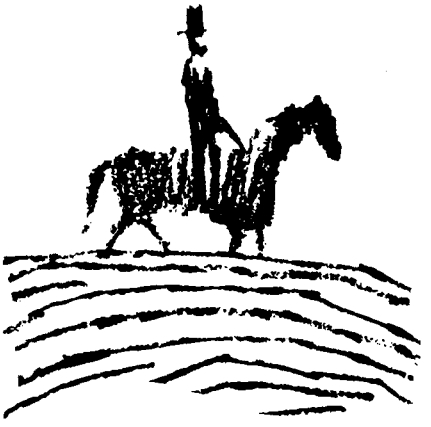

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teenth century, liberally sprinkled with anecdotes about Louisa, and given vigorous added interest because of the Alcotts' passionate concern about abolition of slavery, permissive educational methods, and the intellectual and literary movements of the times. Could any Alcott lover resist? Ages 11-14.

Tear Down the Walls! A History of the American Civil Rights Movement. *By Dorothy Sterling. Doubleday.* 259 *pp.* $4.95. As was to be expected, there have been many books for young people about the fight for black equality. It is gratifying to report that here is yet another very good one, covering much of the same ground as does Robert Goldston's *The Negro Revolution* (*SR*, Aug. 24) but with more material about recent developments in the civil rights movement. Informative, incisive, and comprehensive, the book gives a vivid account of the long struggle and its warriors and heroes. Ages 12-15.

Lost Threshold. *By Thomas Gerald Wheeler. Phillips.* 189 *pp.* $4.95. The sedate and almost old-fashioned style of this highly romantic adventure story has a quaint appeal that is reminiscent of the old novels yellowing in a farmhouse parlor. James MacGregor, searching for a father who has disappeared, finds his way into another world, a world where the inhabitants are ruled by a master race who take people's gold in exchange for trivial commodities. James leads a rebellion against the masters, becomes a hero, and returns to his own world with a bride. Not a humorous book, this has moments of humor; not a didactic book, it has an underlying adherence to ethical concepts of individual dignity and human rights. Primarily, however, *Lost Threshold* is enjoyable as a tale of derring-do. Ages 12-15.

Tuned Out. *By Maia Wojciechowska. Harper & Row.* 125 *pp.* $3.50. Sixteen-year-old Jim makes no bones about it: he has always idolized his older brother, he's been lonely with Kevin away at college, and he's planned a summer of sightseeing, tennis, and talk. But Kevin has changed, and Jim is horrified to learn that his brother has been taking LSD and marijuana; after he tries the latter, Jim is all the more determined that he must make Kevin quit. Candid and piercing, *Tuned Out* has great impact despite its purposiveness. The boy's parents have no idea of what's going on until Kevin is taken to a hospital after Jim, alone with his brother, has witnessed the agony of a bad trip. Perceptively reflecting the groping and the disillusionment of so many of today's young, the book is written with conviction and compassion. Ages 12-16.

Rex. *By Joyce Stranger. Viking.* 218 *pp.* $4.95. Born in the open spaces of the Cumberland fells, the pup is like a wild animal when he is caught by old Ned. The dog, suspicious and snarling, resists everybody but five-year-old Johnny, who immediately announces that this is going to be his dog, Rex. Johnny's mother, a lonely and bitterly unhappy woman, dislikes Rex but finally accepts him when the boy is lost and the dog finds him. In essence, this is a formula plot, but the author works a small miracle with it: the descriptions of animals are sympa-

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thetic without being mawkish, Johnny is endearing, and the adult characters are drawn with sharp fidelity and a keen ear for the inflections of country speech. Ages 12 up.

Langston Hughes: A Biography. *By Milton Meltzer. Crowell.* 281 *pp.* $4.50. Langston Hughes was more than just a writer, more than just a Negro pioneer; he was a voice of the common man, and his biographer has done him ample justice in a stirring book. As is every black man's, Hughes's life was permeated with barriers, but he rose above them. As are few men's, Hughes's life was filled with movement and drama—a year in Paris, a trip through Russia with Arthur Koestler, six months as a war correspondent during the Spanish Civil War, and a lifelong love affair with the theater. Poems, plays, short stories, novels, histories, anthologies, translations and books for children are listed in a bibliography; what more can one say of a biographer than that he makes the reader want to read every one? Ages 12 up.

Shades of Difference. *By Constance Bartusis. St. Martin's.* 180 *pp.* $4.25. In the last few years there have been many books indeed about relations between black people and white, but none has sounded exactly this note: there may lurk a hidden prejudice in the mind of one who considers himself a champion of social integration. Such a protestant is Greg, a high school boy whose growing friendship with a Negro lad he has met while working at a recreation center is resented by his friends and approved by his father. Greg's girl tries to be neutral, but she is anxious to keep the approval of their circle, and Greg finds himself a social dropout. After all this, he is stunned by his own reaction when a white girl at the center introduces her Negro fiancé—and Greg realizes that there are deeper layers of prejudice and more time needed than he'd thought. No pat ending here, but a sober look at the fact, as pointed out by Greg's father, that moving against the comfortable stream of conformity takes practice as well as courage. Ages 13-15.

What It's All About. *By Vadim Frolov. Translated by Joseph Barnes. Doubleday.* 254 *pp.* $3.95. Sasha could sense that something was wrong, but his father was evasive about why mother was away on tour so long, and so were the family friends with whom his younger sister was staying. In the most cruel way possible, he learned the truth when one of his classmates maliciously blurted out the fact that Sasha's mother had gone off with another man. Unable to understand his father's acceptance, he secretly trailed his mother and her fellow-actor until, seeing them together, the boy realized with defeat that his mother was so deeply in love that she could not return. Thoroughly contemporary, the novel has the elemental force of Greek tragedy, poignant and inevitable. Sasha has a universal quality, and his conflict between loyalty and resentment is as convincing as his first tender love affair. Ages 13-16.

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change anything?" is Eric's viewpoint, but not Jeremy's. He's bugged in every way: powerless, at war with his father and contemptuous of parental standards, bitterly aware that he is accomplishing nothing, worried about the draft and even more worried about having the courage of his conviction that the draft is wrong. With remarkable insight, Hentoff sees both the abrasion between father and son, and the absolutely comprehensible position of each of them; their dialogue painfully reflects the pattern of all familial conflict. Just as natural are the conversations between Jeremy and his friends: the groping, the teasing, the thoughtful analyses, the crudeness, and the quick, youthful shifts from one to the other of them. Ages 13 up.

The Negro Revolution. *By Robert Goldston. Macmillan.* 247 *pp.* $4.95. This is a really excellent history of Black America from the earliest days of the slave trade to Negro participation in the 1967 protest against the war in Vietnam. The author examines not only immediate causes and effects, but the secondary factors, the specious arguments that masked ulterior motives, the economic basis of attitudes and actions, and the many little-known contributions that the American Negro has made to the progress or protection of his country. A lengthy bibliography and a good index add to the book's usefulness. Ages 13 up.

For Young Adults

Leopards in the Garden. *By Nathaniel Burt. Little, Brown.* 306 *pp.* $5.95. Nobody will believe him, but Howie has seen a leopard in the garden, a sinuous beast twitching its tail silently in the somnolent heat of a Riviera day. The leopard, which has escaped from a circus, gives all the Carruthers children a delicious fright, but they are unaware of the real menace to their peaceful vacation—Uncle Dick. Dick is young, handsome, dashing, and glamorous; of all the children, adolescent Ronnie is most fascinated by him, and Dick responds. With growing uneasiness, the family becomes aware that the relationship is not a normal one, and the summer ends with a violent disruption. The story is told by Howie in retrospect, and it is through his childish reactions that the reader first senses a discomfort that moves inexorably toward despair. Interspersed are some most engrossing scenes of sustained imaginative play: Howie and his sister have a fantasy kingdom in which there are great dramatic events, romances, and battles. Deftly interwoven, yet complete in themselves, they serve as a counterpoint to the heavier theme.

SF 12. *Edited by Judith Merril. Delacorte.* 384 *pp.* $5.95. This is one of the best of the annual anthologies that Merril has edited, her cogent and informative notes on the authors adding to the pleasure of reading fresh and inventive science fiction. There's less of the galactic adventure here than in most anthologies, but a good number of other-life forms and some off-beat humor. Several of the authors are as venerable in the genre as Fritz Leiber; others, like John Updike and Hortense Calisher,

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LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 H (Arnold, Turgenev), 2 I (Auchincloss, Rostand), 3 F (Stevenson, Moliere), 4 J (Golding, Thoreau), 5 L (Heggen, Trollope), 6 K (Shelley, Snow), 7 A (De Quincey, James), 8 B (Richardson, Beaumarchais), 9 D (Hersey, Chesterton), 10 E (Meredith, Miller), 11 C (Boswell, Caldwell), 12 G (Pasternak, Conrad).

The Little Drummer Boy leads the parade of new fall books

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Red Guard

Continued from page 53

politician, agitator, military leader, legislator, philosopher, poet, economic organizer, and so on." He holds that the cult of Mao has taken on "the coloring of primitive and peasant religious feeling," which manifests "a profound yearning for an enduring order." He sees no contradiction between that felt need for stability and order and Mao's preaching of permanent revolution: "a permanent revolution becomes something canonical, stable, habitual, and, in fact, permanent."

Moravia thus finds the Cultural Revolution good. Probably the adjective he most frequently uses in that connection is "religious." The Revolution is also "puritanical." The Red Guard movement is equated with the Children's Crusade. The reader is led to think that the people are proud of their poverty—"A unique kind of poverty, not just self-satisfied, but demonstrative and didactic as well . . . " Moravia encountered other elements: hatred for China's past, narrow-minded dogma respecting the present, public passivity at the sight of outwardly passion-filled demonstrations; but he did not permit such aberrations to deflect his original judgment.

It is when he is halfway through the book that the author asks, "What is it all about?" He offers two hypotheses: 1) the Cultural Revolution is the prelude, "perhaps unconscious," to war "against" the United States; 2) it is basically a sort of cultural Great Wall within which China desires to enclose itself. Moravia favors the second: "the Cultural Revolution seems to be chiefly an operation designed to establish once for all a final orthodoxy."

In his reference to the design to establish Maoism as the final orthodoxy, Moravia touches indeed upon one of the elements present in the beginnings of the Cultural Revolution, but he leaves out of account the subsequent developments by virtue of which this latest of Mao's many mass movements became converted into a violent factional struggle for power within the Chinese Communist Party, thanks to Mao's determination to crush the opposition of Communist "Old Comrades." Peasant spontaneity is not in fact a governing force in China today; nor are the pragmatic Chinese reconciled to carrying on an existence limited to bare necessities and The Thought of Mao Tse-tung. Mao's so-called Cultural Revolution is not a religious crusade, nor has it brought a utopia into being. It has degenerated into crass dog-eat-dog power politics and has wrecked much of Mao's own earlier handiwork. It has thus outdistanced the author and left him far behind.

There is, of course, more to the book than this. Where Moravia sticks to straight reporting of his experiences in that country where foreign travelers are few, his account is entertaining and sometimes illuminating. His mistake was in endeavoring to set forth the over-all meaning of the relatively little he was permitted to see. Contemporary China, with all its complexities, assuredly invites the interpretations of new Marco Polos. But it is well to remember that Marco Polo's account was based upon the experience gained in the course of seventeen years in China, and even so he was occasionally in error.

WWI: Next week marks the fiftieth anniversary of what we once called Armistice Day—November 11, 1918—and the event is memorialized by at least two books relating in different ways to the story of the Great War. If by-lines meant much, George Panichas's fat volume of 572 pages—*Promise of Greatness: The War of 1914-1918* (John Day, $12)—would be the finest work ever compiled about World War I. Contributors include Robert Graves, R. C. Sherriff, R. H. Mottram, Frederick Pottle, Compton Mackenzie, Alec Waugh, and at least three dozen other contemporaries. The book is, however, useful largely as a source. The reason for this, I think, is quite simple: most of these views of the Great War are done in the first person and, to be brutally candid about it, nothing is as dull as a man's routine account of where he was and what he did half a century ago in his tiny square of a perfectly enormous and tragic mosaic. Only rarely do first-person accounts make good history reading.

The War to End All Wars, by Edward M. Coffman (Oxford, $8.50), relates the American military experience in the First World War, which is more what history buffs have come to expect, though the narration is so simply factual it lacks the color that stamps the very best re-creations of military events, such as Barbara Tuchman's superb *Guns of August* or Bruce Catton's intensely felt and beautifully written Civil War books. Just the same, Mr. Coffman's play-by-play of America's belated entry into the European battlefield, subsequent snubbing by the French and British, and eventual heroism in the summer and fall of 1918 remind us once again how stupendous was the cataclysm of the Great War and how comparatively little the Yanks had to do with winning it, in spite of the bravura.

—Richard L. Tobin.

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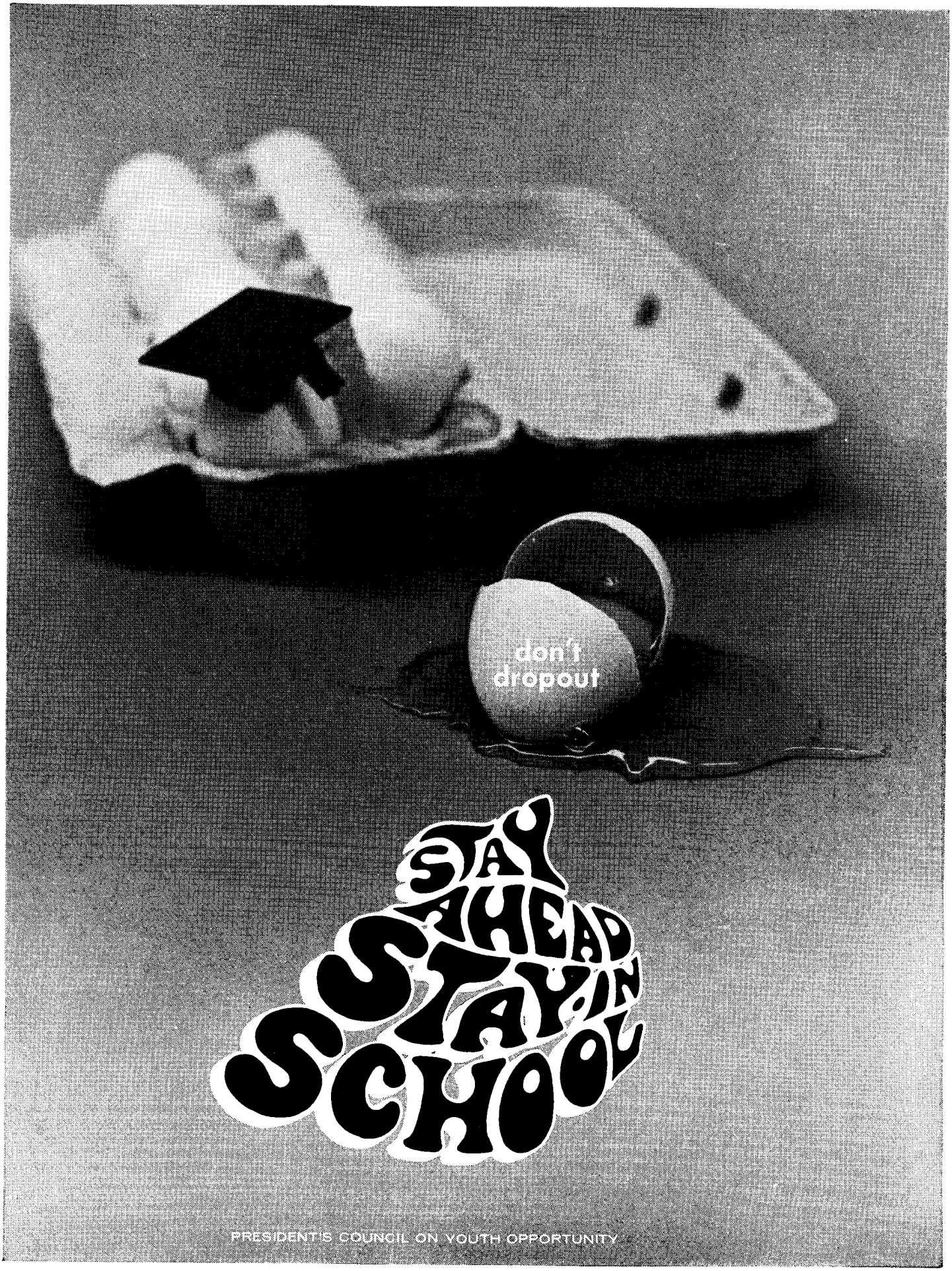

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Travel

Continued from page 61

has not been deified. Rather, in keeping with Theravada Buddhism, they were praising him and hoping they might achieve the Ten Great Virtues he extolled. Many of the ubiquitous images which serve to focus concentration on personal salvation, are gifts to the pagodas from Burmese seeking merit thereby in the hereafter. The guide bought a thin square of gold foil and painstakingly pasted it over the heart of one of the large Buddhas, which, like the Shwedagon, are kept aureate by such modest investments in afterlife elevation.

We paused at the Sunday shrine, the Monday shrine, the Tuesday shrine, before which incense was burning and those born on the respective days were tendering oblations. "I want to go to the Friday shrine," I said to the guide. "That's my day." He handed me one of the lotuses and explained: "You must put the flower between your palms, and say three times to the Lord Buddha, 'I have performed a charitable act.' Then you may make a wish and place the lotus on the altar." I know I should have appealed for rectitude but, haunted by that morning's surprised comment at the airline office—"You're going to Upper Burma *alone*?"—I just muttered, "I hope that everything turns out okay."

Shortly after my return to the hotel, a Burmese intellectual to whom I had an introduction dropped by. Attired in an open-throat white jersey and refreshed from a swim, he ordered a beer, as did I. "Now tell me about Burma," I said. "Why is it so difficult to get in and what is this 'Lanzin Way Through Socialism to Affluence' that I've been reading about?"

"Lanzin means the Burmese way," he said. "How's it doing?" I asked.

"Well. . . . There's a lot to be done. Except for the rice fields, all industry has been nationalized, but not enough people are trained yet to run it. Transportation is completely bogged down. The farmers are supposed to sell their paddy to the State but they can make more on the black market. Result: within a year, a 400 per cent increase in the price of rice."

A waiter was serving my beer, but he continued to speak freely. "There's a tremendous shortage of machinery and other manufactured products. Very, very little is imported. Production is at a standstill."

"Why doesn't Burma accept more foreign aid?" I asked. "The Burmese," he replied, "are afraid of getting trapped in the Cold War. The Colombo Plan Conference is the only foreign alliance our government will have anything to do with. It—as you know—is composed of twenty-four nations who exchange technical assistance." I hadn't known.

"The Burmese," he said, "are determined to go it alone. The country—obviously—is in a state of transition, and that is General Ne Win's excuse for keeping out foreigners. 'When you're doing spring cleaning,' he says, 'you don't invite in the neighbors.' "

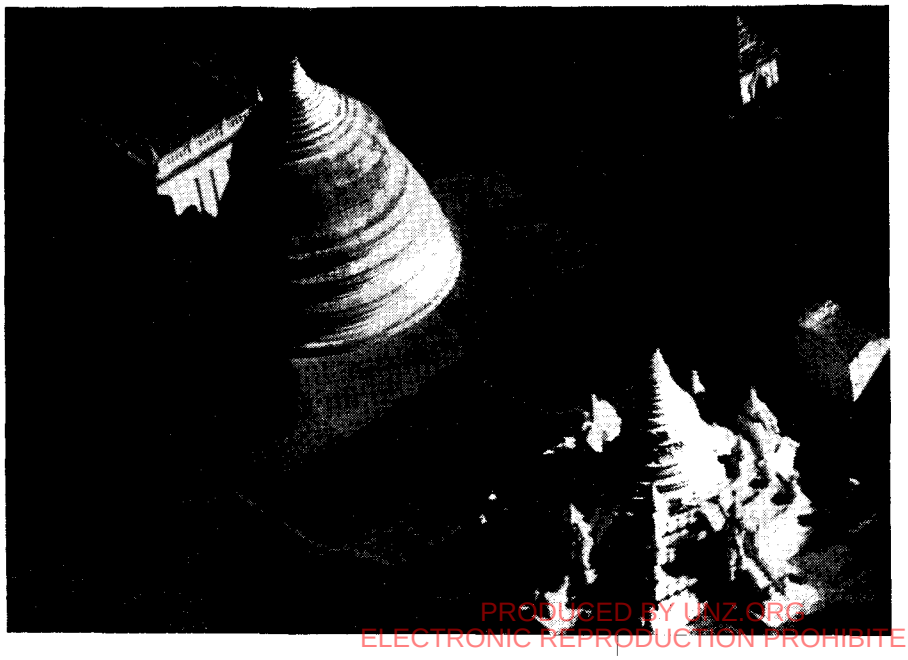
"Say," I observed, "you never got your drink. My guest," I reminded the waiter, "has been waiting an awfully long time."

"I am sorry," he said, "but we cannot serve anyone who is not wearing a tie."

My young companion laughed. "Now you're seeing the Lanzin way to socialism." —ROCHELLE GIRSON.

This is the first of two articles on Burma by Rochelle Girson, Book Review Editor of SR and author of "Maiden Voyages: A Lively Guide for the Woman Traveler."

Burma from above—"like white upturned ice-cream cones clustered about a large golden pear."



Editorial

Continued from page 26

its foundation and props to its full design.

The question is not now, any more than it has ever been, one of the absolute versus the relative in the operation of a society. The question is still one of balance—how to pursue and locate the governing principle; how best to fit the pieces together and make them work. Again, it is a process that cannot be detached from history.

In this sense, many young people are vulnerable to criticism in their approach to peace. They inveigh against war and its evils. They demonstrate for peace. But few of them have pursued the historical requirements of peace. They have not matched their ardor for peace with strong commitments to the things that made peace possible. They have not seen the connection between strong world organization and the control of the causes of war. They have argued against the manufacture of weapons of mass destruction, but they have not pressed for the development of effective and enforceable mechanisms of disarmament and control. They call for amity among nations, but they have not advocated or worked for a strengthened United Nations as a prime means of bringing this about. They want a larger measure of social justice, but they have yet to see fully the connection between a world arms race and the dislocation of social programs at home. In short, they have not really attached their intelligence and passions to the cause of world peace under law.

It is on these grounds that many of the young people of this country can be faulted. Condemning them because of appearances and other superficialities only widens the gap. The young of this country will welcome a confrontation and respect their elders all the more when we have something serious to say.

—N.C.

1609

By Ernest Kroll

THAT year when
the bell-rope
rang over
Santa Fe
the shackling
iron bell
of Spain,
a man in
Pisa set
lens on lens
against a
star and knocked
one shackle
from the brain.

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BOLLA CAN'T CONVINCE EVERYBODY THAT ITALIAN WINE GOES WITH COQ AU VIN.

Bolla knows that some people will never change their ways. That's what makes the world go round. But there are people who continually search out the new, and thereby enjoy life just a little bit more. You've simply got to have an open mind about most things—and this includes wine.

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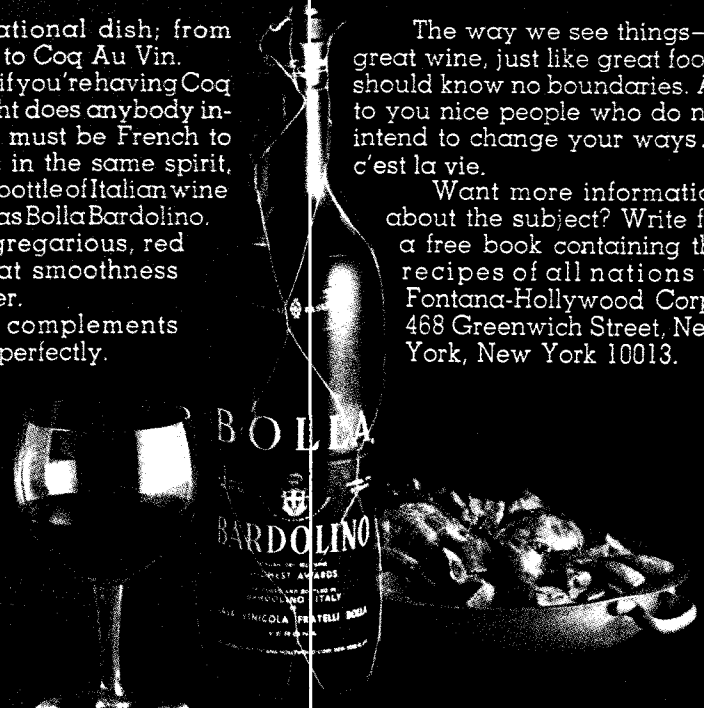
Indeed, if you're having Coq Au Vin tonight does anybody insist that you must be French to enjoy it? So, in the same spirit, why not try a bottle of Italian wine with it? Such as Bolla Bardolino. It's a light, gregarious, red wine of great smoothness and character.

And it complements Coq Au Vin perfectly.

The way we see things—a great wine, just like great food, should know no boundaries. As to you nice people who do not intend to change your ways... c'est la vie.

Want more information about the subject? Write for a free book containing the recipes of all nations to Fontana-Hollywood Corp., 468 Greenwich Street, New York, New York 10013.



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COMMUNICATIONS

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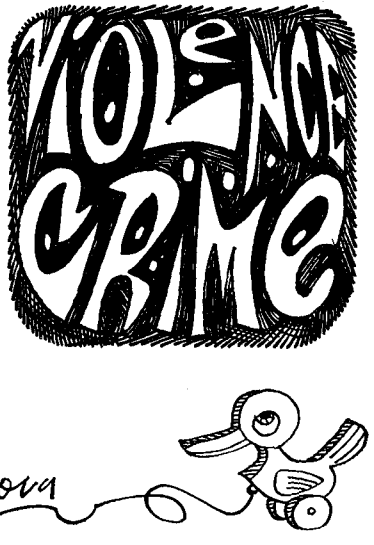

More Violent Than Ever

DOES the massive dose of television violence, the glorification of drug usage, of promiscuity and cruelty damage the young? Should the communication media be censored for emphasizing violent news when there is a desperate need to balance the devastating effects of bad news with good? Is it simply a coincidence that violence is geometrically greater in lower-class neighborhoods where a third of a child's waking day is spent before the ever-violent TV set?

A psychologist recently said so at the Hotel Biltmore in New York to a forum sponsored by the Center of American Living, Inc., in which more than 150 representatives of civic, educational, and religious organizations participated. The psychologist, Dr. Herbert A. Otto, research director of the Stone Foundation, a nonprofit organization devoted to the development of human potential, was emphatic that the traditional American news format not only is behind the times, but has a pervasive effect on people's feelings about the world in which they live and about themselves. Dr. Otto assailed press media for emphasizing bad news, saying there was now more than ever a desperate need to balance it with good. He went on: "The widely prevalent concept of what constitutes news is a narrow, destructive concept—a sick concept, destructive to society as a whole. The news format in all our media is, in general, inimical or opposed to the development of human potential." He suggested that press, radio, and TV give more space and time to exciting discoveries in the behavioral sciences, innovations, and technical discoveries, more positive and fewer negative things that people do, greater coverage of nonviolent events, particularly in cultural fields.

A Jesuit leader, Rev. Morton A. Hill, said of the present preoccupation with bad news in the mass media: "The American mind, particularly the young American mind, today is being fed massive diets of violence, of the glorification of drug usage, of perverted and promiscuous sex. And all of this must have an effect, if not immediate most certainly cumulative." Father Hill believes the answer lies "in media which will be guided by four laws: truth, taste, inspiration, and love, which are actually the philosophical basis of all obscenity law."

We have felt for a long time now, and said so in these pages, that the pervasiveness of violence on TV and in the press could not help having a deleterious emotional effect upon a whole generation of youngsters being moved further and further away from the gentle and the reasonable. We have felt, and said so here, that even more important than emphasis on violence in news broadcasts has been violence on television generally, particularly in the entertainment programing. The new fall schedules have done nothing, moreover, to alleviate our fears. Staff members of the *Christian Science Monitor* watched seventy-five hours of evening programs during the first week of the new 1968-69 TV season and during that time recorded 254 incidents of violence, including threats, and seventy-one murders, suicides, and killings. John Dillin, reporting in the *Monitor* on this important survey, led off his piece with the following judgment based on the survey facts: "Television networks, gunning for top ratings, blasted their way into the new fall season in the United States with another long list of violent programs. A one-week survey of prime-time shows found

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that the diet of mayhem offered the American public is just about as grisly as ever, despite promises of improvement following last June's assassination of Senator Robert F. Kennedy."

The National Broadcasting Company was the leader of violence during the *Monitor's* survey period with 106 violent incidents during its evening programing, or one violent incident every fourteen minutes. The NBC network featured thirty-two killings, or an average of one killing every forty-five minutes. During the seven-day period, NBC displayed more incidents of violence than either of the other two major networks, though ABC was not far behind with ninety-four violent incidents, nineteen killings, and one suicide. In the previous survey, ABC had been the leader. CBS, as in the earlier survey, programed less violence than the other networks, though some of its most violent programs (fifty-four violent incidents and twenty killings) came during the early evening hours when many children watch TV.

Just the other day in Washington, Joseph T. Klapper, of the research department of CBS, told the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence that the belief that TV violence stimulates real violence is not supported by any evidence he has been able to find, and he doubts that there is much connection between the two. Yet, at the same hearing, another witness reported that adults in low-income homes watch TV for more than five hours each and every day, and for low-income black Americans, this figure is closer to six hours every day.

Is there any link between what the American people read in their newspapers and see on their TV screens and the gradual but quite clearly perceptive decay in the moral fabric of the country at every level? Should the media of communication foreswear the obvious emphasis on bad news that now saturates front pages and broadcasts? Would removal of much of the violence in TV entertainment reduce human violence in the next generation? We feel that the answer to all of the above queries has to be in the affirmative, that the connection is real, despite network denials, between violence on the screen and violence in the streets. And we are heartsick to have to report the *Monitor's* devastating survey of the new TV program season, which seems to say to us all that despite our recent national griefs, John F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King, and Robert F. Kennedy were murdered in a country that still thinks little or nothing of observing the same fate for any human being now alive on this earth and where the TV industry couldn't care less about its patent public responsibilities, so long as the ratings stand up.

R. L. T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Our Antique Postal Service

RLT's EDITORIAL, "Heading Off the Postal Disaster" [*SR*, Oct. 12], was very good. Indeed, the service performed by this ancient and moribund federal activity becomes less and less suitable for the efficient operation of today's business. Speed is absolutely mandatory in almost every field of endeavor these days. This element is noticeably lacking in the movement of the mails. Immense sums of money are being spent on postal transportation services between cities. However, recovery, sorting, and other terminal functions continue to be paced pretty much as they were twenty years ago.

SR and other magazines should take a position of positive attitude toward the ultimate modernization of the Post Office on a continuing basis. One article on the subject in the middle of October will not stimulate Congress to act in March. Nor will this editorial fire the soul of the public to demand that the Congress do something about the Post Office along the lines recommended by the Kappel committee, unless it is reinforced with other articles at key times during the legislative year.

Your industry and the entire country stand to lose quite a bit if the Post Office is not updated. Your printed page is one of the finest forums I know of to educate and inform the public on the needs for improved postal service *now*.

WILLIAM A. MATHIS,
Elk Grove Village, Ill.

RLT'S EDITORIAL was a real shocker to an old pro who has devoted over thirty-four years in the postal service as a postal inspector and official of the department in Washington headquarters. Calm your fears about the "disaster that is the United States postal system" and "what can be done to head off complete breakdown."

Anyone familiar with the present condition of the service is aware that mail-handling facilities are inadequate at several large post offices, but that situation can be corrected by the House and Senate Appropriations Committees with additional funds. The greatest danger to the service today is the possibility of wildcat strikes in a few of the largest post offices, which postal labor leaders would be unable to prevent. We had an example of it with the strike of the sanitation employees in New York City.

I have read the report of the President's commission and it has done an excellent job of setting forth how the service operates in many of its manifold functions, but some of their conclusions are unsound. It can be truthfully said that the postal service is a miracle of organization and renders good service to the average patron. We receive our mail promptly, and my wife receives *SR* on time each week. We thoroughly enjoy it.

The commission's statement that fifty Congressmen were interviewed might impress some patrons of the service, but it makes no impression on me. There is only a handful in the House and Senate who have a fair knowledge of the postal service. Out of the fifty interviewed, the opinions of about forty are of no more importance than those heard in post office corridors and employee swingrooms, usually when the moon is full.

I served under Postmasters General Harry S. New, James A. Farley, Frank C. Walker, Robert E. Hannegan, Jesse M. Donaldson, and Arthur E. Summerfield. As a former career employee, Mr. Donaldson was the most knowledgeable. All were fine men and performed to the best of their abilities. However, the Summerfield administration inflicted the coup de grâce on the service. No one ever served as Postmaster General with more sincere desire to improve the service than did Mr. Summerfield. When he assumed office in January 1953, he characterized the service as "archaic; approaching a serious breakdown: creaky from neglect; no modern mail handling equipment; a public-be-damned attitude by procedures that differed very little from those of 1900—mails were sorted by men standing before racks of boxes, the same as it was done before the Civil War," etc. Now, after fifteen years of Summerfield and his successors, another group of medicine men have come out of the woodwork, and their chief, Frederick Kappel, says: "The Post Office is a nineteenth-century operation trying to operate under twentieth-century conditions," etc.

Here we go again—tighten your seat belts!

JOHN J. LEAHEY,
Henryville, Pa.

IT IS ABSURD to let advertising—unasked for and unwelcome—wreck our whole postal system. I receive more mail, probably, than the ordinary person, being secretary of two fraternal orders. Even so, I leave the mail box with my mail and a double-hand-

ful of "Resident" pieces, walk to the back of the house, dump it in the trash can. Since California has a smog problem, our incinerators had to be destroyed, so I pay to have all this junk hauled off. When you add this to "commercial" phone calls—stopping whatever you are doing to hear a sales pitch—I wonder if my home is my castle and what happened to freedom. I am angry!

MRS. GUY WARREN HULL,
La Crescenta, Calif.

Free Press—Another View

IN HIS ARTICLE, "New Look at the First Amendment" [*SR*, Sept. 14], Gilbert Cranberg has totally misapprehended Professor Jerome A. Barron's point. Perhaps this should alert us that the best analyses of what the First Amendment should mean will continue to come from disinterested legal scholars, not from newspapermen. One who could call a judicial interpretation of the First Amendment, which includes

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a "right of access" to the press, "government regulation" obviously has forgotten that it is the courts which have always been the bulwark of free speech in America and which have given the First Amendment its present broad and salutary interpretation.

Professor Barron's point is simply that the First Amendment's guarantee of freedom of the press is for the benefit of all the people, not just for newspaper owners and editors. Professor Barron does not deride the "free marketplace of ideas" concept at all. The "romantic conception" is not that there should be a free marketplace. Rather, it is that such a marketplace can exist in this day of exorbitant operating costs and increasingly centralized control of the communications media without giving some affirmative thrust to the First Amendment's free speech guarantee.

Even for those of us who deplore the recent violence in the streets of Chicago, the reporting of those events and the subsequent refusal by the major networks to allow alternative interpretations went far beyond the acceptable limits of partiality. What could better demonstrate the need for a "right of access"?

Finally, Professor Barron does not argue that the First Amendment should be "interpreted to give courts jurisdiction to tell newspapers what they must print," but only that courts should be able to tell a newspaper that it must, under certain limited conditions, give space to advocates of novel or unpopular ideas or to citizens who have, often through sheer mischance, become the object of press coverage. The courts would not dictate what to print, but would require only that private citizens with no other access to the media must be given an opportunity to use what would otherwise remain, as it largely is today, a monopoly of newspaper editors. When the marketplace of ideas has only a few vendors from which we may choose, then we, all the people, are the losers.

JOSEPH R. LUNDY,
Washington, D.C.

Television's Impact

REGARDING M. L. Stein's and John Tebbel's article in "The Press Under Assault" [*SR*, Oct. 12], TV reporting should not be included in a defense of "the press under assault" without recognizing that TV stations in the United States have an obligation that does not apply to other media. All TV stations are licensed to operate *in the public interest*. A newspaper may print a story and pictures of a black militant raging against all whites and calling for blood, but it does not have the impact of television. Television brings that same militant into American homes via the public-owned airwaves—where his ferocity may arouse both black and white viewers. To select and emphasize for TV reporting actions that incite and inflame the populace is operation against the public interest.

ELIZABETH LIVINGSTON,
National Association for
Better Broadcasting,
Los Angeles, Calif.

PROFESSOR STEIN'S ARTICLE neatly embodies the kind of double-talk that is making the communications media suspect, not only to anti-intellectuals, but to every thinking American as well.

Glib explanations of the cocktail-party Freudian variety cannot change the fact that the news media, with the helpful collaboration of some of the delegates, treated the Democratic convention as if it were a subsidiary of Ringling Brothers. Nor can it be questioned that the candidacy of Senator McCarthy, who has had a singularly undistinguished career as a Senator and who had very little to offer of a substantial nature on any of the country's problems, was in large part a creation of the press. Meanwhile, President Johnson and now Vice President Humphrey have been subjected to unparalleled vituperation.

I personally do not need any columnist, commentator, reporter, or photographer to tell me what to think. In my own faltering way, and on the basis of what evidence I have available, I'll make up my own mind. I could stand fewer of those phrases so loved by *Time*: "A White House aide says"; "It is reasonable to suppose that"; "It is logical." Instead of the plaintive note that the news media have been striking and the outraged refusal to admit any guilt in the face of the fact that there is a tremendous credibility gap between them and the public, might I suggest that you develop an awareness of the obligations that the communications media have. For media, the "right of the people to know" is a responsibility, and a weighty one, if democracy is to survive as a political system.

CHARLES A. WELLS,
Chicago, Ill.

IF PROFESSOR STEIN in his role as a journalism professional, cannot see the faults of news reporting, then he is an excellent example of what is wrong in the field. News media, although they like to believe the myth, do not exist as a means of informing the public of "what happened." The goal of the newspaper, magazine, or television is to sell their services and, in short, to make a profit. *That* statement is *not* a slam at the profit motive either.

News reporting consistently resorts to the use of the descriptive adjective to reflect the personal view of the writer or his particular employer, and the paragraphs, while skirting the fringe of accuracy, are no more factual than if written by Ananias.

Richard Salant views the actions taken against his reporters as anti-news sentiment. He needs to chop a few of the trees in his own front yard to perceive that sometimes individuals can be provoked to rash reaction, and that the blame or cause should be equally divided. I saw both of the political conventions. Rare was the occasion when I felt that TV reporters were interested in giving me news or the "inside" of what takes place among politicians. The impression I received (and apparently one held by many) was that they were trying to create controversy. Unfortunately, the public likes contention, but to measure the amount that goes beyond acceptance puts one in the position of being bitten while trying to feed the beast.

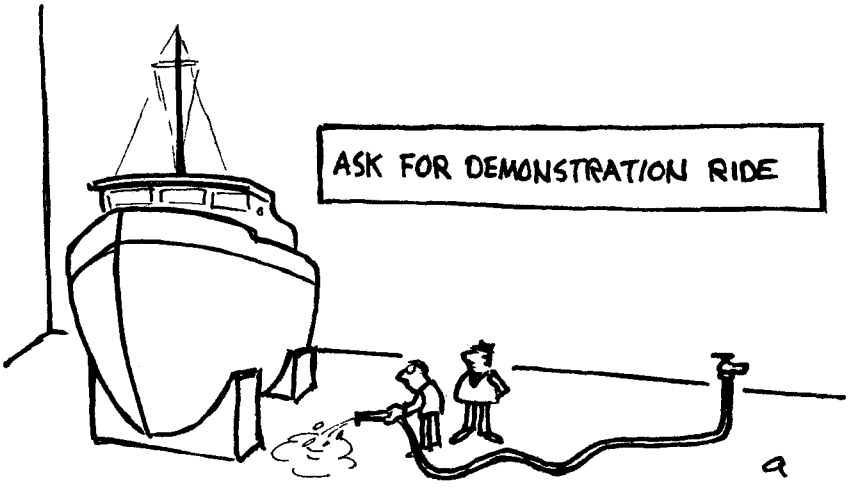
We like to talk about freedom of the press, but in an era of mass communication, there are few spokesmen for responsibility. Several million people in this nation remember the part that the news media played in the last national election. When news is restricted to simple reporting and not interpretation, maybe things will get better. We need the first; the latter should be left to the individual even if he proves Thomas Jefferson was right all along.

ROBERT J. SEABOLT,
Tallahassee, Fla.

Not Always "Perfect" CATV

STUART W. LITTLE'S article, "CATV: The Big Growth Industry in Broadcasting" [*SR*, Oct. 12], seriously ignores one very disturbing aspect of the "cable," *poor reception* in certain areas. For some unknown reason, we do not enjoy "perfect reproduction" nor do we receive "perfect signals" on all channels. After calling in the repairman from the Jefferson Cable Company in Charlottesville and being told on several occasions that this was not a local problem, we have given up in disgust. Granted that we do get nearly perfect reception on most channels, still Washington, D.C.'s WTTG, for example, has *never* come in without interference. It has been argued that this is because of the distance from Charlottesville (120 miles). No wonder "The Big Growth Industry in Broadcasting" fails to impress most of us here. If this is true in other areas throughout the country, CATV's bubble should very soon burst.

RAYMOND J. CORMIER,
Charlottesville, Va.



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Reporting the United Nations

By JOHN TEBBEL

OF ALL the communication gaps presently in existence, and their number seems to be multiplying every day, the one which appears to be growing at the United Nations must be among the most important. The U.N. is beset by troubles, but it remains the best hope for global coexistence. What is said and done there affects all mankind, and so it is essential that the U.N. be interpreted clearly and correctly.

Admittedly, this must be one of the most difficult assignments in the history of communications. There is, to begin with, a wide variety of concepts among the nations about what news is, and how it is to be interpreted. The press of each country more or less faithfully reflects what its government's policy is in this respect. The proceedings themselves are of an incredible complexity. The public sees the dramatic confrontations in the Security Council on television, and these are sometimes not easy for the average citizen to understand. But the correspondents see the daily working of a highly complicated, multilevel bureaucracy whose communications are expressed in the special language of diplomacy, which has been known at times to baffle even diplomats.

The job of unraveling what is done and said is the task of the U.N. press corps. It is typical of the situation at the U.N. that no one knows exactly how many people are in it. There were 218 members of the United Nations Correspondents Association in 1967, but that membership list includes some secretaries and office aides, reporters who have retired or otherwise departed, and an indeterminate number of working newspapermen who choose not to belong to the Association. The office of accreditations and accommodations has more than 1,000 people on its list, but these include, besides the reporters, secretaries, and office aides, all the photographers and the editors who spend only brief moments in the tall glass tower. For example, *The New York Times,* has anywhere from six to ten people accredited to its bureau in any one period, but at least four news executives of the paper have credentials to visit from time to time.

By the best estimate available, there are about 150 newsmen actually working at the U.N. during the period from January to the third week in September (except at times when the Security Council is in session), and about three times that number when the General Assembly is in session, from September to the last week in December. At any time, about fifty or so are working newsmen who file every day. The real press corps constitutes these and the thirty-five or forty who are the news agency bureau chiefs, both foreign and domestic; the network broadcasters; the bureau chiefs of the major American newspapers; and foreign newspapers and radio-TV correspondents.

It is an elite group, numbering in its membership some of the best journalists in the world. Their average age is just under fifty; the Americans are a little older, the foreigners somewhat younger. The youngest is twenty-seven; the oldest, seventy-three. With only a few exceptions, they are college graduates and some have advanced degrees. The average correspondent at the U.N. has spent about twenty-eight years in journalism, and a little more than ten years at the U.N. American correspondents tend to have more experience in both areas.

WHEN these people sit down at the end of a day's work to file their stories, they need all the experience and education at their command, because the documents, speeches, and other printed matter which emerge from the U.N.'s mimeograph machines is a dense maze of language. Often, too, the reporter has sat through hours of debate in which nothing seems to have happened, yet a story must be written. The non-professional is likely to ask, "Why?", and the answer is that something has *always* happened, even if no action has been taken. It is the reporter's job to determine what it was, and where it happened that day in the vast framework of U.N. activity.

Inevitably, misinterpretations occur. Even the best correspondents are subject to error, and suddenly the small part of the public which is aware of what goes on at the U.N. is supplemented by a much larger audience wanting to know who is right and who is wrong. A classic instance occurred in September when Secretary General U Thant became involved in a front-page controversy over whether he had suggested that a specific resolution to end the bombing in Vietnam be offered in the General Assembly. Overnight this assertion, true or false, became a major story because, occurring in the midst of a political campaign, it quickly produced a rebuke from the U.S. representative, George W. Ball, who asserted that the Secretary General's alleged statement would not help the Paris *negotiations.*

But did U Thant, in fact, say what he was reported to have said? The complexity of U.N. reporting was strikingly illustrated by the way in which *The New York Times,* through its veteran correspondent, Drew Middleton, handled the story. Middleton, who succeeded Thomas J. Hamilton as U.N. correspondent in the summer of 1965 when Hamilton was assigned to Bonn, is certainly no stranger to world affairs. Author of six books on the subject, a war correspondent of wide experience, and a former *Times* bureau chief in Germany, the Soviet Union, Great Britain, and France, he could have been expected to bring a maximum of experience and background to his job.

Yet, even before the U Thant controversy, there had been some grumbling at the U.N. on occasion about Middleton's stories. The complaint could be at least partly discounted on the ground that they are normal for any kind of controversial reporting—and the U.N. is nothing if not controversial.

In any case, Middleton told his readers in the *Times* of September 24, 1968, in the lead story on page 1:

> Secretary General Thant said today that if a resolution calling for an end of the bombing of North Vietnam were offered, it would be approved by the majority of the 124 members of the United Nations. Speaking at a news conference, Mr. Thant took the extraordinary step, for a Secretary General, of suggesting a specific resolution. He added, however, that it was not a practical idea because the Vietnam issue is not on the agenda of the 23rd session of the General Assembly, which convenes tomorrow . . .

Was this, however, what really happened at the press conference? Mr. Thant did not think so. Next day, the U.N.'s Office of Public Information issued a "Note To Correspondents," attributed as usual to a "United Nations spokesman," which said:

> The Secretary-General's attention has been drawn to many newspaper

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reports and broadcasts implying or suggesting that the Secretary-General either is encouraging a Member State or Member States, or proposing himself, to inscribe an item on the question of Viet-Nam on the agenda of the twenty-third session of the General Assembly with a view to having a draft resolution on the lines of his statement at the press conference yesterday, being tabled and put to vote. Such imputations or suggestions can come only from someone who either did not attend the press conference or has not read the transcript. It should be evident to anyone who attended the press conference, or who reads the transcript, that the Secretary-General made it clear that this was not a realistic idea in the present circumstances. The Secretary-General wishes it to be clearly understood that he has no intention of proposing himself, nor of suggesting to any delegation, to inscribe an item on Viet-Nam on the agenda of the twenty-third session.

Those who followed the Secretary General's urging to look at the record found in the official transcript of the press conference that, first, U Thant's comment did not come about in answer to a direct question, which no doubt suggested to Middleton and other correspondents that it was in the nature of a trial balloon. The question had been:

"With relation to the United States and Vietnam, you said once again on Thursday, Mr. Secretary General, that the essential first step—and I quote you—'should be taken by the side which is the militarily more powerful and is therefore in a position to show magnanimity.' I ask you, sir, would you also apply that language, with its moral implications, to the Soviet Union's invasion and occupation of Czechoslovakia?"

But the Secretary General, with a diplomat's skill, neatly side-stepped that thorny question and thereby inadvertently got himself into another kind of trouble. "In the case of Vietnam, as you know," he answered, "I have been advocating the cessation of the bombing of North Vietnam for the last three years and more. I have given many reasons, but for the moment I would confine myself to one particular reason; that is, that I have been trying to reflect the collective conscience of the international community on this issue. I believe that the international community is deeply concerned over the war in Vietnam; and I also believe, on the basis of my discussions with Government representatives and even heads of state and heads of government of many countries, that the general feeling among the international community is that essential first steps should be taken—and must be taken—to move the conflict from the battlefield to the conference table.

"Just to put this to the test—of course, this is not a very realistic proposal—I was wondering, at a session of the General Assembly, if a resolution on such lines were to be tabled and put to the vote, it would not receive a majority endorsement. The resolution would be phrased somewhat on these lines: 'The General Assembly, deeply concerned at the war in Vietnam, convinced that essential first steps should be taken to move the conflict from the battlefield to the conference table, so as to lead to meaningful and positive steps towards a peaceful settlement of the problem, requests that the bombing of North Vietnam—that is, the Democratic Republic of Vietnam—should cease.' I was wondering whether, if such a resolution were tabled, it would not receive the majority vote. Of course it is, as I have said, not a very practical proposition, since the item is not before the Assembly and not on the agenda. But what I am trying to explain is that I have been all along trying to reflect the conscience of humanity from this vantage point of the international organization."

THEN U Thant returned briefly to Czechoslovakia and answered the original question by remarking that he did not want "to add anything to what I have been saying in the past." But the damage had been done. It is not possible to determine, since Middleton's interpretation was repeated in so many other media, whether the correspondents agreed afterward on the *Times* interpretation, or whether some or most of the others simply followed the *Times*'s lead, or exactly what mixture of understandings occurred. In any case, if it was not meant to be a trial balloon, the interpretation embarrassed the Secretary General, followed as it was by Ball's rebuke.

As he said in his rebuttal, U Thant *did* make it clear that he was not offering a "realistic idea." It was equally true that he did not say he had any intention of proposing the resolution himself, nor did he directly suggest that any delegation do so. On the other hand, the use of such phrases as "just to put this to the test" and "I was wondering whether, if such a resolution were tabled, it would not receive the majority vote," as well as the fact that the Secretary General offered this hypothetical resolution at all to the press, in what was obviously a carefully written form—these things quite clearly suggested to Middleton and others that U Thant was expressing unofficially a resolution he hoped *somebody* would offer to the General Assembly, even though it was not then on the agenda.

But it is equally clear that he did *not* say, as Middleton's story stated unequivocally that he did, that if the resolution were offered it would be approved by the majority. "I was wondering whether . . . it would not" isn't the same thing as "Secretary General Thant said today. . . ." He did, as Middleton wrote, suggest a specific resolution, and he did add that it was not a practical idea, but certainly never said he had any intention of presenting it himself or that any delegation should do so, and Middleton, at least, did not imply such a thing. He remarked only on the possibility that "some member might take the Secretary General's suggestion" and submit the resolution as a means of bringing moral pressure to bear against the United States.

When such a relatively simple statement, with its far-reaching implications in domestic politics and foreign relations, becomes a major story somewhere between utterance and the printed page, there is no reason to doubt either the difficulty of the U.N. correspondent's job or its vital importance.

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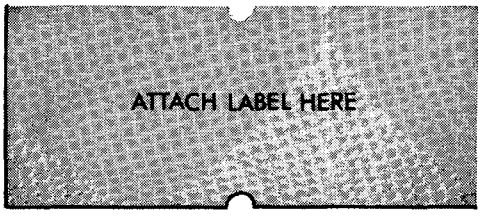

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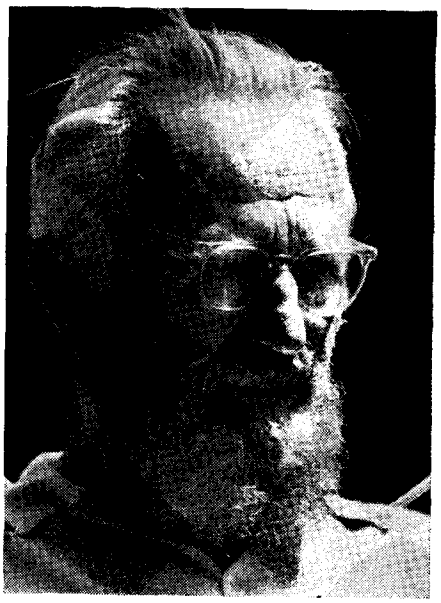
THE STEICHEN ARCHIVE: FOR THE RECORD



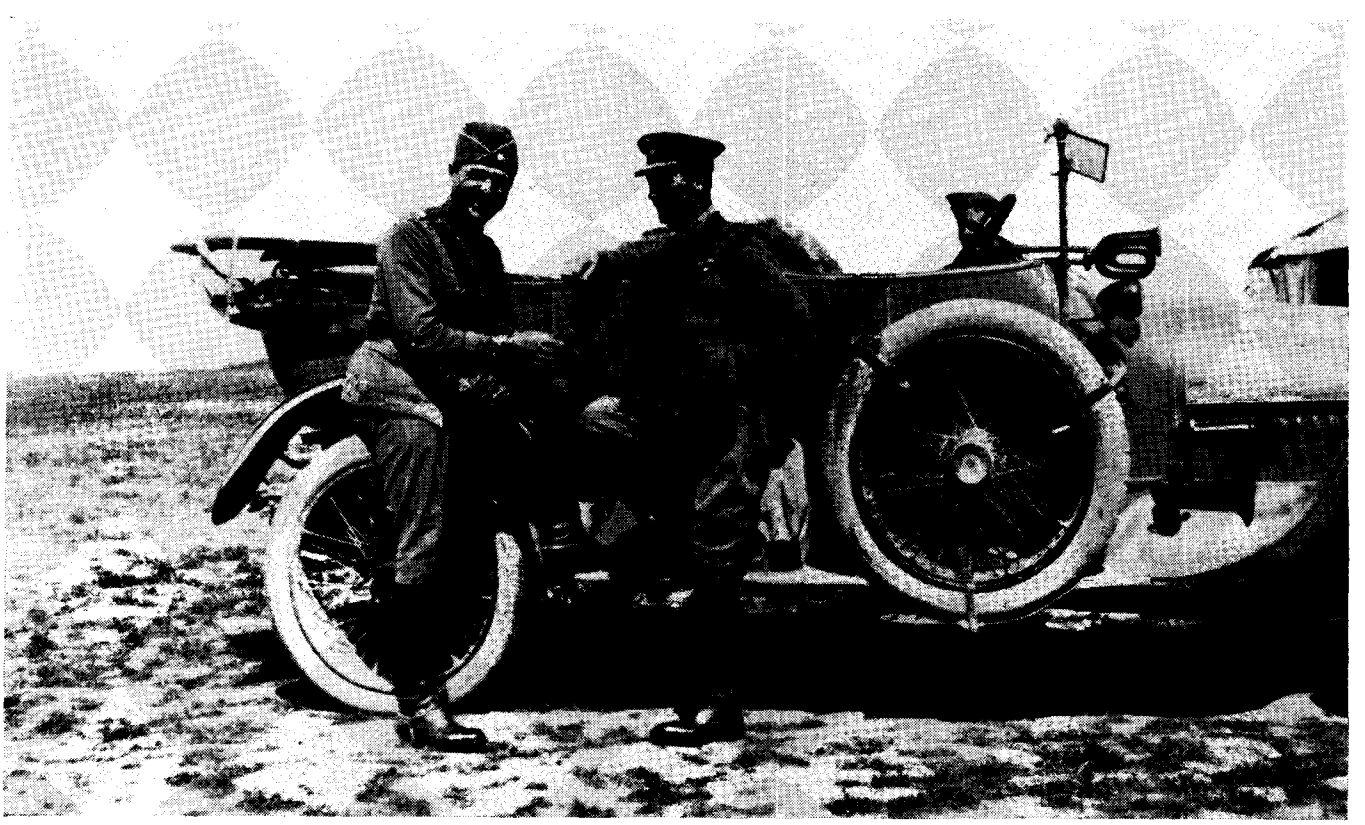
—Joan Miller.

1963: Portrait made the year he received Presidential Medal of Freedom for contributions to art of visual communications.

(Right) 1881: *Carte de visite* of Eduard Jean Steichen, aged two, just before family emigrated from Luxembourg to Hancock, Michigan.

(Far Right) 1900: First trip abroad—and first major showing of Steichen prints at Royal Photographic Society in London.

—Carl Björnerantz.



1918: As Major (later Lieutenant Colonel), U.S. Air Corps, in command of Air Service's Photographic Division and coordinator of aviation photography for the Army.

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THE critic's observation that "the records of the creative photographers have not been kept with the same loving care as those of painters" no longer applies to Edward Steichen. For—in addition to its extensive permanent collection of his work and the departmental study center and gallery that bear his name—the Museum of Modern Art has established a Steichen Archive for memorabilia which will represent the tangible chronology of "a life in photography."

Currently, the archive includes exhibition catalogues (from as early as 1900), interviews on tape and in print, articles written by and about the photographer, formal and informal portraits caught by colleagues' cameras, a rare complete set of *Camera Notes* and *Camera Work* with a specially compiled companion index of Steichen plates and references, medals and awards, letters, notebooks, and other personal records which Steichen has turned over to the Museum. Under the direction of curator Grace M. Mayer, the search for supplementary material will be a continuing one, with appropriate items expected to surface from many as yet untapped or unknown sources.

SR here makes a brief exposure of some of the photo-biographical document which is evolving in the archival collection. In essence, it is a cameo chronicle of the man who called his chosen medium of communications, "a convincing witness in recording man, his world, and the times he lives in."

—MARGARET R. WEISS.

1929: Self-portrait as chief photographer at Condé Nast, where his fashion pages for *Vogue* and celebrity portraits in *Vanity Fair* gained world-wide acclaim.

—U.S. Navy.

(Far Left) 1943: As Commander (later Captain, USNR, Ret.) assigned to carrier U.S.S. *Lexington*; subsequently in command of all naval combat photography.

—Wayne Miller.

(Left) 1954: As director (now emeritus) of Museum of Modern Art's photography department, here working with brother-in-law Carl Sandburg on *The Family of Man* exhibit, which has since been viewed by about 10,000,000 people around the world.

(Below) 1957: Capturing California landscape view with palette and brush, a medium he abandoned for the camera in 1922. Early interest in art motivated Steichen to arrange first U.S. showings of Rodin drawings and works by Matisse, Marin, Cézanne, and Brancusi.

—Wayne Miller.

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THE CRUSADE THAT CHANGED THE U.N.

By JOHN HOHENBERG

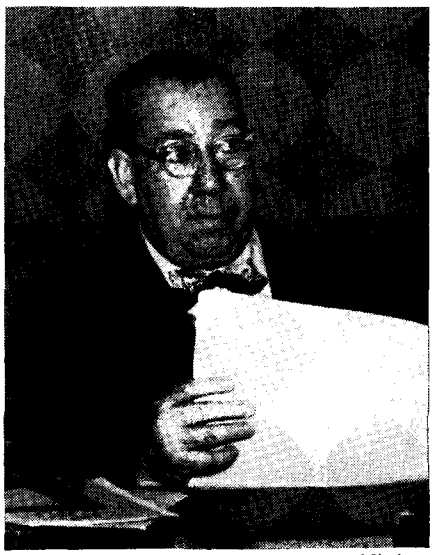
THE cautious Puritans of journalism say that crusading is only for the rich and the powerful. Before they move a few timid steps in the public interest, they want intensive power, planning, and money behind them. They ask for a large staff, then pray for luck. Most of the time, I suppose, these realists may be right. And yet, every now and then, all it takes to wage a magnificent fight is one man with a mighty cause, the will and energy of the possessed, and the determination to pursue his ideal to the very end of his life. Because of such a man, the United Nations will observe the 20th anniversary of the adoption of the Convention Against Genocide on December 9.

You will not find the name of Raphael Lemkin inscribed on any roll of honor in the green glass house on Turtle Bay; nor is it glorified in the official documents, or even mentioned in the U.N. bible, *Everyman's United Nations*. And yet, without Raphael Lemkin, that first magnificent crusade against the mass murder of human beings for racial and religious reasons would never have come to pass. This Lemkin, as some called him with a slightly supercilious air, was just an "unofficial man"—a stateless person, a man without a country. Except for one place at the United Nations, the press section, he had no influence—but that was the crucial point about him. He had a way of making people listen to him.

My experience in the press section was typical of many other correspondents whom he hunted down with relentless and single-minded devotion. He came across me first in 1946, that bright and wonderful year of hope when all things seemed possible and world peace and the brotherhood of man were just around the corner from the meeting place of the Social, Humanitarian and Cultural Committee. I was doing a piece for the final edition of my paper, the New York *Post*, in a room at Lake Success which I shared with several Arab correspondents, an example of Secretariat humor in office assignments. It was late in the afternoon when the Arabs had repaired to the Delegates' Lounge for refreshment, and I was, as I thought, alone. But then, I heard the door open behind me and there was an apologetic cough.

"Excuse me, I wish to talk with you."

Now, of course there are a few crimes



—*United Nations.*

Raphael Lemkin—"He had a way of making people listen to him."

in the lexicon of journalism that are worse than interrupting a man on a deadline, and for an afternoon paper at that, but I controlled myself with an effort. The stranger, after all, seemed harmless enough—a graying figure in a well worn double-breasted blue suit, scuffed black shoes, and dark necktie askew against a none-too-clean white shirt collar.

"In a few minutes, please," I said. "Let me finish my story."

"All right, I wait." He had a thick accent, but he spoke English with emphasis and deliberation. When I had filed the last page of my story, I asked with ill-concealed impatience, "What can I do for you?"

He leaned forward, his blue eyes blazing at me intently behind their thick glasses, his disorderly gray hair tumbling over his forehead. "You and I, we must change the world."

"To change the world," I said unfeelingly, "you must see *The New York Times*. Next corridor over and turn to the left. Ask for Mr. Rosenthal."

"Make no jokes." He shook his head reprovingly, but seemed not at all offended. "This is a serious business and I must have your help."

I shrugged. "Very well. What do you want me to do?"

"Have you ever heard of the crime of genocide?"

I had not. Ordinarily, I would have turned away and busied myself with some small task, but my visitor was so intense, and so determined to make me listen, that I was fascinated by him. "Tell me about genocide," I said.

With a professorial air, he began: "Genocide comes from the Greek, *genos*, meaning race, and the Latin, *cide*, meaning killing. It is the mass murder of people for religious or racial reasons. I have written about this for four years . . ."

"Who are you?" I interrupted.

"I am Raphael Lemkin," and he made a stiff little bow. "Former public prosecutor of Warsaw; and with my brother, the only survivors of a family of almost seventy people in Poland. The Lemkins who were not killed by the Nazis were killed by the Communists, but I escaped to Sweden and my brother went with me."

As Lemkin told his story and described his dream of a world-wide treaty to outlaw genocide through the action of the United Nations, I forgot my rudeness and my impatience. But, somehow, I couldn't quite bring myself to believe in him that first time and sent him away. He was, I thought, just a well-meaning fanatic who wanted publicity, and I refused to oblige him.

Lemkin was not discouraged. Each day he visited the press section and trapped one correspondent or another, arguing his cause and hoping for the ground swell of publicity that would make the diplomats listen to him. When he had a paragraph or two in a paper in Chicago or Boston, telling about him and his efforts to persuade the United Nations to attack genocide, he would exhibit it proudly. And then on the day when he obtained three paragraphs in *The New York Times*, he could not be contained.

"You see?" he demanded, invading my office with the *Times* in his hand. "You see what *The New York Times* has said about me?"

Eventually, I did a story about him in my paper, too, and before too many weeks had passed, Raphael Lemkin was able to exhibit a small bundle of clippings that he kept with his daily sandwich in his battered black briefcase. Although most of the professional diplomats long since had given up on him as an unmitigated nuisance, our "unofficial man" became a rather special person in the press section.

"How is it going today, Dr. Lemkin?" we would ask.

He would wave his hands. "Plots, plots against genocide," he would say, and grit his teeth and shake his head.

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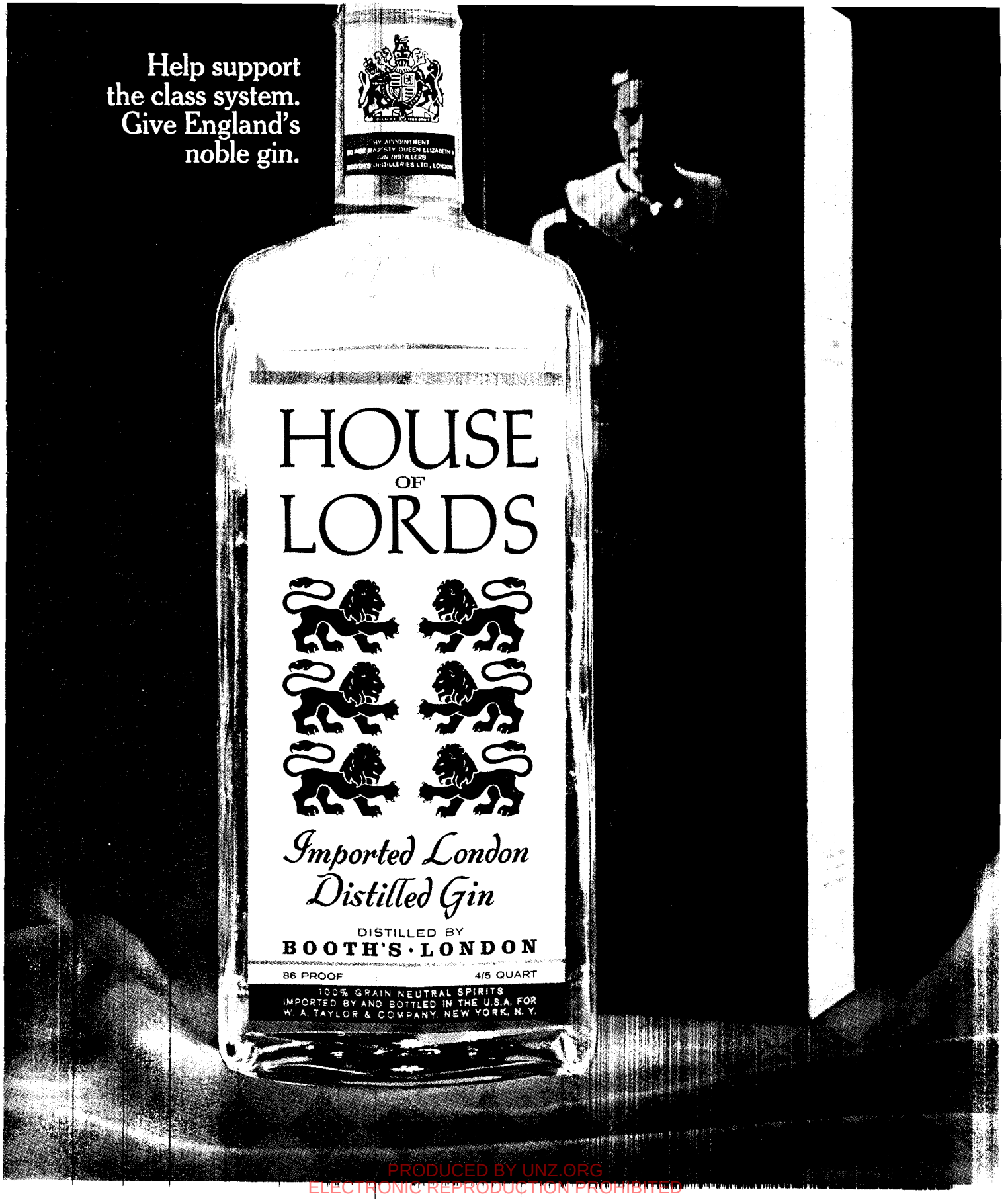

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"But I will win in spite of all their plots."

"Who's plotting against you, Dr. Lemkin?" one of us would ask in pretended innocence, knowing full well what the answer would be.

"The British, the Russians . . . Plots . . . Plots. . . ."

"What about the United States?"

"I have asked for an appointment with the Ambassador," he would conclude, and, seeing us grinning, would march out of the press section with exaggerated dignity.

I suppose all of us were guilty, in one way or another, of departing from the precious objectivity so fashionable in the journalism of that day—the rigidity that would have made us little more than barber poles calling attention to our work if we had taken our impossible code seriously. None of us ever admitted that we were campaigning for Raphael Lemkin and his Convention Against Genocide, although by this time the idea was attracting favorable attention on a few editorial pages. Nevertheless, whether we wrote for papers that were conservative or liberal or somewhere in between, few of us failed to report on Lemkin when he was able to make news. And sometimes the concept of news had to be stretched a bit, I'm afraid.

The Puritans of journalism would lecture us today, I am sure, on our sacred duty to remain objective regardless of the nobility of any cause. I think most of us, had we been challenged at the time, would have argued that we *were* being objective – that it would have shown both bias and prejudice to ignore a lonely crusader like Raphael Lemkin, who was tilting his lance in solitary grandeur against the ramparts of the fifty-one members (in 1946) of the United Nations.

To salve our consciences, some of us would say lightly at times, "That Lemkin is just a press agent, but he knows how to make a story." In other words, we *knew* that we were being used but argued that the story was worth it. In the light of all that has happened since, surely we were right.

FOR little by little, Lemkin made a world figure of himself with our considerate assistance. He had been the son of a farmer, born in 1901 at Bezwodene in Poland, and by his own efforts had obtained degrees in law at the Universities of Lwow and Heidelberg. In addition to his work in the public prosecutor's office in Warsaw, he had served from 1929 to 1935 as secretary to the Commission on the Codification of the Laws of the Polish Republic. Later, he had gone into private practice. When the Nazis had invaded his country in 1939, he and his brother, Elias, had been among the few who were able to escape.

Because he spoke nine languages and was an exceptionally able lawyer, he attracted the attention of the foundations. In 1944, he painstakingly compiled the first major study of Axis legal proceedings—*Axis Rule in Occupied Europe*, written for the Carnegie Endowment. Later, when he was brought to the United States, he was given a small faculty post at Duke University. However, if he was able to do any considerable amount of teaching in the years that he campaigned for his Convention Against Genocide, it was a miracle. Day after day, he was at his task at the United Nations, and it was often a mystery to us how he was able to keep body and soul together.

Once a correspondent came into the press section at Lake Success on a bitterly cold day and told of having seen Lemkin walking along Grand Central Parkway toward the building. Thus, the legend spread that he had to walk between sessions at Flushing Meadow and Lake Success (although considerable help came from kindly souls who gave him a lift). As the fall became ever more brisk, Lemkin seemed to grow thinner and paler and shabbier. His cause seemed almost hopeless, for now it was only an extraordinary delegate who would bother to speak to him in the Delegates' Lounge. We even gave up kidding him in the press section, although he continued to complain hoarsely about unspecified plots against his convention.

THEN, one day, we saw him talking to a few Latin American delegates in the Lounge. Later, he spent a rather long time with one of the most distinguished international lawyers in the United Nations, Dr. Ricardo J. Alfaro of Panama. When Lemkin came into the press section, those of us with nothing better to do crowded about him. "What happened, Dr. Lemkin?"

He smiled wanly. "I will soon have an appointment with the American Ambassador." And then, as if to reassure us that at last he really meant it, he added, "Dr. Alfaro says Senator Austin wants to see me."

And so it turned out. Warren R. Austin, the first United States Ambassador to the United Nations, did meet Lemkin at the urgent request of Dr. Alfaro. The old Vermonter, idealist that he was, took up the genocide matter with the Department of State. And soon, we learned from our friends, the press officers of the United States Mission, that the United Nations would be asked to take decisive action against the crime of genocide.

All of us thought that Lemkin's worries were over, that he would be able soon to bask in the warming glow of the publicity he had sought for so long and with so much effort. But that first unanimous gesture of the General Assembly in 1946 did nothing more than declare that there should be a Convention Against Genocide. The actual compact remained to be drawn up.

Two years of the most difficult and painstaking work followed in the various committees and councils of the United Nations. For a time, the British in particular argued that a special compact against genocide was unnecessary, that it should be included in the International Declaration on Human Rights, which was being worked on at the same time. "You see?" Lemkin would shout in the press section. "The British make plots against genocide."

Through session after session and hearing after hearing, the lonely crusader steered his precious Convention through the intricacies of United Nations procedures. And finally, on December 9, 1948, he sat in the General Assembly session at the Palais de Chaillot in Paris and witnessed the adoption by a unanimous vote of what has come to be known formally as the United Nations Convention on the Prevention and Punishment of the Crime of Genocide.

Now, he was a story in every sense of the word and worthy of a cabled interview. But after we had filed our pieces on the Genocide Convention, we looked everywhere and found no trace of him. Had he been in character, he should have been strutting proudly in the corridors, proclaiming his own merit and the virtues of the protocol that had been his dream. But on this, his finest hour, he was gone.

It was A. M. Rosenthal of *The New York Times*, I think, who finally guessed what had happened and led some of us into the darkened Assembly chamber in the Palais de Chaillot. The session had long since adjourned. On the stage where the President of the Assembly had proclaimed the unanimous adoption of the Genocide Convention, a cleaning woman was moving back and forth in the eerie light of a single electric bulb. And below, in the same seat he had occupied that day, was Raphael Lemkin.

When we went to him and said we wanted an interview, he begged off. "Let me stay here alone," he muttered, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. And this was the man we had thought to be a clown, a publicity hound, a self-seeking fanatic.

Nearly seventy nations have adopted the Convention Against Genocide since that night at the Palais de Chaillot, but Raphael Lemkin died of a heart attack in New York City in 1959 without realizing his dearest wish. He had hoped that he could persuade the United States Senate to adopt his compact. After all, he had proved that one man could change the United Nations; why not the U.S. Senate? On this 20th anniversary, it would have been a fitting tribute to Raphael Lemkin's memory.

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IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE (?)

HOW would U.S. newspapers look and read if all reports and comment critical of government were censored out of their columns? The *Pottstown (Pa.) Mercury* showed its readers graphically one day in September. Blank spaces throughout the paper testified to how news would be suppressed.

A Page One note explained that it was an object lesson "designed to point out the conditions under which the people of Czechoslovakia are forced to live."

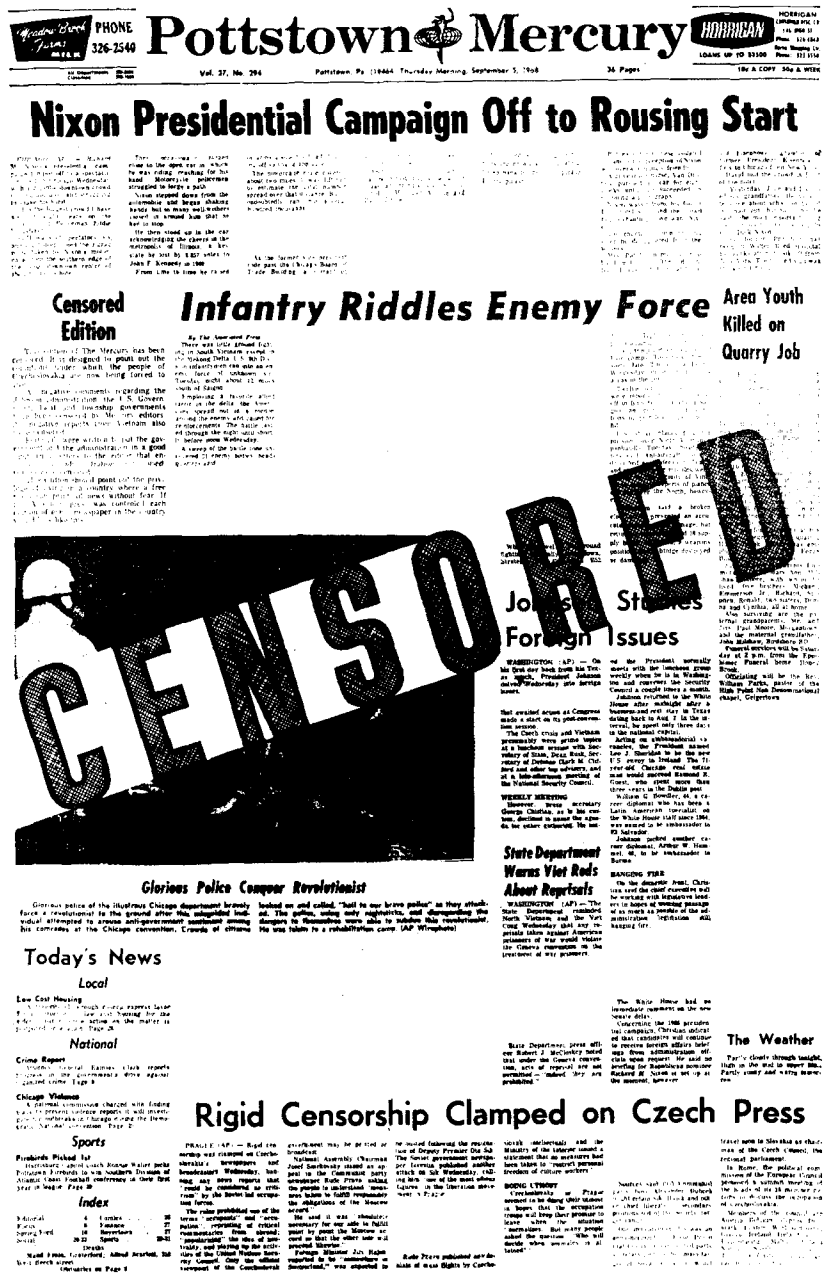
The note said that all negative comment about the Johnson administration, the U.S., local and township governments, and negative reports from Vietnam had been censored, as well as letters to the editor and editorials.

"This edition should point out the privilege of living in a country where a free press can print all news without fear," the *Mercury* said. "If the American press was controlled, each edition of every newspaper in the country would look like this."

In addition to the Page One blanks, there are blanks throughout the 36 pages of the newspaper, including whole letters to the editor. The excisions totaled more than seven columns.

The *Wall Street Journal*, commenting on the "Lesson from Pottstown" said: . . . "For those who sometimes grow impatient with the frailties of all our communications media (the point) is that while a free press—free even, sometimes, to be irresponsible—may be an imperfect way to inform the people, it is far less worse than any other."

(From the Associated Press "Log")


Pottstown Mercury

Nixon Presidential Campaign Off to Rousing Start

Censored Edition

Infantry Riddles Enemy Force

Area Youth Killed on Quarry Job

CENSORED

Glorious Police Conquer Revolutionist

Today's News

Local

National

Sports

Index

The Weather

Rigid Censorship Clamped on Czech Press

"CENSORED" *This is Page One of the Pottstown (Pa.) Mercury for Thursday Sept. 5, an object lesson in what newspapers would look like if news and comment critical of government were censored in the United States.* (See Box Page One)

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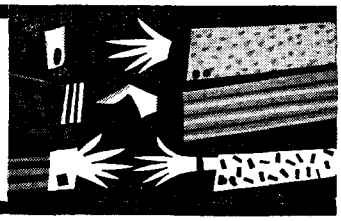
Public Relations



Three Horror Stories

IT IS a sad and old story that far too few corporation chief executives have any concept of the meaning of public relations. To them, public relations builds a façade behind which they can do as they wish and carry on the same old practices, regardless of public opinion. For some executives there is no learning until their seats have been put to the hot stove. Only then do they understand that their relations with the public are important if they are to run profitable businesses. Many have found that public opinion in a democratic society is a powerful force, greater than the largest corporations, more potent than all the self-serving statements they may make.

The arrogant, tunnel-visioned chief executive often thinks that because he has enormous power within his corporation he can dictate his views to those outside it; that if only he hires the right press relations man, he will get exactly what he wants from media. He fails to understand that neither he nor his public relations department owns the press, and that final judgment of what is to be run in the newspapers is the prerogative of the editors.

Much has been made of the need for upgrading the public relations business, but not enough emphasis has been put on making corporate managers understand that newspapers are in business and that the product they sell is news. When a newspaper fails to print news and becomes a corporation puff sheet, it loses its credibility, its reputation, its quality readers, and finally its advertising.

Almost every experienced public relations man has dealt with managers who cannot understand this. Many examples involve smaller companies whose chief executives have little standing in the business community. But here are three horrifying cases of large companies, high on *Fortune* magazine's list of the top 500 industrial corporations, all of them listed on the New York Stock Exchange, all considered blue chip. None is led by a man who has any idea of the function of a newspaper, how it works, what its needs are, and how editors make up their minds as to what is news. These cases deal with the business pages of the newspaper.

Case No. 1: A year before the New York *Herald Tribune* folded, the press relations chief of a corporation arranged for an interview by a financial writer of the paper with the president of his company. During the interview the president told the newspaperman, on the record, certain facts concerning the history of the company which were wholly accurate. The reporter used those facts in context and attributed them properly in the story which ran the next day. The chairman of the board of the company, who was the chief executive, second-guessing his own president, did not like the use of those facts by the newspaper. He was furious when he read the story and berated the press relations chief for not stopping the publication of the information provided by the company president. A few weeks later the press relations man was fired because he failed to suppress the material the chairman said should not have been published.

Case No. 2: At the annual meeting of the company, the president was asked a series of questions by an informed stockholder. The following morning, *The Wall Street Journal* carried a report which was fair and reasonably full. But there were two factual errors. Both errors were the result of a misunder-

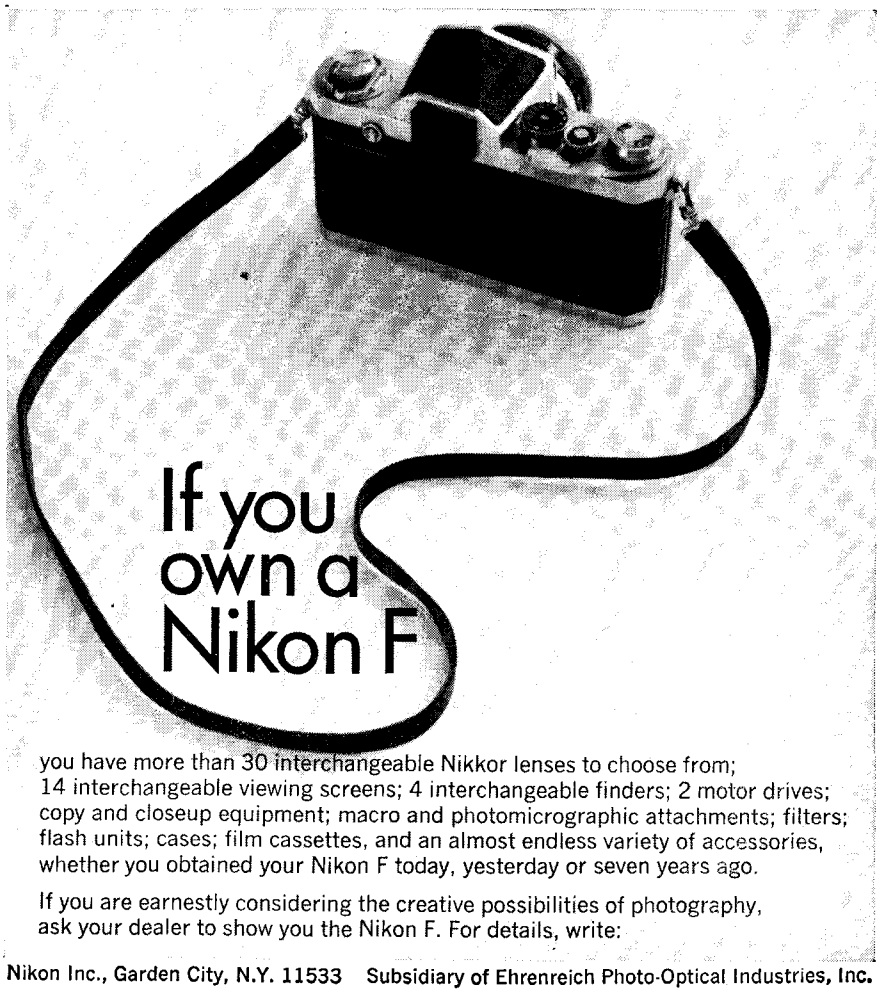
WIT TWISTER #85

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The two kings sat before the great
chess board.
Their prize—poor maiden!— trembling bowed her head.
A final move. . . . The bearded
ruler roared,
"— — — will you — — —
I've — — — her for my bed?"

(*Answer on page* 91)



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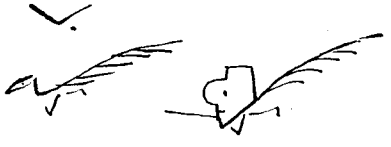
standing by the reporter. They were honest errors and easily made, as a study of the transcript of the annual meeting shows. The president, who in this case was the company's chief officer, was enraged. The press relations officer was called into the president's office and given a tongue-lashing for not preventing the publication of the inaccuracies in the report. The man under attack tried to point out that the newspaper's reporter easily could have made an error and suggested, since the president considered it so important, that he could draft a letter to the editor for publication, clarifying the report. The president would have none of it, told his employee he was hopelessly incompetent, and ordered the head of the public relations department to find a replacement as soon as possible for the offender.

Case No. 3: This one involved *The New York Times*. The photographs of three new vice presidents were submitted to the newspaper as part of the announcement of executive changes.

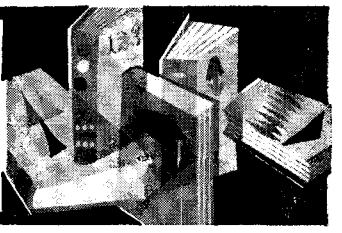


None was run, although there was a brief news story carried. The chairman of the company lost his temper. He blamed his press relations chief, called him an unprintable unprintable, stomped around his office in a rage. That same afternoon he telephoned the advertising director of the *Times* in anger. The call was referred to Thomas E. Mullaney, the financial-business news editor. Mr. Mullaney told the chief executive about the guidelines his pages use for running pictures; explained that the heavy press of news on the day of the announcement prevented running the three photographs; and added that they were good, delivered in plenty of time before the deadline, and that it was not the fault of the press officer that they didn't appear. The corporate chairman would not be appeased. The press relations employee, it having been made clear that his number was up, began to look for a new job. Shortly after his "failure" he joined another corporation.

The misconceptions of many chief executives as to what a public relations department can and cannot do, and what the public relations function is, are equaled only by their refusal to understand that media are not in the corporation's power to control. It is no wonder, then, that many heads of corporate public relations departments shun the press relations function, preferring to work on four-color brochures, films, speeches, policy statements—on anything, in fact, except liaison with the press.

—L. L. L. Golden.

Books in Communications



Time's Story

FEW corporate histories have the chance to be so consistently the story of a single man as does the new, house-written, authorized biography of Time Inc. In the beginning (the story is altogether familiar), there were two men: Britton Hadden and Henry R. Luce. In six years, Hadden was dead. Luce carried on, acquiring Hadden stock to be assured of control, combining in his remarkably forceful personality the qualities of business leadership and editorial direction they had originally divided, generating the ideas that more than money create publishing conglomerations.

Ideas were Luce's source of power, and the power of an idea in the realm of publishing has never been better demonstrated than by the success of Luce's brainchild *Fortune*—appearing in 1930, tailored to Big Business (the capitals are Luce's)—in swimming upstream against the depression. In every circumstance, Luce, with his uncanny sense of timing, overcame opposing forces. When office politics began to break out, Luce stepped in and asserted control. When the miniature camera craze in the mid-1930s caused writers and editors to anticipate photojournalism, Luce knew just when to match his editorial capability with the developing technological capacity for high-speed photo reproduction to create *Life*. And when *Life*'s popularity outgrew its economic base, threatening the financial security of Time Inc., Luce knew how to put his case boldly before the advertisers.

Time Inc. by Robert T. Elson (Atheneum, $10) is remarkable in its candor. Here is an official history that steps into personality disputes and reports criticism of the boss above a whisper. Naturally, in the main, it is not unflattering. It makes the best of such embarrassments as Wolcott Gibbs's celebrated *New Yorker* profile. It is admiring of undiminished money success.

With the resources of company files, research facilities (271 *Time* employees were interviewed), and editorial expertise, Mr. Elson has set forth a highly detailed but always readable history of the company from the first issue of *Time* on March 3, 1923, to Pearl Harbor—a stopping point for the first part of this two-volume history picked by Luce himself before his death in 1967. The author achieves a nice balance of material: technical publishing information, office politics and personalities, journalistic theorizing, and world events. He traces the early sympathetic treatment of F.D.R. and the New Deal, and documents the change of heart. He doesn't omit the first charges (by *Fortune* writer Archibald MacLeish) that news coverage was being colored by political viewpoint, nor the first attack by a departing *Time* editor, Dwight MacDonald.

For the most savage criticism of *Time* one will have to look elsewhere; it is hardly Mr. Elson's intention to make Luce into the villain of American journalism. The John Kobler book on Luce quotes more fully the revealing and damning Harold Ross letter defending Gibbs's profile, and gives space to an Edmund Wilson complaint of *Time*'s "cynicism." Probably more than most, however, this official history accommodates self-criticism. Somehow remarkable in the context of Luce's power is

"First, let me say, I don't consider you a loan shark. . . ."

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his own documented forebearance at the sometimes severe criticism of his associates.

Not many corporations would have available in the files such eloquent interoffice memos as Mr. Elson quotes, nor such lively exchanges. Literally on every other page this indented matter embellishes the story. Luce on the step-by-step procedure of how to get, write, and edit a *Fortune* story is but one of many examples of his editorial grasp. It is a semester's lesson in journalism school.

Undoubtedly, Luce could be guilty of high-handedness and severity. There was never a moment for frivolity. Undeniably, he was overdemanding. But in principle he believed in freedom for editors and writers, and the record shows he practiced it. The record, anyway, is a fascinating one and should be required study henceforth for everyone in the profession.

Too Many Laughs: Just as Vladimir Nabokov exposed the neon-lit, motel-jammed land of mid-America in *Lolita*, so Charles Sopkin has revealed the equally unlovely landscape of American television in *Seven Glorious Days, Seven Fun-filled Nights* (Simon & Schuster, $5.95). Sopkin had the amusing notion of sitting before the set (actually several, tuned to different channels) for a solid week and reporting exactly what he saw. His method is like that of John Cage in one of his *Imaginary Landscapes*, composed from the noise of twelve radios played simultaneously. The book is cacophonous confusion. Actually, I couldn't endure staying with Sopkin more than two days and nights. Exactly his point, I believe.

Basic Business: Some basic readings on the problems of the industry have been assembled valuably by Harry J. Skornia and Jack William Kitson in *Problems and Controversies in Television and Radio* (Pacific Books, $10). Mostly these are unpublished essays and speeches, as evanescent as radio itself, by apologists, critics, and analysts in and out of the industry.

A thoroughgoing text on the whole process of television news coverage has been put together by Irving E. Fang of ABC News in *Television News* (Hastings House, $8.95). This step-by-step guide should be invaluable to anyone entering the business; for it covers everything from how news assignments are made to the number of syllables per sentence a news script can safely carry. Not the least significant lesson to be learned from the book is just how sizable a substructure supports the quick flash of news across the screen.

—STUART W. LITTLE.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 89: now, own, won.

Letters

Continued from page 27

of art teachers. Art education has become overburdened with pedagogy and theory, and has lost sight of art as experiences for children and the joy of communicating through art. What a need there is today for teaching people how to look!

KELLY FEARING,
Professor of Art Education,
The University of Texas,
Austin, Tex.

I TEACH at the state college. What have they done to these kids! I work with seniors —and they are conditioned not to react. Lesson plans, structure, labels. Workshops in looking? Is it too late for these kids, and what will they do to the little kids they teach?

MARGARET JOY,
Lowell, Mass.

I HAVE A FEELING that Katharine Kuh needs to visit some more public school art classes. In Elizabeth, New Jersey, we have many elementary art education teachers with Masters degrees among the twelve who teach in our eighteen elementary schools. All but two of these have had experience. We could use more art teachers. We are currently building an elementary school in which we will have two art rooms and two art teachers.

Our elementary schools have well equipped art rooms. Many of our art-education teachers are trained at Newark State College nearby, and seniors do their student teaching in what you would call "nitty-gritty slum schools" in Elizabeth, where they have at their fingertips adequate equipment and supplies, as well as time to get to know the children of the area. The art education teachers' schedules are designed so that each child has time each week in the art room with additional time provided for the exploration of other areas of the curriculum through art. For instance, children write and illustrate original books. They design and make environmental boxes that reflect the environment as they see it.

Being close to New York, our youngsters become acquainted with the museums in a constructive fashion with trips planned for specific purposes rather than a "walk through."

MRS. MARION QUIN DIX,
Director of Art Education,
Elizabeth Public Schools,
Elizabeth, N.J.

I SUPPOSE I should not be outraged when I hear an art teacher telling her students in primary school to "color inside the lines"—working on the basis that applying color is not as important as the ability to follow instructions or to manifest "eye-hand coordination."

The good citizens who, knowing nothing of education let alone art, comprise our school boards are comforted by the simple approaches which they think they understand—the "stay-inside-the-lines" goal is something akin to "keep your hair cut short." Don't make waves.

E. G. KELLETT,
Troy, Mich.

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(Continued on page 92)

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(Continued from page 91)

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(Continued on page 94)

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(Continued from page 93)

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Nancy and John Seletti aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

About a mile outside the Korean village of Ku Am there are a few dozen young, still-tender mulberry trees growing on a small hill. Someday these trees and their succulent leaves will be the heart of a new village industry—a silk raising farm. That day is still many months off, but it doesn't stop the village men from making daily inspection treks up the steep hill, just in case. Just in case something miraculous has happened since yesterday. After all, it wouldn't be the first miracle to happen in Ku Am. Everyone in the village knows the story of Chang Sook, the daughter of the widow.

Ten years ago Chang Sook's chances of survival were as slim as she was. Her father had disappeared during the family's flight from North Korea. Her mother, a seamstress, worked a backbreaking day and most of the evening to earn $10 a month. Barely enough to keep them from starving.

But today that's all changed because an American couple named Seletti are sharing a little of their good fortune with a girl to whom a little means everything. Nancy, John and five-year-old Alexandra Seletti are New Yorkers. They're not fabulously wealthy as the villagers of Ku Am believe. But, they're not poor either. *Comfortable* probably describes them best. They have everything they really need, but give them ten minutes and they'll come up with ten things they want that $15 a month would buy. Luckily, they thought of Chang Sook first.

Through Save the Children Federation, the Seletti's $15 a month is doing a remarkable number of things. First, Chang Sook's immediate needs and future schooling are being taken care of. The family is getting help, too: Enough to enable Chang Sook's mother to start a small knit shop.

And with all this, there is still some money left over. This money, together with money from other sponsors, was borrowed by the village to start its precious mulberry farm. Someday silk raising will mean a permanent increase in the village's income—and permanently end the need for charity. That's what Save the Children Federation is all about. Although contributions are tax-deductible, it is not a charity. The aim is not merely to buy one child a warm coat, a new pair of shoes and a six month supply of vitamin pills. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village a little boost that may be all they need to start helping themselves.

Sponsors are desperately needed for children in Korea, Vietnam, Latin America, Africa and Greece. You can select the child's nationality. You will receive a photo of the child, regular reports on his progress and, if you wish, a chance to correspond.

Chang Sook writes to the Selettis. She also sends small homemade gifts to Alexandra. And she tells them of her dreams of becoming a nurse. She'll probably make it. If she does, the Seletti's investment in one girl will be repaid a thousand-fold.

The Selettis know they can't save the whole world for $15 a month. Just a small corner of it. But, maybe that is the way to save the world. If there are enough people like the Selettis. How about you?

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Save The Children Federation

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1805

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. To feather	38 111 127 140 30 36
B. Fixed	52 58 75 80 85 122
C. She fell in love with Narcissus	142 60 72 76
D. Spread the bad word (3 wds.)	49 172 7 9 17 42 43 50 69 152 29 / 93 105
E. Where to watch the geegees (3 wds.)	116 124 144 145 158 168 173 175 133 16
F. Most lacking in reticence	28 37 39 53 70 99 106
G. Watch	121 131 151 57 78 179 1
H. Irregular, uneven	5 68 83 125 143
I. Yet	178 11 34 45 67 97 101 128 163 59 139
J. "He died old," said Housman. *(A Shropshire Lad,* lxii)	32 61 71 107 153 94 174 18 23 47 132
K. Maintenance	62 102 130 166 177 26
L. London brown	113 148 161 19 40 56 118 129 180
M. English physicist, mathematician, and inventor (1635-1703). He invented the spiral spring in watches	2 15 20 64 96
N. Hermetic	33 112 167 170 134 155 157 8
O. Roundabout	13 3 165 6 138 120 63
P. Befell suddenly	160 176 114 104 95 91 88 137
Q. Hephaestus' wife; she loved Ares, by whom she bore Harmonia	154 109 24 100 87 46 98 74 31
R. L-shaped tools used mostly by horsemen (2 wds.)	86 51 110 22 159 119 164 77 136
S. *Once-favored resorts* (2 wds.)	169 12 149 44 48 135 82 156 162
T. X, for instance	79 41 89 123 27 35 117
U. "Dare, never grudge——!" (2 wds., Browning, *Rabbi Ben Ezra*)	84 147 10 90 171 4 55 25
V. Site of Saskatchewan Presbyterian College (2 wds.)	115 65 103 66 54 14 81 92
W. Muse of lyric poetry	146 21 150 73 141 126 108

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

1 G	2 M	3 O	4 U	5 H	■	6 O	7 D	■	8 N	9 D	10 U	■	11 I	12 S	13 O	■		
14 V	15 M	16 E	17 D	■	18 J	19 L	20 M	21 W	22 R	■	23 J	24 Q	25 U	■	26 K	27 T		
28 F	29 D	30 A	31 Q	32 J	33 N	34 I	■	35 T	36 A	37 F	■	38 A	39 F	40 L	41 T	42 D		
■	43 D	44 S	45 I	■	46 Q	47 J	48 S	49 D	■	50 D	51 R	52 B	53 F	54 V	■	55 U		
56 L	■	57 G	58 B	59 I	60 C	61 J	62 K	63 O	64 M	65 V	■	66 V	67 I	68 H	69 D	70 F		
71 J	■	72 C	73 W	■	74 Q	75 B	76 C	77 R	■	78 G	79 T	80 B	■	81 V	■	82 S		
83 H	84 U	85 B	86 R	87 Q	88 P	89 T	■	90 U	91 P	■	92 V	93 D	94 J	95 P	96 M	■		
97 I	98 Q	99 F	■	100 Q	101 I	102 K	103 V	104 P	105 D	■	106 F	107 J	108 W	■	109 Q	110 R		
111 A	112 N	113 L	114 P	115 V	116 E	117 T	■	118 L	119 R	120 O	121 G	122 B	123 T	124 E	■	125 H		
126 W	127 A	128 I	129 L	■	130 K	131 G	132 J	133 E	134 N	135 S	136 R	137 P	138 O	■	139 I	140 A		
141 W	142 C	143 H	144 E	■	145 E	146 W	■	147 U	148 L	149 S	■	150 W	151 G	■	152 D	153 J		
154 Q	155 N	■	156 S	157 N	158 E	■	159 R	160 P	161 L	162 S	163 I	■	164 R	165 O	166 K	167 N		
■	168 E	169 S	■	170 N	171 U	172 D	173 E	174 J	■	175 E	176 P	177 K	178 I	179 G	180 L	■		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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Bulova announces the super waterproof waterproof.

Our new series of Oceanographer watches is tested to withstand water pressure as far down as 333 feet.

That's a lot farther down than most waterproofs go. But then our case is a lot sturdier than most cases.

We made the crystal heavier. Then reinforced it with a special ring. So our crystal can't shrink, like some other crystals we could name.

Most waterproof crowns are protected by a single washer. We use a double-ring seal for twice the protection.

When you know what makes a watch tick, you'll buy a Bulova.

Inside the famous Bulova movement every part is precision fitted to every other part. Which is why the Oceanographer isn't just super waterproof*. It's also super dustproof and resistant to heat, cold and shock, as well.

The Bulova Oceanographer.
The Super Waterproof Waterproof.*

Oceanographer "E" 17 jewels. $75.00. See the Bulova Oceanographer Collection at fine jewelers and department stores everywhere. Bulova Watch Co., Inc., New York, Toronto, Bienne, Milan, London, Pforzheim, Hong Kong.
© 1968 *When case, crown, crystal are intact.

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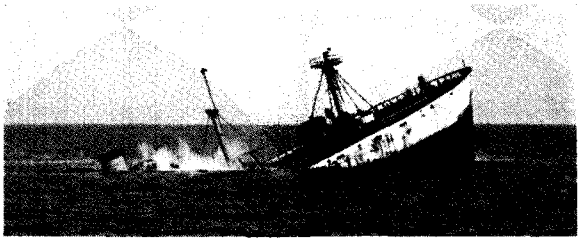
The Return of the Aged Inch

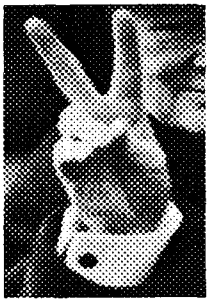
This is the story of Pinch Scotch whisky. Not the story of a new kind of Pinch. But the story of an old kind of Pinch. The 12 year old whisky that for many years has lingered only in the memories of the senior Scotch lovers among us. And that's now back with us again.

But first, let us go back to the 1930's. Then Haig & Haig could promise that every drop of Pinch was 12 years old and older. Every year the very best of 12 year old Scotch whisky was brought together for the blending. Stocks were accumulated. And year after year, Pinch was shipped across the sea to America, never varying its justly famous quality.



Then World War II interrupted all this. Shipments stopped in 1939. For the duration of the war, the distilling of Scotch was well-nigh brought to a halt. And after the war, the lengthy, laborious process of building up stocks of Scotch whisky had to begin all over again.

The Pinch that Haig & Haig shipped to our country was the finest of quality, regardless of age. But now, and only now, after many years has the supply been slowly built up until an uninterrupted continuity can be promised. Only now will "12 years old" be once more applied to the label of the Pinch bottle.



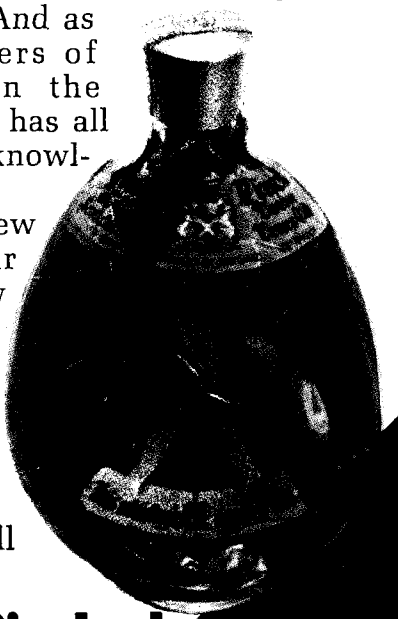
Promising not just age. Like some. For this is not a difficult promise to make. But promising that this Scotch has the much prized quality for which Pinch has always been famous.

For those who know their Scotch, this will come as the most welcome of news. For age alone has never been an assurance of great Scotch. There are distillers and there are distillers. But the selection and blending are all important. And as the oldest distillers of Scotch whisky in the world, Haig & Haig has all that much needed knowledge and ability.

Your father knew it. And so did your grandfather. Now you can find out for yourself why Pinch stands alone as the most superlative of 12 year old Scotch whiskies.

It's very easy, all you do is ask for

"an inch of Pinch, pl



86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.
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